OLD PLACES REVISITED

OR,

The Antiquarian Enthusiast.

BY

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"THE TRIUMPH OF DRAKE;" "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND ESSAYS."

Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long faded glories they cover.

MOORE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

AND

BARON STANHOPE, OF SHELFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

SOMETIME LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,

AND MASTER OF THE BUCK HOUNDS.

MY LORD,

The illustrious name of STANHOPE is eminently associated with all that is noble in principle, and honourable in action, in those far-distant ages, on which I am accustomed to look with a larger share of esteem and pleasure. It stands amid the wide waste of desolating years, as a beacon or landmark, pointing to all that is lofty and magnanimous, great and venerable, in the character of the "days of old." It abounds with a wealth of historical associations, a glory of literary renown, and a reputation for all those brilliant qualities which impart a refining grace —an added dignity—a crowning perfection, to the

chivalrique spirit and patrician attributes of its honoured possessors. The learned Camden, speaking of your Lordship's family, says—"Whose state and grandeur is eminent, and their names renowned." As a worshipper of "reverend Antiquitie," I may with equal truth and candour affirm, that for no records of the worth of former times have I entertained a more cordial veneration, than for those which refer to your Lordship's noble house, embracing so many individuals—"*antiquâ virtute et fide existimatos*"—widely and justly celebrated for their high views of patriotic and loyal obligation, for their numerously allied public, social, and domestic virtues, and for those thousand nameless graces and amenities which constitute the true model or exemplar of the scholar and the philanthropist, the Englishman and the nobleman, the man and the Christian! These and similar considerations have prompted me to lay before your Lordship the present very humble performance, which more particularly claimed the honour of such patronage, on the ground of local appeal;—your Lordship's chief family-estates, and most distinguished residence,* being situate in the immediate vicinity of those historically-hallowed scenes which it feebly endeavoured to celebrate.

I may now, my Lord, take leave to observe, that if, as an Antiquary, I permit any images of the present to blend with the grand "shows and forms" of

* Bretby Park, Derbyshire.

antiquity, and of later, though still obsolete times, they are impressions of that kind only, which are partially interwoven with the past, and thus assimilated to the kindred recollections of a better day. And, under this sort of category, I have recorded an enduring conviction, that your Lordship is eminently one of those, whose zeal and munificence (and I speak from personal knowledge, based on the fact of having been made the almoner of your Lordship's bounty) are ever exerted, with unobtrusive sincerity, in the cause of public and private charity; whose talents, withdrawn from the strife and turmoil of the political arena, are unostentatiously exercised in a faithful discharge of the many engrossing duties of their high station; and whose lighter hours are consistently devoted to the noble and truly-patrician object of perpetuating the fine, manly, health-giving, and spirited pastimes of our ancestors—the *chivalresque* scenes of the chase—the more modern, but closely-congenial pleasures of the turf; and to the maintenance of that splendid and truly-unaffected hospitality which distinguished ages that provided the most generous and patriotic examples for our own times.

Of your Lordship's open-hearted liberality, in the encouragement of Literature and the Fine Arts, I have heard frequent and honourable mention; while your generous regard for the interest of your friends, and engaging courtesy to others, afford daily in-

stances of your private virtues. This is the language of truth. The colouring of flattery is not for your Lordship's "old English" taste, nor for my rude, candour-loving pencil.

The allusion to "old English" sentiment, suggesting so much that is now but associated with our impressions of the past, reminds me naturally enough of a passage in the writings of a quaint, yet pleasing dramatic poet of the seventeenth century—Sir Aston Cokayne; and, with your Lordship's permission, I will, for the reader's satisfaction and my own, transfer it to the present pages. It presents two companion-pictures, which, as conspicuous specimens of the worth of the "days gone by," may be termed, in the knight's own words,—

"A pair without compare, and but a pair."

They are most interesting evidences of those acts and habits of life, which sprang from the true, natural, heart-born benevolence of other times—times that were characterized by that emphatic spirit of patriotism, and those just principles of philanthropy, which tended to encourage the feelings that drew close the ties of brotherhood between man and man, and to keep alive that community of interest and respect which bound the vassal to his lord, and the lord to his vassal. They are portraits of the *Earl and Countess of Chesterfield*, which may be viewed in the "*Masque for Twelfth Night*," as performed at Bretby,

anno 1639; and it may be justly remarked (yet spoken parenthetically as it were, and *aside*, as not designed for your Lordship's immediate ear), that the succeeding pictures of the later inheritors of the same titles are marked by a strong *family-likeness* to these revered memorials:—

"The ever-honoured *Earl of Chesterfield*;
Worthy of all his titles by his vertues;
And *full of noble thoughts*. A great maintainer
Of our * great-grandfather's vertue, HOSPITALITY:
The feeder of the poor; whose gate 's so open,
It doth not need the office of a porter;
Whose house is now Delphian Apollo's seat;
For he 's the patron of all arts and wit."

"The *Countess* to that noble lord;
A lady worthy more than earth can give her;
Rich in those vertues make her sex admired;
A fair exceeder of the best examples
That Greek or Roman stories e'er produced:
Goddess of Tame, of Anchor, and of Trent.
She 's such an one as hath no equal to her,
And therefore you may very easily know her."

Theirs were the combined attributes of knowledge, virtue, and power. Theirs were the qualities that most exalt and dignify the character of true nobility. To such patrons did literary merit, struggling with the depressing influence of adversity, appeal for protection and support—*nor appeal in vain!* To such patrons did modest virtue, in the garb of suffering, tell, *not without sweet pity and gentle countenance*, its

* It is one of the earl's sons that is supposed to speak.

tale of unmerited distress! Heartily,—yea, from my inmost soul,—do I reverence such august maintainers of the principles and habits, the "*noble thoughts*" and "HOSPITALITY," of the "times of old." They are truly the lords of the soil—nobles of God's own infallible creation; and worthy of all love, honour, gratitude, esteem, and service. They fully realize and reflect additional lustre on the character implied in the apt and memorable expression of the warm-hearted Terence:—

"*Homo* sum; HUMANI à ME nihil alienum puto!"

I am a passionate lover of the "times of old." The great old books of the great old authors are ever my study. My chief delight is—

"On tomes of other times and tongues to pore."

I may exclaim with David, "I have considered the days of old, and the *years that are past*." The years of ancient times are ever present with me. I look on the things of yesterday with a jaundiced eye—they please me not. I may say, with the worthy gentleman, in good old Robin Greene's "*'Tis merrie when gossips meete*,"—"Faith, I can see no prettie thing come foorth to my humours liking!" Marry, my dear Lord, I am like the *Old Man*, in the "*Faerie Queene*" of Spenser, who loved to sit in a chamber which "seemed ruinous and old," but whose walls were "right firm and strong;" and of whom it is said by the poet, that he "things past could keep in me-

mory." He was, in short, a venerator of what Lord Bacon has aptly termed those "remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time," and which a later writer wisely reckons "amongst the best riches of the freight of knowledge—not merely curiosities, but of intrinsic value." The books from which I draw my solace as a student, are "worm-eaten and full of canker-holes;"—they speak, like the "antique registers" of the poet's *Old Man* (of that being whose society I should have much courted, and whose memory my soul honoureth), of courts and of camps, of cities and of people, that have long been entombed by the giant destroyer, Time. The present is to me as a solitary and darkened gallery, or hall-chamber, of the "olden day," fitted up with a "merveillouslie-devysed" apparatus, addressing itself, retrospectively, to the faculty of mental vision; and which gives, like the spell of the enchanter of yore, a mirrored representation of what has passed in those dim old periods, whose very memory, like themselves, has, in too many evidences, become parcel of the "things that were!" Thus do I look back, "through ages and ages, far into the shadowy past."

To illustrate more familiarly the curious properties of this intellectual *camera obscura*, I may instance, my Lord, the striking fact, that, through the thus afforded introductions of mine especial good friend, Michael Drayton, *Esquier*, and others "of honourable note," I am happily well acquainted with your Lord-

ship's most worthy and eminent ancestors of the reign of our Eighth Harry. I gaze, for instance, with the respectfully-admiring eye of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, on—

"Beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the English court;" *

a lady whose charms were the boast of our nation; and of whose beauty Surrey himself testifies in an elegy which he wrote on her refusing to dance with him. Speaking of the "beauteous Stanhope," under the form of an allegory, he says of her—

"I might perceive a Wolfe,† as white as a whale's bone,‡
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace."

* Drayton's "England's Heroicall Epistles," p. 321, edit. 1630.

† In allusion, probably, to the heraldic figure which, at a later period, became the dexter-tenant of the family arms, and which was, at the time adverted to in the text, suggestive of some incident of family alliance, that rendered it a suitable mode of device, as thus applied. The author having referred his desire to ascertain the origin of this bearing as a supporter by the noble family of Stanhope, to his oracle, in doubts of this nature, James Rogers Harrison, Esq., F.S.A., Bluemantle, of her Majesty's College of Arms, he is indebted to that gentleman for the following opinion. "With respect to the wolf, as a supporter borne by the Earl of Chesterfield, I find a very early match of the Stanhopes with the heiress of Malovale, whose arms are Vert, three wolves passant, or; and it is not unlikely, as there was no charge to take from the arms of Stanhope, that they took one out of the first quartering used by the family."

‡ The tooth of the narwal, or sea-unicorn, and formerly used for purposes wherein ivory is now employed.

In the *sweet-sour* point of the above allusions, the more discerning reader will doubtless trace the deep admiration which the noble and accomplished bard had conceived for this far-famed lady's mental, as well as personal fascinations.* But, withdrawing my regard from—

> "The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
> The dances short, long-tales of sweet delight,—" *

scenes that recall the stately Christmas and Shrovetide festivities of Whitehall, or Greenwich, of Windsor, or of Hampton-Court, I may next direct a glance of old and familiar recognition to passages of a more stirring and nationally-interesting character; wherein, my Lord, I can boast of a close knowledge of the "*facinora magna et memorabilia*"—the heroic acts and patriotic sentiments of the STANHOPES of an earlier day. Their royal and illustrious alliances and collateral relations are well known to one whose valued correspondence with your Lordship's "time-honoured" family goes back to the period of their ancient abode and hospitality in the north—even to the person of *Robert de Stanhope* (†), recorded with the surname of the

* "The Songes and Sonnettes of the Earle of Surrey."

† "Index Reliquiarum Ecclesiæ Dunelmensis ex libro antiquo plurimis in locis adeo vitiato, ut nullo modo legi possit." The passage referred to is the following: "Item ova griffina. Item una * * * de rubeo velwete brodata cum agno Dei. Item 2 cophini cum capellis et cilicio venerabilis Roberti de Stanhope, et de ossibus Sancti Columbe Abbatis, cum aliis reliquiis."—*Appendix to* SMITH's *Bede*. The author thinks it not improbable

"venerable." I often accord my admiring homage to the renowned *Sir Richard de Stanhope*, lord of *Estwyche*, in Northumberland,—"*hominem gnavum et strenuum, ad quidvis agendum aptum*,"—who, for his valiant and important services against the Scots, was munificently rewarded by that true and generous discerner of the desert of the subject—King Edward III., "of glorious and everlasting memory." The old manor-fort of *Estwyche* is often revealed to my earnestly-contemplative gaze; not alone in the picturesque aspect of ruin in which it was seen to moulder away for centuries; but as at the moment when, with baronial pomp, it welcomed home one of its crusader-lords from the triumphant fields of Palestine. The well-known ensign of "Quarterly, *ermine* and *gules*" waves once more its far-seen signal over hill and dale, over stream and woodland; the emblem—not less venerated at home than feared abroad—of its heroic owner's wise and paternal sovereignty over a happy race of vassals and retainers.

Yes! strange, indeed, my Lord, are the changes and transformations effected by this spiritual talis-

that this is the earliest notice of the Stanhope family appearing on the face of any of our ancient documents; and as he has never seen any reference made to the individual here spoken of, in any genealogical account of the house of Stanhope, he gives himself some degree of credit, as a genealogist, for adding the name of so respectable a worthy to the long list of distinguished ancestors of the Earls of Chesterfield, Stanhope, and Harrington. It is to be observed, that the words "capellis" and "cilicio," in the foregoing extract, require orthographical revision.

man. The ivy which garlands the decay of the mouldering monastery, or the crumbling castle, falls withered,—as at one stroke of the wand of the sorcerer! The dusky moss that encrusts their fallen and scattered fragments, is stripped away, as by the same all-commanding power! Stone leaps upon stone, and becomes cemented, as of old, with a strength which seems to defy the fortunes and weathers of time! The long-vanished clustered pillars, with their foliated capitals, and the pointed arches ornamented with their curious mouldings and grotesque heads, spring upwards, and regain their ancient elevation; while the gigantic beams, joists, and rafters adjust themselves to their formerly-accustomed office! Once more the bright, escutcheoned, lancet-shaped windows blaze with their glorious tints of *gules* and *vert*, of *or* and *azure!* Again does the lofty and richly-groined roof tremble with the peal of the choral psalmody; while, upborne amid the rolling thunders of the Red-Cross warriors' cheer, I behold the haughty flag that whilom overlooked the palmy shores of the Jordan, and which bade full oft the defeated crescent, "pale its ineffectual fires," again disport itself in the Northumbrian breezes, as it proudly gives to view the far-famed quarterly bearing of the old chivalric coat of De Stanhope! Anon, the scene dissolves. A gathering mist overspreads the field of vision. The vacancy of solitude succeeds. But soon the obscurity and loneliness melt away and disappear. The glass of the

"privileged seer" again becomes clear and transparent; and all that is gay or solemn—sad or joyous—dread or pleasing—rude or refined—barbarous or gentle—simple or mysterious, floats by turns within the changeful disc of that thought-created *speculum!*

To descend to a later retrospect. I am frequently admitted, through the same all powerful mediation, to the cabinet of your Lordship's illustrious predecessor, deservedly called "The Great Earl;" whose high literary and political merits will ever throw around the coronet of CHESTERFIELD a glory that shall appeal from the detraction of past envy and malevolence, the pert sarcasm of arrogant petulance, the narrow criticism and interested hostility of contemporary rivalry, to the elevated graces of language, the lucid amenity of style, the serenely-playful wit, the chastened humour, the vigorous discernment,* the graphic force of expression, the exquisite taste, and the polish of courtly refinement; but, more than all, to the depth of various and abstruse learning, and the profound and intuitive knowledge of human nature, which recall to the mind of each classical reader the most triumphant displays of the ancient Greek or Roman genius; and which more than justify the glowing

* The reader is referred to an interesting proof, amongst many, of this faculty of his lordship's mind, in Diderot's "Memoirs," where the triumph of English sense, in the person of Chesterfield, over the sallies of French wit, as exhibited by the President Montesquieu, is most amusingly displayed. The scene occurs at Venice.

eulogium of his Lordship's illustrious contemporary, Pope—

> "How can I Pult'ney, *Chesterfield*, forget,
> While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit?"

But, to dwell no longer on these high reminiscences —these noble records of your Lordship's race—a race which, to use the words of my old favourite, Michael Drayton—

> "In memorie are set,
> And by their statues, their achievements done,
> Which wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
> From sonne to sire, from sire again to sonne,
> Graced with the spoyles that gloriouslie they wonne."

I would now be permitted to apologise for having so long detained your Lordship's attention, and to express my most ingenuous desire that the ancient honours of your illustrious house may ever be as closely united with the blessings of social and domestic happiness, as they are at the present period; while I would also be allowed to entertain a belief that this humble attempt to afford a very faithful testimony of respect will be accepted with the generous indulgence of which it has so much need.

I ever shall have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT BIGSBY.

Repton, Derbyshire, April 16, 1845.

PREFACE.

"Pleased our grave brow with garlands to adorn,
And from the rose of knowledge strip the thorn."

THE above motto affords a compendious view of the object which I have entertained, in the composition of the following pages. A few particular remarks on the manner in which I have wrought out my purpose, and on other matters connected with the design and materials of the work, will shortly follow. I shall best perform the task of explaining the motive which induced me to enter upon the present work, by reverting to the impressions of those early days, when, as a school-boy, I ranged, with admiring love, amongst the scenes of picturesque beauty and historical and classical reminiscence, which associated with the name of REPTON so enduring and heart-felt a charm. Impelled by youthful enthusiasm, I made a vow, that, if ever nature should decree to me a competent portion of ability for the task, I would set before the world as truthful and complete a representation of the "days of other years," when that beloved village—the scene which engaged the brightest asso-

ciations of early fancy—was the mother-city of a royal realm, as the shattered and dispersed materials which an active research might bring together, should enable me to convey, for the solace of those who, like myself, could derive an ever-new and luxurious pleasure, in gazing upon the mutilated, but still precious pictures of the past. This earnest wish of my youthful heart I have, at length, "with no small travail and pain" (to use the words of an old writer), "and with a right resolute and constant mind," accomplished. But, alas! where are the sanguine feelings with which I then looked forward to the success of my literary enterprise? Where the meed of dignifying fame that should crown my laboured work? Where (still more valued by the heart!) the enthusiastic praise to be bestowed by those early and highly-gifted companions, whose soul-bound fellowship was the noblest privilege of my opening existence? Glorious visions of the past, whither are ye flown? Now that I ask for the reward of long expectation, where is it? It is snatched away! Death, and its saddening estrangement of former ties—the decay, or diminution of that intensity which pervaded the ambitious aspirations and idealizing hopes of youthful inexperience—the great and abiding change in the associations and sympathies of after years,—conspire, with chilling effect, to sever it for ever from my embrace! The lightning-glance of memory stretches over a dusky expanse, rendering partially visible that

far-off and once beautiful region—the early past! What behold I now? The sorrowful fragments of fallen hopes! the dim wreck of broken and once bright fancies! the blighted remembrances, and the vain, yet enduring regrets, that speak, in low but emphatic accents, of the "things that were, and are not!" *These* are the records which slumber in the kindred gloom of the night of memory!

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh——
For precious friends, hid in death's dateless night."

A sentiment so beautifully, and with such touching simplicity expressed by my favourite Catullus—

"Quo desiderio *veteres* revocamus *amores*,
Atque *olim omissas* flemus *amicitias*."

Alas, the revered eyes are dim that should glance, with parental pleasure, on my humble pages. The beloved lips are mute, which should yield their long-cherished accents, to make sweet the expression of more distant sympathy. I have still, however, in the partially-surviving testimony of domestic affection, in the gratifying incident of noble and distinguished patronage, and in the consciousness that I have fulfilled a task, whose performance shall remain as an evidence of those ties of fond attachment, which still bind me to the scenes of early youth, a guerdon which my heart esteems as worthy of the exertions thus

feebly but perseveringly made to redeem the engagement of my distant pledge; and it is with sincere and lively pleasure that I also acknowledge the deeply-expressed approbation which my performance, however unworthy, has received, on a private perusal, from some of the most able and distinguished (and such are ever the most indulgent) of my literary contemporaries. I should, indeed, offer a splendid holocaust to my own vanity, did I set forth the accumulated commendations that have reached me on this, as on former occasions, from the highest sources of literary and antiquarian eminence. Emolumentary considerations have ever been the last in my mind, as an incitement to intellectual labour. Fame has been also but a faint and fleeting persuasive to the prolonged toil which I have welcomed. I have coveted far more than pecuniary advantage, or reputation with the many, the esteem and approbation of a few indulgent minds, whose higher range of endowments and acquisitions encouraged at once and rewarded the thirsting emulation which it called forth in my own spirit. To them, indeed, I owe all that such glorious examples should inspire. They present at once the torch and the wreath of my literary ambition. And I now gratefully offer to them the incense which their own intellectual fire has enkindled. However unworthy may be the tribute, it will be consecrated by the nobler flame of that high inspiring source, to which the vows of a duteous offerant are paid.

The most interesting period wherein we could glance at the early history of Repton would be that which was marked by the overthrow of the last legitimate monarch of Mercia, and the destruction of the venerable monastery founded soon after the introduction of Christianity into that kingdom. These events, as I have elsewhere more particularly remarked, took place in A.D. 874. This epoch I have therefore selected as a subject for illustration throughout a large portion of the following pages. It is, however, well known to the reader who has made such themes his study, that the space of historic record comprising these events, as well as the more extended chain of causation by which they are associated and bound together, is enveloped in peculiar darkness and uncertainty. From the death of Venerable Bede to the revival of learning under the auspices and personal example of Alfred the Great, more than the usual degree of obscurity exists in the annals of the Saxon kingdoms. In an exhibition of the various passages of such a point of time, much must consequently be left to the exercise of the imagination; and to the privileged aid of such a resource I have freely applied my pen, trusting that a certain store of reading, and a measured control of such accessory means, may have enabled me to present true and faithful views of the characteristic peculiarities, and eventive issues, of the era referred to. I have presumed, under cover of this arrangement, to introduce the long forgotten

King Askew to my readers, as the associate of the Danish monarchs, Gothrun, Halfdene, Oskitul, and Amwynd, on their hostile visitation of Repton, in the reign of the unfortunate King Burrhed. Let my readers also apprehend, that if, in the following pages, I have favoured the belief that Repton was a colony of the Romans, and subsequently the capital city of Mercia, I have done so from a love of old associations, which appealed for their support, to the tradition of the country, coupled with a due consideration of the fact, that, although there is no evidence to prove her title to this degree of former eminence, neither does there exist specific authority (so far as I am informed) for denying it. A settled conviction of the facts, as based on the results of historic enquiry, must not, therefore, be imputed to the writer, who, it will be remembered, professes not to tread the continuous path of history, but to give such a sketch of the features of those times wherein Repton possessed a degree of historical importance, as the brief and imperfect evidences of our early records, assisted by the traditionary sources of local information, could communicate; and to call in the aid of imaginative illustration (modified, however, by strictly contemporary and analogous *data*), when necessary to supply the deficiency of more authentic materials. I have, in short, exerted my best ability to clothe those vacant pages of Time's neglected volume with such deviously-scattered records as the labours of a vigorous research

could collect; and to fill up the broken and disjointed lineaments of each imperfect sketch with those connective touches which the all-powerful aid of fancy, guided and controlled by the sober aid of historic lore, might faithfully and effectively supply. I have now premised enough to shew that the main outlines of the story which chiefly forms the contents of the second volume are drawn with historic truth, and that its intermedial and subordinate details are traced with a due advisement and method, so as to preserve a strict componency and agreement of parts.

I next proceed to the statement of a few observations, in reference to the accompanying narrative of *Sir Ernest Oldworthy's* aspirations and adventures, in the field of antiquarian discovery.

An endeavour has been made, in this portion of the work, to illustrate the singular traits of thought, feeling, and habit, which impart so striking an individuality to the character of the *Antiquarian Enthusiast.* The deep sources of his rapt and solitary meditation—the soul-absorbing impulses associated with his devotional homage of the past—his utter and contemptuous disregard of the scenes and pursuits of the world around him, present a peculiarity of mental constitution so remarkable, that to portray the characteristic acts and speculations of such a being, must necessarily develop much that is widely devious from the analogies of every-day life, and cannot fail to impress the philosophic reader with a sense of no ordi-

nary interest. An illustrious poet of the last century has bequeathed to us a lively transcript of his own feelings, when, on devoting himself, for a lengthened period, to the retirement of the country, in the prosecution of a task of literary research, he found occasion to speculate deeply and continuously on the themes of early antiquity. His remarks may serve as a thesis for the contents of the present work; and I not unwillingly offer them to the reader, as furnishing some authority for the truth of the character endeavoured to be represented in my more humble pages. "What can you expect," says he, "from a man who has not talked these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts, as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs and its manners, to be fully possest and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin—

'God of the silver bow, &c.'

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral."

To exist in a studious oblivion of the current influences of society, and in a practical estrangement from the usages and manners of the present times—

to contract an habitual correspondence with the visionary forms, and enlist the feelings in an interchange of sympathy with the buried hopes and fears of distant ages, is the strange yet natural result of an idiosyncrasy which can never exist but in connexion with a highly-poetical and refined imagination—an imagination, indeed, gifted with faculties of an original and creative order. I make no pretensions to the portion of genius essential to a nice development of those exquisitely-blended lights and shadows that group themselves to the mind's eye, in the display of the mental communings of one thus talented and enthusiastic. To do justice to the deep and subtile energy—the intellectual apprehensiveness—the poetical sublimity of thought, and the soul-residing passion, constituting the τὸ πρέπον, or *beau idéal*, of so richly-varied a portraiture, would demand a kindred and congenial spirit—a pen revelling in the exercise of a bold and rapidly-discursive power, and a delicate and felicitous management of those characteristic modes of expression, images, and allusions, which, with their contrasting effects, and peculiarities of combination, spread so vivid and varied a brilliancy over the intellectual picture. The stores of wit, taste, pathos, and humour, the natural acuteness and profound erudition, necessary to idealize the faithful resemblance, co-exist but in the minds of few. Still more rare is that vigorous alliance which combines the more active powers of fancy with the solid acquirements of the

deep and accurate investigator ; and through which union alone may be evoked a spell sufficiently potent to connect the wildness and freshness of the poetical features of such a portrait with the diversity and reach of knowledge, the delicacy and refinement of taste, that characterize its general traits. I have been content to devote my limited ability to the humbler object of illustrating the more familiar moods, and the less profound speculations, of such a being as that which I have described. A deep, devotional enthusiasm, a high, erratic fancy, a lively and passionate sensibility, and a quaint eccentricity of humour, are yet sought to be identified with the character of my hero, whose intellectual qualities and resources will, I trust, further distinguish him from the mere "pot and kettle" professors of antiquarianism—the fanciers and collectors of old-fashioned rubbish, who deem themselves *virtuosi;* and whom we now so often recognize amongst the less busy part of mankind—a class of idle pretenders, for whose solemn coxcombry, and spurious *gusto*, I entertain the least possible respect. What then are the mental features of the character which I could wish to see portrayed in the glowing and life-like colouring of some more able painter of manners than myself ? Take the answer, gentle reader, in the words of a gifted and erudite contemporary ; who is, however, speaking of the genius of an original and accomplished artist. "Inconceivably blest is he in his visions of intellectual bliss. A sort of golden halo

envelops every object imprinted upon the retina of his imagination; and he is at times shaking hands with Homer, or playing the pastoral pipe with Virgil. Meanwhile, shadowy beings of an unearthly form hang over his couch, and disclose to him scenes . . . . such as no other mortal hath yet conceived." (*) What Horace says of a philosopher may be repeated with closer truth of an antiquary. "He can be anything he pleases--a cobbler, a king, or a physician." With him, indeed, in the well-known phrase of Lord Bacon,—"Knowledge is power!" Let me extend and individualize the portrait somewhat further in the less felicitous colouring of my own pencil. Borne away by the spell of his enkindled fancy, he bids a smiling farewell to the narrow gloom of his sequestered cell; and, freed from the opposing trammels of space and time, journeys to far distant regions, conversing with the great and illustrious of every clime. Century after century discloses to his scrutinizing gaze

* Dr. Dibdin, in allusion to Mr. Blake the artist. "My friend Mr. D'Israeli possesses the largest collection of any individual of the very extraordinary drawings of Mr. Blake; and he loves his classical friends to disport with them, beneath the lighted argand lamp of his drawing-room, while soft music is heard upon the several corridors and recesses of his enchanted staircase. Meanwhile, the visitor turns over the contents of the Blakëan *porte-feuille*. Angels, devils, giants, dwarfs, saints, sinners, senators, and chimney-sweeps, cut equally conspicuous figures, and the *concettos*, at times, border upon the burlesque, or the pathetic, or the mysterious."—DIBDIN's *Library Companion*, note, p. 742.

the changeful fate of men and empires ; and, in that wide, continuous survey, he feels that he possesses an earthly immortality denied to others ! Map-like, beneath his glancing eye, lies the broad and varied expanse of hoar antiquity. The clouds of oblivious time curl at his feet, but may not darken the glories of that privileged vision ! The present was not made for souls like *his*. What has *he* to do with that little point of outer light which the lesser spirits of earth cling to as their best inheritance ? *he*, whose voice is echoed by the thunder-shout of the armies of old ? whom princes and senates are ever eager to embrace ? at whose spell-like bidding, the fairest beauties of every clime, the tribute-wealth of a thousand realms, sue for acceptance and regard ?

I would further remark, as respects the introduction of the character of the Antiquary, that it is designed as a means of enhancing the interest of the fragmentary sketches of Repton in the Olden Time ; while it is hoped that the relation of these semi-historical portions of my subject may conciliate, through a mutuality of correspondent impressions, a warmer sympathy for the speculations and researches of the Antiquary. The passionate devotion with which minds of an ardent and imaginative nature cling to the faded memory of the "deeds of the days gone by," will be attempted to be shewn through passages of the narrative connected with the events and circumstances described in these episodical compositions. The

development of my hero's enthusiastic love for the "shadows of the things that were," is referred to the marvellous and soul-exciting themes of the early chroniclers—to the magic pages of Froissart,* — to

* "In the selection of this author," says Dr. Dibdin, "let me press strongly upon the young man's attention the importance, the instructiveness, and the never-failing source of amusement of his history; which has alike endeared the author to the antiquary, the man of taste, and even to the lover of romantic lore. The pages of Froissart exhibit a perfectly natural and pleasing picture. Conversations, skirmishes, battles, the country, the town, scenes within the tent, the palace, or the church, the quiet of pastoral occupations or the tumult of a popular assembly,—these, and everything which he touches, are hit off in a manner the most simple and striking imaginable; and severe indeed must be that taste, and fastidious that feeling, which shall deny to the pages of this historian the merit of great interest and apparent fidelity. His episodes are occasionally delightful, and it is evident that he was fond of them. He has also a peculiar art in suspending the main narrative (where the interest is becoming more and more intense), by the relation of a number of little circumstances, which only make us return to it with a keener appetite."

It may be worth remark, that Sir Walter Scott, alluding to Froissart ("Old Mortality," c. lv.), makes *Claverhouse* speak of him as the "*high-born* historian" and the "*noble* canon," when it ought to have been known to that accomplished writer that Froissart was a man of humble birth, the son of a herald-painter. I have no doubt that Sir Walter believed Froissart to be a knight, and thence conjectured his high birth; whereas, the worthy historian was only a priest, and as such bore the style of *Sir*, according to the custom of the age. However, it must be confessed that the profuse manner in which *Sir* John Froissart bestowed his favourite epithet of "rascaille villains" upon the humbler classes, might have fairly led any uninformed reader to

the lays of the Troubadours of Provence* — to the "wild flowers" of Saxon poetry, and, more particularly, to the *Eddas* and *Sagas*†—those dim and myste-

suppose that he was himself of noble parentage, and so far entitled, according to the prejudice of the times, to speak with contempt of those who could not boast of "honourable blood."

* The *troubadours* of Provence excelled, also, "in extempore dialogues on the subject of love, which they treated in a metaphysical and Platonic strain.' They contended for the prize of poetry at solemn meetings, where princes, nobles, and the most illustrious ladies, attended to decide between the rival bards; and some of those princes, as Richard I. of England, Frederick I., Emperor of Germany, are celebrated themselves as *troubadours* of eminence. Many fragments yet remain of their compositions." —TYTLER'S *Elements of General History*, vol. ii. pp. 180, 181.

† The great records of the religious and legendary knowledge of the Scandinavians are the *Eddas* and *Sagas* of Iceland, partly written in poetry, and partly in prose. The oldest of the *Eddas*, a series of poetical fragments, was collected from oral tradition, in the eleventh century, and the others are of later date. The acts of the deities and heroes of the north, the creation of the world, and prophetic revelations, form the general subject of these pieces. The *Edda*, or Sacred Book, of the Scandinavians, was compiled, in the thirteenth century, by Snorro Sturleson, supreme judge of Iceland. "If you prefer the significant and profound; what ministers to seriousness and contemplation; if you delight in the gigantic, but pale forms, which float upon the mist, and darkly whisper of the world of spirits, and of the vanity of all things, save true honour; then must I refer you to the hoary, to the *Saga*-stored north, where Vala chanted the keystone of creation, whilst the moon shone upon the cliffs, the brook trilled its monotonous lay, and, seated on the summit of a gilded beech, the night-bird sang an elegy upon the brief summer—a dirge over expiring nature."—Bishop TEGNER'S *Prelections*, cited by the Rev. William Strong, A.M., in his translation of "Frithiof's Saga."

rious legends that bear the lofty and sublime, though often wild and grotesque impress, of the stormy genius of the North. His imagination also revels amid the varied scenes of pomp and peril so picturesquely intermingled in the era of the Octarchy. He drinks in with delight the stern and solemn glory of its heroic enterprise. He gazes, with passionate awe, on its long lines of gory kings—on illustrious warriors and aspiring nobles—now struggling for the slippery eminence of power—now hurled, from the envied grandeur of their seat, to an early and blood-stained sepulchre. He beholds, with pleasing reverence, its canonized saints, shedding a beam of holy quietude around the fierce, barbaric scenes of their troublous pilgrimage. In these and other associations connected with that early period of our annals, there exists a deep mine of almost unexplored wealth, into whose dusky and obscure recesses the calm lamp of historic research, and the wilder torch of discursive fancy, may alike seek to penetrate, with luxurious yet awful curiosity. The terrible irruptions of the Danes, clothing the affrighted isle in the crimson garments of massacre, spreading burnings and desolations from sea to sea, present an intense and graphic claim on our emotions, whose appeal is like the rushing shout of the fiery onslaught! The gloomy and threatening shapes that peer through the wreaths of mist which partially envelop, like a funeral shroud, the memories of those far-off days—the strange mingling of the thunder-

storm of pagan barbarity with the vivid sunlight of Christian holiness, furnish, indeed, the loftiest materials for the dreams of romance, and the sober revelations of history. If the reader has already learned to live in other times than his own, I am not without a confident assurance that the following pages will afford him some degree of entertainment; and if, on the other hand, he has not yet explored the well-springs of historic lore, I still trust that the enthusiasm of an *Oldworthy* may stimulate him to seek so rewarding a privilege. Truly, indeed, speaks a poet of our own time,—

"Bliss
Is twin-born with all great and lofty thought!"

History has been justly called "the science of sciences," the "lantern to human life," the "faithful register of honour and blame," the "school of good and evil," the "judge, the razor, and the touchstone of kings and princes," yea, and "of men." And to speak all in one word (as Favine well remarks), the "graving instrument that works in the table of immortality."

There is, more particularly, a pleasure in contemplating those portions of historical incident that lie veiled in the mist of imperfect record, from the field they present for speculation and discovery; and on which account they more strongly challenge the devoted attention of the studious in antiquity. Much importance, also, attaches to the earlier trans-

actions of a country, from their connection with subsequent passages in the descent of time, which they serve to illustrate and explain; and the ample development of their relations is not, therefore, to be regarded as a mere task of idle curiosity, but as an undertaking which embraces a far nobler and more edifying issue. Nor is the dull sneer of the unreflecting and ignorant observer who may cavil at the apparently trivial facts upon which the antiquary dwells with so minute a scrutiny, worthy of a moment's notice; since, from a single point of light, accidentally struck out in a vast region of darkness, may be gathered, by the communication of its rays to subsequent investigation, a body of sufficient illumination to repel the wide gloom which conceals events of the most prominent interest, whose consequences are influentially connected with the subsequent *data* of historic record; in like manner as from the feeble rays of a solitary taper may proceed the means of giving light to the depths of a spacious cathedral, through the reduplication of its beams, from one receptacle to another, till the vast proportions of the gigantic structure loom out into distinct confederation, and the whole wide-spreading interior, even to its remotest recesses, stands revealed, as in the glory of perfect day!—"Dig no more among the heaps of broken ruin that lie scattered above the desolated hearths of Thebes!" might have been said, a few months since, to the diligent explorer, who, not un-

mindful of what had been done by others, still sought to wrest some new secret from the mighty wreck of time. And how does a moment's successful investigation sometimes put to flight the laboured theories of centuries! For instance: we have hitherto supposed that the ancient Egyptians were unacquainted with the construction of the arch; but a discovery, according to the most authentic reports, has been lately made amongst the ruins of Thebes, of a subterranean chamber containing a circular arch formed of bricks, and having the name of Sesostris severally imprinted on each brick! What pages of learned disquisition have been written on the absence of this mode of construction in the ancient edifices of Egypt! What then? Thanks be offered for a ray of new light afforded by the persevering efforts of antiquarian investigation!

I have been led by various considerations to believe that a work which depicted the habits of life of one who had thus separated himself from the prevailing cares of the multitude, and devoted his main leisure to the serener occupations of literature, and more particularly to the contemplation and investigation of the remains of antiquity, might prove not altogether uninteresting, as vividly reflecting the moods of mind and characteristic traits of study developed by the writer's own experience; and thus connecting, in some measure, the lively records of personal incident with the conventional features of a mere work of fiction. It must be remarked, however, that, with the

exception of an identity of pursuits, no parallel is intended to be drawn between the character represented and that of the author; there being no analogy whatever between the personal peculiarities, hereditary fortunes, details of abode and adventure, and other descriptive passages of similar incident, forming the leading portion of the narrative. To this observation I may add that the intellectual portrait of *Sir Ernest Oldworthy* has been drawn, in its main characteristics, from the mental peculiarities of a late revered and deeply-attached friend, who entertained a lively passion for antiquities, and whose various stores of learning were as remarkable as his singular *bonhomie* and conversational talent. My ambition, I need scarcely remark, will be highly flattered, should a single member of his more intimate and congenial acquaintance trace, in the development of Sir Ernest's mental characteristics, any near resemblance to those which suggested the portrait.

I may, however, lay claim to one point of resemblance with the illustrious subject of my memoir, and I will not hesitate to assert it. I have ever maintained the same ardent love, through all kinds of antagonistic and depressing influences, which he enjoyed in the midst only of favouring circumstances, for "old and ivy-mantled, and worm-eaten things"—things to be reverenced for the scenes of other times which they bring back to the mental view—as memorials of the spells of departed beauty—as serving

more particularly to illustrate and represent to our corporeal eye also, the long-faded pomps of old—the princely pageantry of the past! I live but for the days of other years—I co-evalise with the Cæsars and bretwaldas of our monastic annalists — or find my best conversation in the society of our later chroniclers—in the pages of Stow and Speed, of Camden and Clarendon. In all things relating to the stirring scenes and incidents of every-day life—the busy interests of the crowd—the changeful features of the modern drama of the world, I am content to write myself, like some ancient monk in the commencing retirement of the cloister, — "*civiliter mortuus!*" The joy of my existence is enshrined in the inner recesses of my mind, and loves to conceal itself from the gaze of surrounding observers; in like manner as, it is said, the chief houses of the Turkish cities present to the passing stranger but a blank screen, giving "no sign" of the splendour and luxury within; while, in the hidden *clusana* or interior of such barrier-like inclosure, exist, in lavish profusion, all the charms and enjoyments that serve to chequer the delight of a gaily-perpetuated scene of voluptuous revelry. Or, to adopt another image suggested by the fancy of the moment, I live like the Britons of old, of whom it is said by the Roman writers that they were utterly separated from the whole world. The words of Virgil are—

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

The safety of the insular position of Britain, in these modern times, is said to be menaced by the facility of encroachment which the new powers of steam afford; but the insularity of my mental fortress defies all the inventions of a modern foe. Were England, indeed, invaded, I scarcely think I should hear of the event, till the door of my chamber was forced; and even then, like Archimedes, I should be found so deeply engaged in solving some problem, that I should perhaps continue ignorant that the enemy was in possession.

Of this rare and eccentric temperament we have no literary portraiture ; nor is it pretended that the present performance will supply the deficiency. The "*Antiquary*" of Sir Walter Scott, however richly endowed with the fascinating associations of the author's taste and genius, presents but a faint specimen of the thorough-bred, heart-and-soul-engaged dreamer of the dreams of antiquity ! Little or nothing of the glow of early chivalry, or of the sublime rapture of the bardic spirit, exists in Sir Walter's representative of the lover of "storied eld." The recluse and privileged being, to whom "there comes a voice that awakes his soul," ("it is the voice of the years that are gone—they roll before him with all their deeds ! ") is ill represented under the type of a plain, sober, calculating, matter-of-factish and somewhat worldly-minded individual like *Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck*—an elderly gentleman making antiquarian

matters his hobby on the true *Wardour-street* scale of research; whose *gusto* for the relics and reminiscences of past ages carries him rarely beyond the bounds of appreciation enjoyed by the ordinary scrapers together of old common-place trumpery; and, in fine, whose cit-like habits of mind, and plebeian sympathies, seem continually to dissociate him from all kindred and soul-cleaving participation with the grandeurs and glories, the fascinations and enchantments, that dwell enthroned and irradiated in the spirit-halls of the mighty past! Yes—bright as are the divine hues of intellectual revealment which are strewn, with such varied resplendence, amid the scenes of the illustrious author's creation, the question will still recur to myself—why was not the portrait of the *Antiquary* drawn from a more elevated and spiritualized model? Not one lofty imagining—one sentiment of heroic or sublime import, mingles with my recollection of a character, whose pursuits and habits afforded a most suitable and inviting opportunity for the exhibition of chivalric ideas, and poetical, or impassioned feeling. I yield to none in my general admiration of that immortal work; but, in proportion to my esteem for the author's gigantic powers, extends a regret that the gems of thought, and the stores of elevated sentiment, so lavishly dispersed in the adornment of his other personages, were not collected, in one brilliant and far-surpassing galaxy, to give force and splendour to the more dignified and picturesque

character of the *Antiquary* himself! Alas, that such a power should have resided in the graphic pen of a Scott, and that he should have expended its facile and profuse resources in the creation of a portrait, which, as thus considered (however abounding with *bonhomie*, humour, intellect and lore), is felt to be unworthy of his commanding and unrivalled genius. I am amused with, and have a liking for, *Monkbarns* as a humorist; and respect him sufficiently for his philanthropy as a man; but I cannot look upon him as a fine, characteristic specimen of the Antiquary. The dignified spirit of the past is not in him! The shadows of eld have not tinted the sphere of his fancy with their own mysterious colouring! He seeth not visions: he dreameth not dreams! "His mind is not heroic, and there 's the humour of it." There is nothing of that fine dash of the antique, which makes itself known and felt in every thought and act, word and whisper, of him to whom the past is the present; whose society is solitude; whose solitude is peopled and ruled over by the beings that made glorious the morning-ages of the world—the true "*prisca gens mortalium;*" and who, compared with the feeble, soulless things that crawl the earth, in these days of twilight duskiness fast merging into night, are as the high and lustrous qualities and attributes of early manhood, contrasted with the deficiencies and ailments, the cold and selfish feelings, the grovelling humours, the slow and abortive efforts, the sullen

disposition, and other gloomy incidents too often characteristic of decrepit, death-in-life, miserable old age.

No—*Monkbarns* is a man of the present—thinking only of the past—not himself a part and parcel of antiquity. He lives not in that broad world of mysterious delight, visible only through the eye of the enthusiast, whose radiant gift is one of the golden apples of Paradise, bestowing a foretaste of that sublime knowledge which is reserved for the life of angels!

Animated by the feeling which I have thus feebly endeavoured to express, and relying on the sympathy of those who, like myself, can glean an ever-new delight from the curious and picturesque—the wild and solemn—the dark and mysterious—the splendid and august—the tender and affecting records of other and loftier times, thereby investing with a reflected interest, a spell of renewed radiance, the dull, unchequered, and wearisome common-places of the inglorious and passionless present; I have sought to while away a few hours of lighter literary occupation, in an endeavour to portray the "life of the mind" in one who rests his solace on the memories of old—who, plucking an ordinary pear from the boughs of his own obscure orchard, can deem it a *bon-chrétien* from the bowers of Nonsuch; and when imbedding his knife, at the breakfast table, in a neat's-tongue, or a dish of potted-venison, can believe himself seated at the same board with the *bonne Christine*, while

regaling on the good fare and cheer of our Ambassador, Whitelocke! Ere I plunge, however, into the broad stream of continuous narrative, let me express an humble hope that these few speculative remarks may have served to introduce and recommend my subject to the approving attention of the more intelligent. Without further preamble, I commence my intended relation, trusting that I may reverently say with holy David,—" My heart is inditing of a good matter;" and wishing, that like him, I could add—" My tongue is the pen of a ready writer." R. B.

REPTON, DERBYSHIRE,

April 11th, 1845.



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PART I.

PASSAGES IN THE MENTAL LIFE OF A LITERARY RECLUSE; OR, SCENES FROM THE MIRROR OF ANTIQUITY.

Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast
Through the dim shades, the portals of the past;
By the bright lamp of thought thy care had fed
From the far beacon-lights of ages fled,
The depths of time exploring, to retrace
The glorious march of many a vanished race.

HEMANS.

Thy still unwearied eye
Kept vigil with the watch-fires of the sky,
To make the secrets of all ages thine,
And commune with majestic thoughts that shine
O'er Time's long shadowy pathway.

HEMANS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION OF SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY TO THE READER. — HIS ENTHUSIASTIC VENERATION FOR THE TIMES OF OLD.—THE POWERS OF FANCY, IN CALLING UP IMAGES OF THE PAST. — CHARMS OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ULYSS.—Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, sc. 3.

For lo! keen science, with exploring hand,
Removes the envious veil that late conceal'd
The form of olden times; at her command,
In ancient garb arrayed, she stands reveal'd:
Guarding the honours of the blazon'd shield,
Rich guerdons of their great and glorious toil
Who well defended, midst the dusty field,
"God and their right," against the unrighteous spoil
Of rude invading foe, or dark intestine broil. M.

"*Pulchrum imprimis videtur,*" says Pliny, "*non pati occidere quibus æternitas debeatur.*" It is a generous and praiseworthy undertaking to prevent the memory of those who have merited eternity by their actions, from sinking into oblivion. This sentiment gathers additional force, when it is referred, in particular, to those who seek to perpetuate the record of individuals whose whole lives have been toilingly

devoted to preserve, for the admiration and benefit of posterity, the actions of their distinguished contemporaries or predecessors. They who have thus snatched from the perishable sphere of fugitive recollection the claims of true desert, and placed them on the enduring basis of a just fame, are entitled, by the bond of common gratitude, to the honorable privilege of a kindred remembrance. We, at least, as individual writers, will emblazon the worth of no hero, or other candidate for the dignity of posthumous reputation, while the forgotten labours of one deserving antiquary shall ask for the congenial tribute of a permanent notice. In pursuance of this equitable obligation, we bind ourselves, in the present instance, to place before the eye of public esteem, the long unrecognized deserts of one, whose just claim to be remembered among the worthies of his generation, for his lively and ingenious spirit, and for his "intimate love to learning," has been heedlessly lost sight of by an ungrateful posterity. We may also, gentle reader, felicitate ourselves, without any very flagrant breach of modesty, upon the hope, and indeed, reliance, that, while we thus discharge a debt of kindly reminiscence to the merit of a too early forgotten predecessor in the ranks of literary membership, we shall associate with the record in question some faint and feeble memorial of our own not illaudable ambition to be known among the number of aspirants for a place, however

obscure and humble, in the recollection of a later period.

And now, setting aside the vulgar crowd of mere *curiosos*, or collectors of objects of *virtu*, as a sort of petty mimics of the more genuine and exalted of the worshippers of "reverend antiquitie," we shall proceed to offer to the reader's observation a rare and choice specimen of the honoured class, to whose "*ingenie and industrie*" we are so inestimably indebted for the knowledge of past ages. Yet, before we introduce our sketch of the "*laudator temporis acti*," let us for a moment view his antithesis in the pert devotee of modern refinement, as exhibited in the terse, quick-pointed, and manly verse of our old favourite Cumberland—the *spirited* Cumberland!—

> " But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
> Why scour their rusty armour? What's the use?
> 'T would not your nicer optics much regale
> To see us beaux bend under coats of mail:
> Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
> Good heaven! how much court-plaister we should use!
> We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
> Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
> Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
> Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended."

But enough. We shall now pass on to the consideration of the *beau-idéal* of a true antiquary—a character not to be treated of without some distinct recognition of the importance of the theme. By way

of a more formal initiation of our purpose, therefore, we will fill up a tall goblet of sparkling old Hock (our favourite wine), and, adopting the example of our worthy and gifted correspondent, Professor Longfellow, in his recent novel of "Hyperion," drink to the hero of the present narrative, whose success is so closely identified with our own reputation. "Alas!" says he, in the passage adverted to, "this evening my style flows not at all. Flow, then, into this smoke-coloured goblet, thou blood of the Rhine! out of thy prison-house—out of thy long-necked, tapering flask, in shape not unlike a church-spire among thy native hills; and from the crystal belfry loud ring the merry tinkling bells, while I drink a health to my hero, in whose ear the bells of Andernach are now ringing."

After this preparatory outpouring of the ancient "blood of the Rhine," and the vivacious accompaniment of the kindred-seeming melody referred to, we venture, with reassured confidence, to address ourselves to the object of our undertaking.

Early in the last century, there resided, at a short distance from the sequestered village of Repton, in Derbyshire (said to have been the site of a colony of the Romans, and afterwards the capital city of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Mercia), a gentleman of somewhat advanced age, and of studious and retired habits, whose chief leisure appeared to be devoted to an investigation of the various objects

of antiquarian curiosity, so pleasingly connected with the beautiful scenery of that romantic neighbourhood.

From day to day, would Sir Ernest Oldworthy range, with unceasing interest, or rather, with increased reverence and admiration, amid the several localities more immediately associated with the early records of history and tradition, importunately gazing—

"Through the dark backward and abysm of time;"

listening to the airy voices of the distant years of old, and seeking, as it were, to bring back the past into the present!

A very happy specimen of the genuine "old style" of English antiquaries was Sir Ernest Oldworthy. His heart and soul, yea, his very life-pulse, and the tide of his moral existence and intellectual sympathies, flowed in one uniform current with what he was himself pleased to call the "goodly and venerable stream of antiquarian lore." The present state of things, the condition of every-day life, was to him as a dull blank, a very nothing, save but as it retained the mouldering evidences and surviving relics of his beloved past. To preserve these precious memorials of a better, because an earlier, day ("*Quo antiquius, eo melius!*" is ever the motto of your true antiquary), was the task which he proposed to himself, as the honorable labour of a life; or rather, we should have said, that such was the employment which he

fully believed that Providence, out of its yearning love, had especially assigned to himself, as a sacred and sanctifying privilege, whereunto he had been solemnly constituted and ordained, from the very first breath of his nostrils. And thus, convinced that he was *born*, so he *lived*, and looked forward to *die*, an antiquary. By an antiquary, we do not mean, nor did he, the mere nepial, parrot-taught professor of the modern school of antiquarianism. Sir Ernest Oldworthy was not that sort of being associated, probably, in the reader's mind, with a dull parade of rusty or fusty nothings, gleaned, with more trouble than profit, from the lumber and rubbish of yore. He was not a mere dry thing of dates—a walking table of chronology—a sort of peripatetic old-book-stall, like at least two-thirds of our present pretenders to archæological attainments, men of no sense and observation, a set of empty sciolists, and pert, second-hand retailers of other men's opinions, whom old Oldworthy would have "thought scorn" to have admitted to his bye-conversation or mere outward acquaintance, and in whose society he would have felt as much out of his element as a fish on the top of Strasburgh Cathedral. No, no, no! a deeply-read, profoundly meditative, truly critical searcher and investigator ("*Omnium doctrinarum curiosissimus explorator*," as Tertullian would sày,) of the "remnants of history," both in the closet and in the saddle, was our worthy old knight, spending a large share

of his time, as well in winter as in summer, in passing from one seat of archæological interest to another, to collect evidences, from the "mouldering roll and the mildewed charter," or whatever was worthy of note, and thus preserving many a stray leaf to adorn the chaplet of "reverend Antiquitie."

Oldworthy was one of the few—the very few—who look upon the vestiges of other years not only through the medium of books—books too often written by ignorant, or half-informed, and comparatively careless observers—but with his own eyes—eyes that, like those of the feline race, saw but with acuter vision, in proportion to the increased volume of the surrounding shadows which cloaked from the observation of others, not similarly gifted, facts surviving in the half oblivious obscurity of early tradition, or imperfectly developed record.

For the exercise of the powerful faculty alluded to, as well as for the acute sense of external vision which accompanied it, he had doubtless, in some considerable degree, prepared himself by habits of long-continued seclusion and research amid the gloom of old muniment chambers and antique libraries, in remote manor-houses; where, at a distance from the busy and stirring scenes of what is called "active" life (though we know not why the toiling vigour of intellectual minds should not better deserve the epithet), he pored—

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,"

over dim, yellow, mould-encrusted, moth-eaten manuscripts, or over "crazy quartos and tottering folios," totally forgetful of the hours of the present, and rapt in delicious communings with the spiritual echoes—the far-reaching and solemn voices—the silvery and sea-like murmurs of the past! At such times of deep meditation and lofty excitement would—

> "Bright recollections of the glorious *past*
> Come like the shadows of the sainted dead
> Whom once we knew—forth from their mortal graves!"

In the ancient chancels of Saxon or Norman churches—in the "ghostly halls of grey renown," and in the armour-freighted chambers of once powerful and still stately feudal castles—amid the ivy-mantled ruins of long-deserted monasteries—within vaults and dungeons, where light had entered not for the space of centuries—up mouldering spiral stairs, leading to decayed and tottering battlements—down steep obscure descents, conducting—*the Lord knew whither*—through unknown trap-doors, and winding subterranean passages—among crypts and charnels, caverns and graves—wherever that sometimes-relenting destroyer, Old Father Time (who, as Bacon says, "is the greatest innovator"), had spared the minutest trace of the memories of old—there, by night as well as by day, was Ernest Oldworthy, with his table-book of Elizabeth's time, bound stoutly in calf, and fastening with four strings of broad, strong, brown tape, and prepared to trace, with a silver stile on its composi-

tion leaves, a due and circumstantial record of the fleeting and fast-perishing objects around him. Yes—there, amid the dimly-fading "light of other days," confronting, with successful scrutiny, the forbidding gloom of that chaotic darkness which perpetually threatened to stifle the scanty rays that still encroached upon its slumbers, was Ernest Oldworthy, practically acknowledging the truth of the poet, that recollections of—

> "Glorious structures and immortal deeds
> Enlarge the thoughts, and set the soul on fire."

The rapture and impetuosity which distinguished his zeal for antiquarian discovery might have brought to the mind of an imaginative observer the passionate heroism of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, and of which we find such rare instances in these degenerate days—minds that embraced toil and danger for the love of country, and for the sake of glory—sacrificing life itself with indifference and contempt, or rather, with a joyousness of soul, of which the dull imaginations of modern times can form no corresponding idea. "Whether such singularity," remarks an old writer, "be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals, whom

nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies, which never did, and perhaps never can, exist but in imagination."

Of this class, whether existing in the "heroic age," in the days of later chivalry, or in our own less imaginative era, Sir Ernest Oldworthy might have claimed to be ranked as a distinguished associate. His mind soared, by Nature's own transcendent ordination, above the common passions and petty pursuits of the multitude, and every feeling and impression of his heart and understanding were irrevocably devoted to the preservation and illustration of the remains of buried ages. The present, as we have before remarked, bore no charms for him; he lived in the life of the past. His imagination hourly revelled amid scenes of ancient magnificence. Towers and turrets, and voices of history, were ever in his eye and ear. He saw nothing, he heard nothing, but the spirit forms and echoes of the past. "Fayttes of armes and of chivalrye," as painted with the magic of a Christine of Pisa, stirred up his mind as with a trumpet-blast. Bright and clear-shining armours, and sprightly horses, bravely limbed and accoutred, banner and lance, drum and clarion, gleamed, caracoled, glistened, or resounded, through the enchanted depths of his lively and ingenious spirit. Vast conceptions swelled his soul; he dwelt on wondrous views.

The golden hopes and plans of glory which smiled

upon him in the happy days of his youth—in those early moments of sweet delirium that blessed the heart of the boy enthusiast, had expanded and been confirmed by the powers of an original mind, till he existed only in the intense fruition of a higher sphere of spiritualized being. Futurity still offered to him more bright and beauteous scenes of enjoyment, sketched by the light of the same all-creative spell. Minds of this order never become old; the shadows of age cannot darken their privileged brightness. Such a mind, with all its light and loftiness, its mysterious powers and privileges, was Sir Ernest Oldworthy's, shedding the charm of perpetual novelty and interest on the sphere of his intellectual communings. He might, indeed, have exclaimed, with the peerless knight of La Mancha, "I was born, by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or, as it was usually called, the Golden Age. I am he for whom vast adventures are reserved. I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the knights of the round table, the twelve peers of France, with the nine worthies."

It has been well observed, that a lively fancy presents a perpetual feast to the owner,—every day beginning the world afresh. To one so gifted, may be humorously applied the boast of Holofernes:—"This is a gift that I have, simple—simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes,

objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater;* and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but *the gift is good in those in whom it is acute*, and I am thankful for it."

Sir Ernest Oldworthy's imagination had been fed, from earliest youth, with the richest aliments that wit and learning could supply. The literary treasures of all times and countries had been laid at his disposal; and he had gratified a refined and epicurean palate, in selecting the rarest delicacies and most savoury *morceaux*. Yet had he not allowed the *toujours perdrix* system to prevail over his appetite so far as to lead him to reject aught that was of substantial value; but he ever secured to himself all the more solid and useful parts of the learning that connected itself with his studies, and thereby indeed heightened the relish of each tempting *bonne bouche*. His intellectual qualities were of a high order,—the compass of his mental range of acquisition being furthered and sustained by the depth and retentiveness of a memory rarely equalled. "*Homo ingenii acris, acerrimi, perarguti, subtilis:*" of a lively, quick, and piercing spirit, "*sagax, perspicax, cautus.*" Such are the epithets that may best accompany the report of his intuitive taste and intellectual acumen. The "*emuncti naris homo,*" of Horace, is a phrase that will well bespeak the variety and perspicuity of his mental endowments. Rejoicing in the happy con-

sciousness of this elevation of sentiment and depth of acquirement, our antiquary would playfully cite the supercilious speech of Sir Nathaniel the curate, when alluding to some wealthy but unpolished member of society:—"Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be (which we of taste and feeling are), for those parts that do fructify in us more than he."

Caxton, speaking of his "Boke Eneÿdos," says, "This present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labour therein, nor read it; but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman, that feeleth and understandeth in feats of arms, in love, and in noble chivalry." Such a reader, *par excellence*, was Sir Ernest Oldworthy. Like Richard de Bury, a great book collector in the reign of our Third Edward, Sir Ernest preferred "books to bags, folios to florins, mean pamphlets to pampered palfreys." The "Philobiblon" of that renowned worthy was ever the theme of our antiquary's zealous praise. He delighted in it, as in "a jewell of grete pryce." When he read it, he seemed to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. It opened all the stores of imagination, and kindled a passionate enthusiasm in his delighted breast. It gave him more clearly to see himself; such is the

effect of kindred sentiment, particularly where the imagination is more immediately interested. There is, in sooth, no magic half so potent as that which springs from the delicious reciprocation of congenial ideas and feelings between bosoms of enthusiastic temperament. In such moments of unalloyed happiness, earth and her thousand shadows seem to shrink abashed from the splendour of the pervading halo, which describes its enchanted circle around the privileged objects of that soul-embracing union! In the lofty breasts of the imaginative, such an interchange of the stores of the spirit perpetually exists—forms and scenes are conjured up from the depths of an ethereal vacancy, which receive their attributes from the same commanding spell of creative power; while sympathies, endlessly diversified, crown each celestial illusion of the impassioned and world-forgetting spirit! So great and all-absorbing are the wonderful powers of fancy:—

> "Nymph of our soul, and brightener of our being;
> She makes the common waters musical—
> Binds the rude night-winds in a silver thrall,
> Bids Hybla's thyme, and Tempe's violet dwell
> Round the green marge of her moon-haunted cell."

To quote an agreeable writer of our own day, whose works abound with the playful impressions of fancy, and with a simplicity and quaintness that often remind us of the productions of our early authors.

"Imagination enriches every thing. The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, 'rejoicing like a bridegroom.' The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of its dues from imagination, and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms, all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history and its literature; its towers and rivers; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth; its multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb."*

* Leigh Hunt.

To pursue this course of illustration somewhat further. Sir Ernest Oldworthy's mind, like one of the gorgeous old missals or lectionaries preserved in a sandal-wood fosset in his venerable library, was illuminated and adorned with a rich *mélange* of quaint imagery, identified with the dim and mysterious phantasies, the wildly-solemn conceptions, the grotesquely-rude yet elaborate fashionings of the far-off days of monastic or eremitic superstition. It abounded with vivid and freshly-uttered manifestations of thought, that might be compared with the red and gold-emblazoned letters which formed the initial glory of each time-hallowed page. And his thoughts would clothe themselves in language, whose age featured structure might bring to view the well-shining black letter that stood out so sharply, and with such beautiful relief, from the rich, creamy, mellow-tinted vellum. Add to this the deep stores of heraldic learning, that might be said to imbue his very soul with the bright flood of curious and antiquated tinctures associated with the graphic revelations of the courtly science referred to. With these were naturally connected the "shows and forms" of kindred chivalry, the stirring associations of Gothic romance and warlike adventure, of magic, astrology, and alchemy, of all those strange and marvellous events and circumstances, traits and characteristics, that embroider the long-faded tapestry in the dim old halls of the past.

In sooth, the scene of our hero's imaginative wan-

derings presented a sort of shadowy Eden, where, in lieu of the natural forms of animal life in the early creation of the world, stalked or fluttered the more *bizarre* and fantastic figures of cockatrices and wyverns, double-headed eagles and bicaudal lions, unicorns and gryphons, and all the odd and out-of-the-way characters of the same visionary sphere of gaily-pictured wonder. These formed a sort of masquerade-assemblage, with the more truthful and sublime imagery of a ruder period, with the *scállds* and *vikingr*, and other figures that characterize the *tableaux* set forth by the first monastic chroniclers; or with the mythic personages of Scandinavian fiction as recorded by oral tradition in the *Eddas* and *Sagas* of the North. To enhance the motley character of this scene of visionary revel, saints and angels, friars, grey, white, and black, lubber-fiends and imps, giants and dwarfs, knights and bandits, kings and goat-herds, all mingled, dream-like, in the skiographic drama from time to time presented by our learned enthusiast's fancy. In a word, he had drunk deep and inspired draughts of the enchanted lymph that flows from the smitten rock of the wilderness, as existing in the records of every age and clime of the European continent; while, to enhance the richness of so great and varied a privilege, he had been gifted by nature with those powers of soul and intellect which enabled him, as it were, to imbibe the vivifying cordial of such erudition in a quaint old goblet of

original and peculiar facture, that gave an added zest to the curious essence which formed the *medicina animi* of his deeply-lettered, impassioned, and world-forgetting spirit. His wayfarer's staff was plucked from the pine-clad gloom of some old German forest, and, like the enchanter's rod, called up shadowy realms peopled with the swart spectres of the mouldering tower, the gnomes of the mine, the spirits of the torrent and the mountain-waste, the creatures of midnight and mystery, whose fabled memory, as it swells the lays of the bard and the *minnesinger*, is so curiously preserved in the rare black-letter tomes of the infant days of typographical science. Was the day dark and cold, did the sleet and snow beat wildly against the diamond-shaped panes of the old-fashioned casement of his little, retired study, forth would speed his erratic fancy to the sombrous regions of the "*Saga*-stored North," and he would revel in the wondrous fictions gathered from the pages of the good old bishop of Upsal, Olaus Magnus, of marvellous memory. Did the summer sunbeam dwell rejoicingly in the pleasant glades of his orchard-paddock, and the bee and the butterfly give fresh enchantment to the flower-breathing air, as awakening a spirit of energy and delight, he would gird on his mental quiver, and take his good yew-bow in hand, and away to the merry wilds of beautiful old Sherwood, (our own dear, native Sherwood!) with the boon and

cheery companion of his schoolboy recollections, the veritable "Robyn Hode" of the famous broadside ballads. Thus, not a wind that blew, not a cloud that threw its shadow, not a sunbeam that enlivened the green sward, but breathed some corresponding inspiration of old into his sympathetic and etherealizing spirit. We repeat it emphatically, that Sir Ernest Oldworthy was a being *sui generis*,—a character whose type was cast in a special and unique form,—a sage and seer of whom no one might challenge himself to be the *alter ego*. Yes, we repeat it enthusiastically, he walked not with other men, with the puny, ephemeral dwellers around him: he heard them not; he saw them not; the echoes of the Past were around him; his eye dwelt only on the rainbow glories of a far antiquity; his soul hungered and thirsted for the converse of the kindred Great of the classical or Gothic ages,—of men imbued with the various feelings and sentiments, tastes and attributes, which he revered and possessed in his own mind and person. He was, "ynne sothe," in all but the mere principle of outer life, one of themselves—an ancient living in our own degenerate times,—living with the godlike purpose of bringing back to the memory of others less gifted—to the fancy of "spirits of coarser mould"—to the "more dim and earthly" perceptions of the multitude—the sacred, soul-inspiring recollections of ages that have long perished in the gloom of

impervious oblivion. Beneath his mighty restorative power they lived again—brightened—faded—fled—

> "As at the waving of a magic wand,
> And left behind them, as their parting gift,
> A thousand nameless odours."

Let us, as moralists, omit not to observe, *en passant*, that those whose habits are more closely assimilated to the common-place scenes of life, as they exist in the actual and pervading features of the present—whose ideas are on a level with the feelings and capacities of the throng of busy or idle people whom they see around them—whose hearts and minds ask no tribute of spiritual luxury from the sphere of impassioned fancy—escape the bitter penalty which too generally awaits the dreamer of high and glorious themes, when he awakes from his golden visions of imparadised enjoyment, to gaze upon the dull, coarsely-featured, petty objects of the "broad daylight" world. This penalty, however, our hero happily evaded, for he never awoke from the deep trance of visionary beatitude that seemed to clothe his mental life with a vesture of amaranthine hues and texture. The "fresh dew of summer dreams" ever enchanted the solitary spirit of his lonelihood. He was at all times sailing on the shoreless ocean of mysterious delight. The sounding knell of eternity could alone disturb the spell of his charmed slumbers;

and even then, his soul might only be awakened from its privileged musings here, to hold august companionship and familiar intercourse with those glorious beings whose earthly renown has flung around their names a halo of surpassing brightness — a brightness which can never perish, while the torch of fame itself shall survive.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANTIQUARY.—A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Blest madman, who can every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!

DRYDEN.

WE have ever indulged an enthusiastic veneration for the character and pursuits of the Antiquary. We behold in him a wider chain of sympathies--a more exalted intelligence, than in the ordinary "spirits of earth."* Our imagination loves to depict him as a magician or genie, holding in one hand the tablet "of all things written," and in the other a huge key, under whose potent custody are enshrined the mysterious secrets of all ages. He is the sole human watcher over the destinies of the world. Dynasties have arisen and passed away, new empires sprung forth; but his inquisitive mind has traced and unfolded every latent spring that gave an impetus to the ball of Fate. The master-minds of every age and nation have devoted their extraordinary powers, in the acervation of intellectual wealth, to enrich his kindred acquisitions in the field of knowledge. He

* Roughlie not made up in the common moulde.—DRAYTON.

communes deeply with the spirits of Eld on those important themes that have been imperfectly recorded in the volume of Time; nay, he is the favourite disciple of old father Time himself, who teaches him his choicest secrets. He descends into the sepulchres of old, and gazes on the ashes of remote generations. The graves of millions have perished, whose memory finds a living record in his inquiring breast. He is the true Aladdin of the fairy tale, diving into the bowels of the earth for the wonderful lamp of hidden knowledge. Like the first circumnavigator of the physical globe, he directs the sails of commerce throughout every portion of the unexplored seas of our mental universe. He applies the spacious telescope of his profound learning to the remotest periods of human existence, and lo! the mists of oblivious obscurity are dissolved, events are brought before our eyes with the minutest particularity of detail, and in all the startling vividness of reality. Despising the shallow trickery of the astrologer, he exercises the sure talisman of his deep theory in the occurrences of times past, and, casting aside the black and mysterious curtain of futurity, shews us the appointed consummation of our various hopes and enterprises. (1.) He is the mirror of the past, the torch of the present, and the index of the future.

A sage philosopher,
Who, mid the many changing scenes of life,
Untrammelled by the bonds of dubious forethought,
Still sees the future mirrored in the past:

And as he gazes on Time's blazoned record,
Or scans the mystic scroll of dim futurity,
His heart claims kindred with each age and clime—
With every chequered guise of fair humanity.
He hails the glorious truth too long concealed
By our cold, selfish spirits,—'that God has formed
Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
Himself our Father, and the world our home!'

His is the true cosmopolitan spirit of freemasonry. He is "a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages." He wanders through every region of the earth, taking up his abode in the palace of the prince, or the cottage of the peasant, at his pleasure. How often, through its enchanted spell, has he trodden the midnight darkness of the wilderness, and made the melancholy cities of the dead his abiding place. The Pyramids have cast their sombrous shadows on the Egyptian moonlight, to darken his meditative wanderings; while Palmyra has upreared her marble colonnades, in serene beauty, to enchant the visionary musings of that solitary wayfarer. His mind is a sort of spiritual magic lantern, that casts its bright *spectrum* on the blank and commonplace realities of life, and peoples it with the gay and gorgeous creations of chivalry and romance. He is a moral exorcist, conjuring up unto the imagination, "the forms of the mighty of old." At his imperative bidding, the veteran warrior of a hundred fields shakes off the heavy sleep of his ensanguined grave; the rust of his long buried mail is at once abraded,

and again the snowy plume dances with aerial lightness above his radiant crest. Up rises the stately war-steed at the blast of the charmed trumpet, his embroidered housings gleaming with the forgotten heraldries of his once potent master. Snorting with impatience at the shrill summons, he rolls his straining eyeballs in quest of the foe; his dishevelled mane streams wildly on the passing breeze. Pawing the echoing pavement with a proud disdain, he flings the white foam in fury from the richly embossed bit that—

"awhile restrains them from
The glorious speed of the impending charge."

Desertion and decay are his idols—the tomb of departed greatness his shrine. He is a lover of the wrecks of war and of tempest, the heart's lord of a thousand desolate castles! Their gigantic and roofless halls, echoing the assaults of the night storm, are his chosen retreat. He hears the rattling of shields in each eddying blast, and the song of the bards is in his dreaming ear. He is happy, and depends not on *others* for his happiness. He dwells, like the enchanter of old, in a wide and diversified region of his own subtle creation, and looks down from the heights of his aerial abode upon the transitory occurrences of human life, with the speculative and self-abstracted interest of an inhabitant of a different sphere. He indulges a sovereign contempt for the little mercenary spirits of the world, and

exercises the same high-minded abandonment of the frivolous amusements and occupations of the many. He is the true possessor of the philosopher's stone, inasmuch as his exalted fancy will oftentimes invest a piece of decayed wood or rusty metal with the worth of much fine gold; while a flint from Mount Ararat, or a clod from the Valley of Elah, bears, in his eyes, a price far above rubies. His garments denote no love of purple and fine linen, and for the "good and lawful" coin of the realm he has a truly philosophic contempt.

> "Those gilded counters are not things he loves;"

but a didrachm or tetradrachm of Syracuse or Thasus, or even an old spur-rowel from Crecy, Poictiers, or Agincourt, awakes in his mind a thousand glorious visions of delight. Crœsus himself was never half so rich in his own estimation as the poorest antiquary, when installed amid the idols of his fancy:—

> "A sad philosopher, who though his wealth
> Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich
> In precious vellum, and learn'd manuscripts,
> Yellowed with age."

Rust and must are the readiest passports to his affection, and he loves verdigris with the passion of a city alderman for "green fat." He has a similar reverence for the woof of the Lydian princess, so cruelly metamorphosed by Diana, for his walls are hung

"With cobwebs, sir, and those so large they may
Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies;
Where sit a melancholy race of olde
Norman spyders, that came in with 'Conqueror."

His house is an hospital for decayed furniture—a sort of Noah's Ark for the refuse of the creation. It abounds with a thousand whimsical incommodities, upon whose origin, or intended use, it would be idle to speculate. Stones from Carthage, and bricks from Babel, fragments of votive urns from Pompeii, and of household implements from Herculaneum, are blended in heterogeneous confusion with

"olde disjointed globes
And crooked mathematicke instruments,
Enow to fill a brazier's shop, which with
His stilles of glass for chimic purposes"

are the probable mementoes of some erudite disciple of Cornelius Agrippa—nay, may they not have appertained unto Bishop Wilkins himself? The sacrilegious pillage of British barrows or cairns is profusely mingled with "veritable" relics of the Church of Rome. Paganism and Popery seem alike disregarded—the claims of empire forgotten—and the cracked gear of many a stalwart descendant of Hengist resteth in peace among the shattered helms and hauberks of the Norman chivalry. It reminds us, truly, of a hard-foughten fray in the barons' wars.

"Those warlike ensignes, waving in the fielde,
Which lately seemed to brave the embattled foe,
Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the base dust doe bow;

Here sits a helmet, and there lyes a shield :
Oh, ill did Fate those ancient armes bestowe !
Which as a quarry on the soyled earth lay,
Seized on by Conquest as a glorious prey."

The wide annals of European history are but as a drop in the ocean of his limitless research. His spirit has been familiarly present at every varied scene of enjoyment or misery since the happy wanderings of our first parents in the radiant solitudes of Eden. He has feasted with Apicius, and fought with Alexander; melted pearls with Cleopatra, and lunched on raw herbs with Cincinnatus. He has gazed on the triumphal chariot of Julius Cæsar, and reflected his form in the glowing shield of Achilles. Nay, his wily and well-instructed fancy has even enlisted him into that terror-striking band that leapt from the bowels of the Trojan horse at the dead of night, and carried brand and glave to the bed-side of the hapless sleeper! The confusion of tongues at Babel is, in his shrewd recollection, an event of yesterday. In sooth, his mind may be compared to the form or semblance of a stupendous giant, whose head is seen to pierce through the loftiest clouds, and whose shadow overspreads the whole land; even so does his vast and penetrating spirit extend itself over the obscure revelations of the past, and invade also the solemn sanctuaries of the future!

His manners are characterized by an habitual gravity and reserve, arising, in some degree, doubtless,

from the conscious possession of the numerous state-secrets and maxims of polity entertained by the councils of former ages; and there is a natural or acquired stateliness in his mien and carriage, which well accords with the narrations of one whose ordinary topics are the march of armies—the despatch of fleets—or the deliberations of conclaves and cabinets. His patience is greater than Job's, for he would deduce you the pedigree of a Bourbon, a Guelph, or a Nassau, from the earliest monarch on record: and his continence is even before Scipio's, since he would prefer an old black-letter treatise, or worm-eaten manuscript, to the fairest inmate of Mahomet's celestial paradise.

> "For he wolde rather have at hys bedde-heade,
> A twentie bokes, clothed in blacke or redd,
> Of Aristotle, or hys phylosophie,
> Than robes ryche, rebecke, or psalterie."

Various and amusing are his quaint technicalities concerning the fruits of his indefatigable researches. His discourse affords a panoramic sketch of his mind, being plentifully garnished with obsolete phrases; and his very salutation smacks of the eccentricity of his calling. Thus, in addressing a neighbour, it is either "God give you good morrow," or, "Good den, *Master So-and-So*;" "Rest you merrie," or, "Faire weather after you, Mistress ——." And if he utters an exclamation, it is of no vulgar coinage: "Mother of Mercy! By my halidom! By 'r lakin! By the

holy rood!" are some of his more frequent expletives of this kind. But he has a wide range of others:—"By my fay, good deed, perdy, gramercy, by Janus, by the faith of man," &c.; with a few miscellaneous specimens of more favourite and abstruse phraseology, such as "via (2), basta (3), baccare (4), proface (5), sneck-up (6), duc-dame" (7), &c.

But it is in the deep and solemn seclusion of his venerable library, when surrounded with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of his curious science, that the Antiquary appears in his most exalted aspect. We behold him intently engaged in the decipherment of a mysterious manuscript of Egyptian lore, or the mutilated remains of some black-letter legend of rare curiosity:—

"His eye employed to reconcile
Old hieroglyphicks by their shape, and then
T' interpret blinde halfe-eaten characters,
Deformed as locksmiths', or as carvers' tooles."

The light falls dull and tremulously through a distant oriel, shaded with overhanging ivy, and intersected with massive carved mullions; the "storied pane" betraying the brilliant but unhallowed spoils of some ill-fated cathedral or monastery. We behold an aged and majestic-looking personage, attired in an ancient scholastic garment of faded velvet, and seated in a venerable chair of once polished ebony, the lofty back of which is elaborately sculptured with

"figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's braine,"

combining a diversified assemblage of unintelligible devices, with the more obvious representations of birds, fruits, and foliage, and the sprawling effigies of wyverns and sea-monsters,—such as might have been seen in the state apartments of the early Tudors. A copious bunch of oddly-shaped keys, affording access to the surrounding depositories of

"Manie a mystick store sublime,"

depends from a massive silver chain of rude pattern, secured by a jewelled guard to his girdle; and his feet are ensconced in slippers of "crimosin vellat," which, together with the decayed footstool of corresponding materials whereon they repose, were probably first constructed in behoof of some "grave and reverend" dignitary of the Maiden Reign. An oblong table of spacious dimensions, draped with Persian tapestry of a richly-variegated yet time-worn aspect, supports an Italian writing-desk of the date of Leo the Magnificent: its multitudinous appurtenances being enriched with golden filigree, as befitting the dignity of

"A very ryche *Alderman* phylosopher."

Caskets of amber and mother-of-pearl (containing a gaudy array of antiquated trinkets of every phantasy), genealogical scrolls, trickings of arms, books, papers, coin-trays, and a *quantum sufficit* of indescribables of choicest rarity, occupy the remainder of its space; while above it is suspended a widely-

branching chandelier of Gothic design and workmanship,—

"Whose radiant office hath for ever ceased!"

Our eye traces, with a pleasing amazement, the prodigious crowd of tall and sombre-looking volumes which extend their array on every side, to the high and panelled roof, while a series of bronze and marble busts are ranged in kindred companionship above the several classes. A succession of splendid suits of armour, profusely inlaid with Damascene flowers and scroll-work, are stationed, in dignified attitudes, within appropriate niches, some brandishing, as in threatful ire, the ponderous mallet, or hammer of arms, others resting, with an air of statuesque repose, on the gigantic mace or battle-axe. Escutcheoned shields and trophy-work embellish the entrances of the apartment, where cabinets of stately proportions, exhibiting patterns of the most intricate device and beauty, and rivalling the architectural graces of the finest edifices, coffers of every size and description,—some ingeniously coated with embroidery or the rainbow plumage of exotic birds, others inlaid with the rarest woods, and decorated with tramontane ornaments of the most complicated and curious workmanship,—musical instruments and warlike weapons, ewers, chalices, and salvers of embossed silver, together with an interminable variety of long-stalked, bell-shaped, variform drinking-glasses, vases of porphyry and porcelain, and other interesting remains

of the Gothic and early ages,—form an harmonious assemblage of beautiful and varied objects, not unworthy of the sparkling and elaborate pencil of a Gerard Duow or a Mieris.

Beautiful to the eye and imagination are the records of feudal magnificence. With chivalry expired the genius of warlike pageantry. A goodly sight was horse and rider, arrayed in all the glittering panoply of knightly dignity, and advancing to the tournay, or the battlefield, beneath the banner of chieftainship, or of the cross, while the hollow drums rolled their breezy thunders in majestic unison with the silver-sounding clarions. Yes, with chivalry expired the genius of magnificence. The beautiful and the grand alike departed. The spell of minstrelsie waxed mute. The pride and joyousness of the national temper, no longer sustained by the solemn grandeur of the tournament and the mirth and festivity of the baronial hall, at once declined; a dark and restless desire of gain spread over the minds of the chief and his retainers, and peasant and noble alike enlisted in the ranks of merchant adventure. Lo! where frowned the feudal pile, with its august accumulation of towers and turrets, displaying the richly emblazoned banner of its hospitable owner, in token of the wide paternal authority he exercised over the surrounding district, streets of busy traders now extend themselves, and crowds cf pale and unwashed artisans, congregated together in blind and

smoky alleys, have exchanged a life of careless freedom for one of ceaseless toil and restraint,—

"Too oft the prey of famine and disease,
The slaves of vice-engendered maladies!"

The aged and venerable forests, whose shadowy solitudes responded to the inspiring music of the chase, have, for the most part, disappeared beneath the axe of avarice or need; and the mellow blasts of the old French horns, the deep bayings of the huge staghounds "of the olden time," and the silvery ringing of the bridle bells of those high-born ladies who, in the bloom of health and beauty, mingled in the sports and perils of those adventurous excursions, will never more salute the ear of the passing stranger.

"The daintie hart and tryppinge roe"

have been succeeded by the humble and melancholy sheep, and ploughed enclosures occupy the site of those sylvan recesses wherein Robin Hood "and his merrie menne alle" maintained their joyous revels, and whence they occasionally issued in pursuit of their gleeful vocation.

"He robbed the ryche to feede the poore!"

Truly, Old England was "merriest" in those days, when her ancient forests rang with the jovial clamours of the chace, and the hateful sound of the loom was never heard in her cottages, when the wide ancestral halls of her nobility echoed to the mailed tread of hereditary warriors,—

"Who carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred;"

while their cedar galleries were swept by the embroidered trains of those gay and high-souled beauties who formed a galaxy of courtly splendour in the insulated abode of each powerful chieftain. The grave and venerable-looking herald, pacing with haughty step the solemn lists—the young and mirthful pages, skipping about in all the wantonness of unchecked glee — the graceful and impassioned troubadour, breathing the seductive lays of love and romance in the ear of beauty and valour—alas! each has disappeared, like a dream of the night, and is coldly forgotten by all, save THE ANTIQUARY.

Pile up your shining ore, ye sons of traffic! count your vulgar gains with true arithmetical precision, and lay your sordid schemes for future profit with all the serpent cunning of avaricious lust,—We swear unto you, by the shade of Demosthenes, that ye will never know the deep and serene delight of him who layeth up his treasures in the Tower of Minerva.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPELLS OF ANCIENT LORE, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE ORDINARY HABITS OF THE LITERARY RECLUSE.—LINES ON A MS. COLLECTION OF LEGENDARY TALES AND BALLADS, BY SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

I gaze upon the buried lapse of ages,
And all things beautiful, or vast, or solemn,
Crowd at my bidding, as the word were mine
That called Creation from its early sleep!

Apud Auct.

THUS did our venerable acquaintance, Sir Ernest Oldworthy, stimulate, from day to day, that inherent passion for the themes of historical record and local tradition, which seemed to constitute the ἠθος, or characteristic disposition of his intellectual faculties. So completely, indeed, had a spirit of eager inquiry into the obscure revelations of former ages seated itself in our estimable friend's mind, that the events of his own life, and those associated with the current

interests of society, appeared but the objects of remote and speculative consideration; while the scenes and circumstances of distant epochs, such as the Anglo-Saxon and Danish feuds, the Barons' Wars, the Contentions of the Roses, or the Grand Rebellion, uniformly exercised a near and familiar claim on his captivated sympathies. This singular obliquity of ideas was also more strongly manifested in proportion to the degree of remoteness which the sphere of contemplation embraced. Nay, so absorbing was his sense of individual concern in the various relations of the historic page, that, as in the instance of Messala Corvinus, who, as Pliny informs us, forgot his own name, it became, at times, a matter of momentary doubt within himself, on retiring from a long and critical analysis of some half-hidden occurrence of early date, as to what point of time to refer his own immediate existence; so complete was the illusion that he had witnessed and even shared in the public transactions of far-distant eras. Nor need it appear a subject of doubt or marvel, that, in the abandonment of his thoughts to the engrossing trammels of this one presiding pursuit, his ardent imagination, strongly impressed with poetic enthusiasm, should thus unreservedly surrender itself to the exciting spells of the early chroniclers, which so powerfully call forth, by turns, every passion and sentiment of the human breast. Episode after episode, as presented in the wide, continuous field of history, would spring up,

in vivid detail, under the pen of a Froissart, a Monstrelet, or a Philip des Comines; of a Duysburg, a Villani, or a Platiña, exhibiting scenes of the most varied and extraordinary interest, and cheating the rapt mind into a deep forgetfulness of the widely-constituted intervals that divided them from each other, and which rendered them still more remote from the age wherein the excited reader himself existed.

With the early dawn would Sir Ernest thrust aside his antique and time-stained arrass bed-hangings—

"enveloped with gold,
Whose glist'ring gloss, darken'd with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery,"—

And as the dull grey light broke scantily through the escutcheoned oriel, it threw into strong relief the curious carvings of his ancient bedstead, and the arabesque pattern of the counterpoint of the bed—

"A *bedstead* of the antique mode,
Compact, of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use."

Then would he gaze delightedly on the various favourite objects of *virtu* that graced his singular-looking dormitory, and amongst which shone conspicuous sundry most beloved specimens of *cinque cento* armour. The tour of his admiring eye next embraced the *bizarre* figures in the Turkish tapestry that sur-

rounded the room, and was generally concluded with a deep glance of old familiar regard on the venerable bustos of Chaucer and Gower, which added a crowning glory to the "rychlie-carvellyd" mantel-piece. He would then, as admonished by their grave, meditative aspect, draw from beneath his pillow some quaint record of early date, of which the binding not unfrequently exhibited a beautiful specimen of niello-work of the fifteenth century, and pore over its worm-eaten contents, till the deep cathedral tones of the old German time-piece on the adjoining secretary indicated the hour of rising. Then, as he attired himself, would he ponder upon what he had read, instinctively, as it were, arranging his toilet, without bestowing a thought on the matter. He would next issue dreamily forth from his lodging-chamber, habited in an old dressing-gown of maroon-coloured barracan, with wide-hanging sleeves, and seating himself, half unconsciously, at the breakfast-board, covered with its delicate old china, rear against the tall Venetian castors some other favourite tome or manuscript, which he took from a secret drawer situate beneath the embroidered cushion of the high-backed Elizabethan chair whereon he customarily sat. Thus would he while away the lingering meal in the society of old Gervase Markham, of the Lady Juliana Berners, commonly hight "the Dame of Sopewell," or of Guillim, of Bosvile, or Sir John Ferne; or of Leland, Dugdale, or his more beloved William Burton.

Thereafter, attired in his more scholastic habiliments of black velvet, "that is to wytte," a furred gown of half-sleeves, and a sort of *Holbeinesque* cap matching therewith, would he wander musingly forth amid the broad green alleys and shadowy recesses of his old-fashioned gardens, attended by some other familiar co-mate of his early love, as, perchance, one of the Greek or Roman historians, or those of modern times, as Guicciardini, Machiavelli, and De Thou: or, gratifying a lighter mood of thought, he would prefer the Letters of Balsac or Voiture; or an old French pocket edition of the Adventures of that "mirror of chivalry," and "rose of honour," the Sieur de Pontis; or a small-sized copy of the "*Théâtre d'Honneur et de la Chevalerie*," of Favine. Bearing in mind the excellent advice of Armstrong, in his "*Art of Preserving Health*," Sir Ernest would accustom himself, in the moments of studious privacy, to read aloud, or recite *memoriter* passages from his more favourite authors—

"Read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes."

Practising another precept from the same source, he varied, as whim directed, the subject of attention—

"Toy with your books; and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song."

Next came an investiture of "buff and boots," in lieu

of gown and slippers, and with it the tour of exploration amongst the surrounding remains of by-gone centuries; and seated on his old sedate-looking pony (characteristically hight "Grey Haco"), or provided with his pedestrian staff (a relic of John Lord Napier, of Merchiston, the discoverer of logarithms, and a legacy from Sir George M'Kenzie, author of various works on the antiquities and laws of Scotland), he would lose the tedious day in many a wide and devious ramble, too often oblivious of the mid-day meal, and returning but at the suggestion of the gathering darkness. Sir Ernest was wont to realize, on many of these occasions, the memorable remark of the poet—

> "'Tis no vulgar joy
> To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
> While the soft evening saddens into night."

And, finally he would retire, with well-trimmed lamp, to the secluded nook of his venerable study, where "the heavy middle of the night" would find him absorbed by the wild and sublime imagery of the Northern *eddas* and *sagas;* the spirit-stirring lore of some old metrical or prose romance; the sonnets, madrigals, and *sirventes* (erotic or satirical ballads) of the *Troubadours* of Provence; the fablian tales, love-stories, and *virelays* of the Norman *Trouveurs* or *Menestrels;* or the abstruse reveries of some grave tractarian on the "*res heraldica,*" the "art noble and misterie of the Herehaults."

"He scann'd with curious and romantic eye
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale or song, or fable old."

To use the words of old Pierre St. Cloud—

"Full many a dainty tale he knew—
A goodly Breton lay to you
Could tell: of Mellin, Noton, too,
Of Arthur brave, or Tristram bold,
Of Charpel, of St. Brandon old."

Sir Ernest's long-continued separation from society, and his daily communion with the correspondent ideas and usages of far antiquity, might have rendered one of less vigorous intellect than himself a prey to more extravagant fancies than any that operated on the mind of our worthy knight; and in losing sight of his own identity, he might, like the redoubted hero of Cervantes' inimitable fiction, have transformed himself into a slayer of giants, and rescuer of unfortunate "ladyes and damoyselles" from the spells of ruthless enchanters,—metamorphosing an approaching flock of sheep into an opposing army, and every way-side hostel into a spacious and magnificent castle. Nor was the character of monastic, or rather of eremitic, seclusion distinguishing his habitation an incident to be overlooked in the estimation of the several causes tending to confirm and strengthen the predominant bias of his mental pursuits, as perhaps a brief sketch of its particular features may suffice to shew. But "hereof hereafter," as old Fuller says,

we will reserve our description for a future chapter. In the meantime we would say something more of our reverend visionary's excursions in the wilds of mysterious fancy, as suggested by a spirit vividly impressed with the mythic, historic, and romantic associations of the deeply-cherished Past, so graphically reflected in the tomes of old lore that crowded the dusky shelves of his secluded library. The "Old Man" of the *Faërie Queene* is before our eyes, as we trace the likeness of Sir Ernest Oldworthy:—

"This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pass,
Ne suffer'd them to perish through long eld,
As all things else the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd:
The wars he well remembered of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

"The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Methusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembered both their infancies.
* * * * * *
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes."

The following lines, addressed by Sir Ernest Oldworthy to a young lady, with the loan of a MS. collection of ancient legendary tales and ballads, may be

opportunely inserted, as characteristic of the ruling passion of his heart for the "mist and mystery" of our early superstitions, the quaint fables and marvellous legends of the cloister, that seem to breathe the very air in which they were originally presented to the admiring wonder of the rude and credulous auditor:—

Say, wouldst thou search for scenes of dread,
Where heroes mid enchantments tread,
Or ghosts and goblin elves affright
The lonely watcher of the night?
Where prowling fiends, in varied guise,
The lated wayfarer surprise;
Or dragons, from their cavern-holds,
Rush on the haplesss midnight folds:
Where hideous giants, seeking prey,
Through woods, o'er mountains, grimly stray;
Or fierce banditti, deadlier still,
Work many a piteous deed of ill?
Or love ye tale of battle-host—
Of camps o'erthrown, and kingdoms lost:
Of princely tournaments, where eyes
With love illumined deal the prize:
Of lofty daring—hair-breadth 'scapes
From danger in ten thousand shapes:
Of their dark fate who sank betrayed
By poisoned bowl, or midnight blade:
Of love, with all its hopes and fears—
Its rapturous smiles, its soul-wrung tears?
Here mayst thou, lady, find such store
As charmed the knightly ear of yore;
And in fair Beauty's pensive bower
Whiled away many a sunny hour.

ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

The lines on Grose the Antiquary, by his friend Davis of Wandsworth, may find a place in this desultory chapter:—

"Deep in antiquity he's read,
* * * * * *
As much of things appears to know
As erst knew Leland, Hearne, or Stow;
Brings many a proof and shrewd conjecture
Concerning Gothic architecture:
Explains how by mechanic force
Was thrown of old stone, man, or horse;
Describes the kitchen high and wide,
That lusty abbot's paunch supplied;
Of ancient structures writes the same,
And on their ruins builds his name.
Oh, late may, by the fates' decree,
My friend's Metempsychosis be!
But when the time of change shall come,
And Atropos shall seal his doom,
Round some old castle let him play,
The brisk Ephemeron of a day;
Then from the short-liv'd race escape,
To please again in human shape."

CHAPTER IV.

WANDERINGS WITH THE "SPIRIT OF THE WILDS."—HIGH AND SOLEMN IMAGERY OF THE PAST.—SYLVAN SCENERY FAVOURABLE TO POETIC MUSING.—SKETCHES OF SOLITARY FANCY FROM THE HISTORY OF ANTIQUITY.

HYP. But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking *as in a dream.*
The Spanish Student, Act ii. sc. 3.

VIC. Weaving into life's dull warp
Bright gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that *make its walls dilate*
In never-ending vistas of delight.
Ibid. Act iii. sc. 1.*

SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY loved to wander amidst hoary woods, where the light of day was dimmed by the brown shadow of overhanging oaks; and to catch the rippling sound of some near brook or river, that

* For a copy of this talented and very interesting play, as well as of the same author's "Ballads and other Poems," and "Voices of the Night," I am indebted to the friendly hand of Professor Longfellow himself. One of the greatest rewards that literature confers upon its cultivators, is the privileged communication which it opens between those of kindred sentiments and similarity

seemed, in rejoicing lay, to chant the sweet praises of the gentle scene; attuning the heart of the pensive visitant to a charmful tranquillity and repose. The aspect and associations of such scenery accorded well with the dim and pleasant atmosphere of Gothic romance that invested his dreamy and enthusiastic spirit, which was ever brooding over the beauty and grandeur of legendary and poetical images. Dear to him was

> " the thrush-haunted copse,
> Where the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough ;
> While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
> O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
> Hum drowsy lullabies."

The " misterie of the woodes" and " of rivers" meant something more for him than the olden sports of hunting and hawking.

There was a steep and woody height extending above the banks of the Trent, near the secluded spot

of pursuits. The pleasure mutually arising from such an interchange of sympathy, is enhanced by a sense of the peculiar cordiality and even sacredness of those ties, which Nature seems thus to have formed for herself, in opposition to, or, as it were, in very contempt of, the restraining circumstances that threatened to exclude them. There is something strangely affecting in the experience of friendly offices, and of other testimonies of kindness, from those whom we have never met, and perhaps may never meet, yet with whom we feel that our hearts were framed to adopt the unscrupulous confidence of a more than fraternal intercourse. And the interest thus excited deepens, when, as in the present instance, the broad Atlantic presents in vain its forbidding barrier, to deter the voice of the congenial pilgrim of song from the expression of

called Ingleby, to which, in the sunny afternoons of early autumn, Sir Ernest Oldworthy would often repair. It is a wild, picturesque situation, remote from all human dwelling-places, and once belonged, with the manor, to the Priory of Repton, to which it was given by Sir Robert Somerville, in 1291. It is distinguished by the fanciful name of "Cuckoo Park." Oaks of ancient growth, mingled with the ash and the elm, the larch and the Scottish fir, spread themselves, in close array, along the dim declivity. The descent is rocky, and occasionally precipitous; while its inequalities are obscured by the low, sheltering hawthorn, and by patches of gorse and heath, forming a harbour for the abundant game. Here and there a tree, profusely covered with the tempting-looking sloe, or with the yellow, ripened crab, of like faithless aspect, diversifies the rugged beauty of the shadowy cliffs. The river flows peacefully on beneath, skirting a narrow dell of the deepest verdure, which, in the

those sympathising emotions that responsively arise in his bosom, when he hears the impassioned strain of kindred feeling poured from the harp of the distant stranger. I applaud myself for having been one of the first—if not the very first—to recognize, through the public press, the lofty and independent genius of Professor Longfellow as a poet (see "Monthly Review" for Feb. 1843, art. 9, p. 249); and I now, with an equal promptness, embrace the first occasion that presents itself of testifying esteem for his qualifications as a prose writer, having just risen from the perusal of his "Hyperion," a work abounding with the most striking traits of originality, and imbued with the same rich poetical colouring that marks his other performances.

vernal season, is the favourite haunt of the early primrose. Troops of that shy and shadow-loving creature, the hare, glance along the more open recesses of the woody scene, now flitting about, as in some strange orgy; and now, in collected groups, appearing to consult about some mysterious enterprise, whereon the fate of their ancient homes might seem to be dependent. Running hither and thither, suddenly pausing, and pricking their long ears in listening mood, then bounding forward with a buoyant leap, they hurry on, with breathless speed, till they have gained some resort of accustomed shelter. An ancient people are the hares: they were probably dwellers in Albion, ere yet population was established. They are mentioned in the records of the Britons as animals devoted by the Druids to the purposes of divination, and hence they were forbidden as objects of food. The Romans are said to have introduced rabbits, pheasants, cuckoos, and pigeons, partridges, plovers, turtles, and peacocks. When, in the dusk of evening, we have seen a company of hares careering, with wildly-straining impetuosity, along the upland slopes in the vicinity of Foremark, we have half deemed that the souls of some ancient British chiefs were thus permitted to revisit the scenes of their former love—those steep declivities, down which they were wont to impel their swiftly-glancing chariots of war.

Often would Sir Ernest recreate his mental eye with the engaging picture of an immortal state drawn by

the venerable Druid; a picture so advantageously contrasting with the dim, subterranean region in which the Greeks and Latins placed their Elysian Fields. In some far, aërial island, were the mansions of eternal joy, prepared for the brave and the virtuous (8). Mountain and valley were clothed with perpetual spring. The golden sun ever shed its mildest and most refreshing beams, and gave additional loveliness to the beautiful objects of a more highly-embellished nature. Here the trees teemed with the most delicious fruits; and birds of exquisite plumage poured forth notes of ceaseless and exulting melody. The step of the wanderer was through meads of the freshest verdure, extending beside streams of crystal clearness; while the gentle breeze wafted the assembled odours of ever-fragrant flowers on the delighted sense. Immortal youth, ever ardent, ever rejoicing, was the blessed dower of the privileged dweller in this radiant Paradise.

Or, loving to court the more solemn hues of mysterious thought, our Antiquary would gaze, in imagination, on the wild and lonely shores of Albion, when she existed as an unpeopled island—when her snowy coasts were gazed at from a distance by the wondering Gaul, who might be supposed to have conjectured (as we still do in regard to the moon, whatever philosophers may say to the contrary) whether she was inhabited or not; and whether her human, animal, or vegetable races, if such existed, resembled

those which custom had familiarized around him (9). The very name of Albion (*Alpion*), signifying heights (10), invested her with an ideal grandeur and solemnity of character. There was something awful and wonder-inspiring in her remote separation from the world. And it is not to be doubted, that the fancy of the curious revelled in a thousand dreams of inventive discovery,—picturing to itself dwarfs and giants, demons and angelic beings, as the varied possessors of her mountain solitudes. How delightful would be the record of the first migration of the Gauls into Albion (11), which is understood to have taken place about a thousand years before the coming of our Saviour, in the reigns of David and Solomon! Were the rivers the abode of huge animals of the lizard tribe—the prototypes of the fabled dragons of Oriental and Occidental romance in the Middle Ages? and did the almost impenetrable forests teem with gigantic reptiles of the serpent class, that, darting from tree to tree, inspired the first idea of a winged variety of the same reputed monster? What species of now unknown and unimaginable wild beasts were doomed to be extirpated by those adventurous settlers? "*Nox alta velat!*" (12.)

The strong and spreading oak was peculiarly the object of Sir Ernest Oldworthy's admiration.

> "The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
> Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
> Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
> Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

How is it that the priests of other nations paid not less veneration to this giant of the woods than the Druids of Gaul and Britain? and that even the Hebrew patriarchs esteemed it almost equally? How have its leaves, in every age and clime, presented a token of religious sanctity or of heroic triumph! Is it from these recollections of its former estimation, or from some natural influence proceeding from the stately character of the tree itself, or from both united, that we have ourselves long selected it as the favourite object of our woodland sketches? Our spirit promptly answers, it has yet another claim on the lasting respect of Britons—it is the long-trusted guardian of their island-homes, and of every sacred feeling attached to the enjoyment of their ancient hearths and altars!

"'Britannia rules the waves!'
So says that thrilling song
That tells us there shall be no 'slaves'
Her stalwart sons among;
That wheresoe'er her flag may wave,
That charter, won from heaven, she'll keep—
Still potent to destroy, or save—
Her empire o'er the deep." *

* From a beautiful little poem by Alaric A. Watts, Esq., whose genius has conferred upon him a most distinguished place among the lyric poets of his country. I proudly, as well as gratefully, take advantage of this public opportunity of conveying to Mr. Watts the deep sense I entertain of his flattering notice, on repeated occasions, in his ably-conducted and influential paper, "The United Service Gazette," and the gratification I have

Rivers, fountains, hills, trees, and woods, were regarded as objects of religious veneration, in England, even so late as the eleventh century, for Canute made a law forbidding his subjects to worship them (13). Imagination now loves to recall the fabled beings, that thronged each ancient scene of sylvan pomp, and tenanted the lonely banks of far-wandering rivers,—adding many a storied feature to their now less interesting sites.

Sir Ernest Oldworthy's spirit responded, with eager joy, to the fresh, wild beauties of nature. His mind, full of the exciting fictions of mythic and romantic lore, seemed to expand, with bolder freedom, amid

derived from the most friendly expressions of esteem in the course of private correspondence. *Laudari à laudatis* is the most signal and delightful success that can crown the exertions of the aspirant. It doubles our sense of an obligation, when we owe it to one we highly esteem and admire; and I may here confess, that there is no lyric poet, whether of ancient or modern times, whose muse affects me with such deep and tender sympathy as his of whom I now speak; or in whose effusions I read so clearly the true inspiration of bardic power, lending its influences to the sacred cause of virtue and domestic sources of attachment. I never read a piece of his without feeling my heart warm towards its author with the genuine sentiments of a high and unqualified approval, very different indeed from the impressions which all second-class poetry, however clever and highly-polished, is capable of producing. And this is, after all, the true test of poetic merit. Does it interest the affections, quickening the flow of our pulse, and seeming to stir the depths of our inner soul with a new and sweet tremour of delight, a mysterious communion with our hitherto unfelt but seemingly familiar sensations; and which seems to owe its power at the same time to the force of novelty of

the green solitude of the forest-oaks; or in the lonely centre of the far-stretching heaths, or meadows, that receded from the busy haunts of mankind. Oft would he exclaim, in the fulness of impassioned feeling,—

"Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty, to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights still varied, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine."

It was during these meditative wanderings with the "spirit of the wilds," as he called them, that his ardent fancy more brightly manifested to itself the indistinct images of those mysterious and wonderful

ideas, rather than to the mere ingenuity of new forms of expression? I do not know whether, in the haste of the moment, I give anything like a true notion of the effect Mr. Watts's writings produce in my mind; but their charm is not the less complete and potential, because I may fail to afford a definite conception of its character. Poetry is an indefinite thing; and this very vagueness of its attributes is in no small measure, perhaps, conducive to its impressiveness and fascination. What is sacred should never appear altogether unveiled to our more familiar perceptions, or its sublimity and grandeur, its associations of dignified spirituality and fervid passion, are quenched or abated; or, at least, this may too often be the result. The present may be voted an idle speculation, not worth the paper on which it is written. But the thoughts, however trite, occurred very forcibly at the moment, and I have hastily given them expression.

beings, that claim an ethereal existence in the far perspective and fading light of our legendary lore. Then were the lost themes of the fairy mythology the subject of his deepest regret, and he would muse over their hapless extinction in the manner recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
  Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
  Where *Fays* of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let FANCY roam at large.

The Minstrel, book i.

For thine was the legend of valley and fountain—
The *fairy*-song thine of the streamlet and rill.

Anon.

"AH! it were a happy lot to have lived in those days, when the memory of the fairyfolk was fresh and fragrant as the scenes of midsummer mirth with which they were blended—when hill and dale, stream and woodland, had each a history, or mythic character, now lost for ever! Yet, is it pleasant to trace, among the scanty records which remain, the severed and imperfect memorials of that golden period of fanciful excitement. It is a cordial to our world-weary spirit to read, in the ever-delightful pages of our own Will Shakspeare, of the shrewd and knavish sprite, called "Robin Good-fellow," that

"frights the maidens of the villagery." His whole existence is one gloriously-grotesque piece of unimaginable mischief. He says of himself,—

> "And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously."

Sometimes, he assumes the form of a roasted crab, and lurks in the bowl of the gossip, bobbing against her lips when she drinks, and pouring the ale on her withered dewlap. Anon, he takes the very likeness of a three-foot stool, and when "the wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale," mistakes it for the natural object, and addresses her sedent portion thereto, it slips from under her, and down she topples, and cries *tailor*, and falls into a cough, and then the whole of the party hold their sides and laugh, and the merriment so raised becomes more and more exhilarating, till at length they—

> " neeze and swear
> A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Robin Good-fellow seems to have been fond of courtesy. He readily does the work of those who, in a neighbourly fashion, call him *hob*-goblin (*hob* being a term of familiar endearment), and address him cordially as "sweet" *Puck*. Woe betide those luckless wights, those "hempen homespuns," whom he seeks to annoy. He will labour in the quern, that is, as I take it, get into the *shell* of the hand-mill, and amuse himself by preventing its *nut* from

going round with its accustomed ease; or he plays a similar game in the *case* of the housewife's churn, and she plies her breathless task in vain, wondering, with all her soul, why the expected butter is not forthcoming. Then he skims the milk, and we may well present to our amused fancy, the wrathful outcry and astounding maledictions of the mistress of the dairy, when she discovers that her store of cream is missing. But there are other plagues in Egypt. Now, the beer will not bear the balm, and a fresh flood of lamentation is poured forth. Yet is all this effected in a spirit of pure fun:—

"And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously."

Sometimes, *Robin* lurks in the path of the night wanderer,—haply, some "rude mechanical," swaggering home from the village ale-house,—and, taking the likeness of a lantern, or addressing words of a somewhat misinforming nature, he leads him "to his harm," that is, probably, up to the neck in some unlucky horse-pool or swamp, or causes him to break his shins over the prostrate trunk of some tree, which the "gentle" spirit has contrived to lay in the way, for that charitable purpose:—

"Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down.
I am feared in field and town,
Goblin, lead them up and down."

And then he laughs at the unfortunate "patch,"

and makes the king of shadows, the stately *Oberon*, laugh too, when he recounts his midnight freaks, at the royal inquiry of—"How now, mad spirit?" Nor are "good" *Robin's* tricks played off only at the expense of human patience. He imitates, at times, the neighing of a filly foal, and the cheated horse, "fat and bean-fed," striving to reach the supposed object of his wishes, gallops furiously about, now hither, now thither, as the treacherous sound directs him, his choler rising with each succeeding disappointment. Of the power of this "merry wanderer of the night," as he calls himself, we may gather further, that he can put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes:—

> "I go; I go; look how I go;
> Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

He also intimates, to the startled objects of his "merry" persecution,—

> "I 'll follow you, I' ll lead you about a round,
> Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
> Sometimes a horse I 'll be, sometimes a hound,
> A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
> And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
> Like horse, hound, dog, bear, fire, at every turn."

Adieu, "sweet" *Puck!* Advert we now to the employments of the lesser sprites. These wait upon the queen, and divert her with their dancing and singing:—

> "And now a roundel, now a fairy song."

Some employ themselves to kill cankers in the buds of the musk-rose; some go to war with the reer-mice (bats), in order to secure their leathern wings, of which coats are made for the smaller elves; and some prevent the owl from approaching too near with his frightful clamour, as he seeks to allay his wonder at their "quaint spirits," by a closer gaze. The rest call on Philomel to sing her sweetest lay, to soothe the slumbers of their beauteous queen, or "pluck the wings from painted butterflies, to fan the moonbeams from her sleeping eyes." All snakes, hedgehogs, newts, blind-worms, spiders, beetles, and snails, are, in softest music, forbidden to approach the spot where she sleeps. Four of these "airy spirits" rejoice in the names of *Peas-blossom*, *Cobweb*, *Moth*, and *Mustard-seed;* they hop, and nod, and firk, and gambol, in a round of marvellous delight. They are said to steal the honey-bags from the humble bees, and to crop their waxen thighs for night tapers, which they light at the eyes of the fiery glow-worm. One of the other fairies tells us that he wanders swifter than the sphere of the moon,—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier;
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire."

He says that he serves the fairy queen, and that his duty lies in conveying dew to her favourite "orbs on the green," the said orbs being, doubtless, the

rings which we still observe in the grass, by some supposed to proceed from the effects of lightning, by others, with more probability of truth, to be caused by a species of *fungus*. The tall cowslips, in their coats of gold, he informs us, are the queen's pensioners, and the spots which we have all seen upon them, are rubies given to them by the fairies, and their savours are to be found in those very "freckles." He adds, that he seeks dew-drops, in order to hang a pearl in the ear of each of these royally-favoured cowslips. The meetings of the fairies are held—

> " in grove or green,
> By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen ;"

and when Oberon is jealous of Titania, and they "square," something in the manner of mortal man and wife in our own day,—

> " the elves for fear
> Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there."

Well sang the poet :—

> " O lay me near some limpid stream,
> Whose murmur soothes the ear of wo !
> There in some sweet poetic dream
> Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow !
> 'Tis done :—o'er all the blushing mead
> The dark wood shakes his cloudy head ;
> Below, the lily-fringed dale
> Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale ;
> While in pastime, all unseen,
> Titania, robed in mantle green,
> Sports on the mossy bank : her train

Skim light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the fluttering breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions opening to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakspeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with streaming ray the silver mantled lawn.'

CHAPTER VI.

LINGERINGS IN LONELY HAUNTS. — WILD SCENERY. — RUINS.—VILLAGE CHURCH-YARDS.

But to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footstep led,
There would he *wander wild*, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The Minstrel, book i.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY.

"A JOURNEY on foot," says Petrarch, "hath most pleasant commodities; a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labour, the labour of nature—to go." The more retired features of rural scenery, the river-sides, woods, hill-tops, dells, field-paths, and other quiet haunts, that best promote the pleasures of solitary contemplation, are not to be reached in an ordinary way by other

than pedestrian access. Far from the dusty roads pursued by the common traveller, and beyond the hackneyed sounds of the wheels and hoofs of his limited mode of transit, how rapturous is the feeling with which we court the balmy presence of Nature, in the wilder recesses of her secluded domain! How delightful is it to wander amid the towering shades of primeval forests, exploring their darkest intricacies, and startling, at almost every footstep, some of the lonelier dwellers of the waste;—to sit beside the fast-mouldering but luxuriantly-ivied remains of some once fair abbey, whose story is interwoven with the annals of the country, and watch the chequered lights and shadows that play over its broken arches and fallen columns, as the pale, full-orbed moon, with fitful ray, peers through the rolling wreaths of mist-like cloud, which scarcely obscure her softly-brilliant disk;—or to recline upon the willow-fringed banks of some swiftly-glancing stream, when the noontide beams of the summer sun light up every tiny ripple with a diamond lustre, and the silvery, sweet-voiced murmur of the playful current blends itself with a pleasant store of romantic thought and picturesque imagery, dwelling, in moody peace, within the silent depths of our unclouded and rest-seeking minds.

There are moments in our existence, when to watch the irregular flight of the dappled butterfly,—ever the emblem of sportive pleasure,—or the arrow-like descent of the toiling bee to his cloistered hive,

with its pleasing association of the sunny gardens he has visited,—or to watch the countless wings that soar, in humming revel, in the slanting ray of sunset, seeming to call upon the observer to share their gleeful delight,—impresses us with a sense of unutterable bliss—a transport which, though suggested by the scenes around us, borrows its light and sweetness from a higher source,—from a wordless, vague, yet soul-felt idea, that we are then in more immediate communion with Him who, in the gladness of these His creatures, and in the radiant calm of our own delighted spirit, thus speaks to us with a voice of approving love!

We have alluded to Sir Ernest Oldworthy's love for the lonelier scenes of nature, and for those objects and incidents which were connected with the more picturesque associations of the past. This passion displayed itself in his fondness for the wild wood-notes of birds: for the deep and solemn tone and the loud croak of the raven; the mournful coo of the dove; the quick call and horrible scream of the owl; and the shrill, piercing note of the hawk.

> "Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
> Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
> And only there, please highly for their sake."

It was also exemplified in his propensity to regard with greater interest and esteem those plants, or other vegetable productions, that were distinguished by the strange, fantastic appellations of the early botanist,

or which grew amid the ruined evidences of former grandeur—the monasteries, castles, and other edifices, of remote foundation, whose walls are a "history in stone, going far back into the dim ages." Thus, he would always notice with pleasure the "hell-weed," or "devil's-guts," a parasitical plant growing on thistles; while the quaint title of "codlings and cream" secured a like attention to the *great hairy willow herb*, found in watery places; nor may we fail to enumerate, as coming under this curious category, the "impatient ladies' smock," growing abundantly on rocks and in woods; the "go to bed at noon," luxuriating in rich pastures; and the "devil's-bit," usually abiding in open fields and commons. Among the numerous varieties of plants that flung a lively verdure over the saddening decays of his favourite architectural relics, were the *wall speedwell*, the *common pellitory of the wall*, the *kidney-wort*, or *wall penny-wort*, the *ivy-leaved snapdragon*, the *wall cress*, the *hairy tower mustard*, the *yellow fumitory*, the *black maiden hair*, the *creeping feather moss*, and the *yellow wall lichen*. He loved to trace the *wild clary* in old church-yards, a curious memorial of the weak, but often beautiful, superstition of our forefathers. And, while visiting the lonely dwelling-places of the dead, Sir Ernest would slowly peruse every humble epitaph that addressed itself to the sympathy of the pensive observer. The *scythe and hour-glass*, the *busts of cherubs*, the *skull and crucifix*, the *inverted*

torch, and the *starry crown*,—these and other emblems of death and immortality, however trite and familiar, never failed to excite in his refined and sensitive bosom, that degree of solemn attention due to the awful themes which had evoked their monitory appeal.

The rude and simple inscription placed on each rustic monument, would call to his teeming mind many a glorious passage from the inspired writings, and many a touching sentiment from the sublime sources of ancient genius. It is the happy faculty of an elevated spirit thus to impart to the most common and trivial objects an interest and importance which, viewed independently of such intellectual relations, they do not possess; and to invest such as, by the process of too familiar usage, have lost their former claim to reverence, with all the early freshness of their just esteem. And it is, on the other hand, the character of a small and pitiful spirit to regard with contempt and derision those artless, unlettered records, which were but intended to convey to kindred minds the testimony of surviving affection, and to see no redeeming association in the sanctity and solemnity of the spot, that might well spread a veil of allowance over the most uninspired productions of the rustic muse. We have too frequently been pained by the flippant observations of the would-be critic on the illiterate elegies of the village-graveyard, and on the mean proportions of the small and unpretending fabric

that supplied the conveniences of divine worship. We would, therefore, point to the example afforded by the learned Oldworthy, as marking, with a significant distinction, the respect which a truly-superior mind will ever pay to all that is hallowed by the religious impressions and heart-engaging affections, of which such lowly evidences are the intended tokens. If, on perusing these humble memorials, a breach of grammatical propriety presented itself to the alert eye of that great philologist, he felt no scorn at a failure which was indeed natural to the essay of the uninstructed; and it would remind him of some similar misapprehension in the writings of the most illustrious of earlier times,—a recollection which brought with it a feeling of due allowance for faults to be imputed to the circumstances, rather than to the character, of the writer. So, when he gazed upon the humble tower of some little church, which scarcely lifted itself to a greater elevation than that attained by some near pigeon-cote, the thought of an instant reminded him of the all-pervading majesty of Him in whose honour that lowly edifice was raised; and the idea, that the most stately cathedral was but as a minute atom, in comparison with the boundless creations of the Deity, would banish all distinction between the lofty and the low pretensions of the works of man. Indeed, there was something in the very humility of these village structures, and in the lowly character of the surrounding epitaphs, that seemed

in harmony with the "world-forgetting" humour—the deep tone of quiet and spiritualized sentiment, with which he pondered on the lessons of mortality; and that united itself, as in sympathetic meekness, with the gratitude which filled his adoring breast, when he raised his thoughts from the shadowy scenes of earth, and exultingly contemplated the blissful promises of Eternity.

CHAPTER VII.

LINGERINGS IN LONELY HAUNTS CONTINUED. — VILLAGE CHURCH-YARDS. — MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS. — AN ADVENTURE, RELATED BY SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

The thought of *death* indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!

YOUNG.

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and *dwell among the tombs.*

Idem.

IN a letter to a young friend, dated July 17, 1723, Sir Ernest Oldworthy says—" I yesterday visited the little church-yard of Normanton, near Derby. You are aware of the propensity I have to seek an occasional lesson on mortality from the warning records of these humble habitations of the dead. It is seldom, indeed, that I miss the advantage I look for in these meditations among the ashes of departed generations; and I confess that few sermons from the living have for me one tenth part of the spiritual effect which arises from a survey of the mouldering evidences of former vitality, which there surround me.

There is for me a peculiar charm in the dark, melancholy boughs of the funereal cypress—

> 'A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourned
> O'er what it shadows;'

while its motionless and upward pointing form renders it a beautiful symbol of calm resignation and faithful assurance of the resurrection of the righteous dead unto life eternal. 'Thy dead shall live, O Lord;' 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust! for Thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead!' When, therefore, I find my affections too closely engaged with the busy nothingness, or the idle enjoyment, of this transitory state, I make a pilgrimage to some sequestered rural church-yard, and, as I have above intimated, rarely fail to return with a brighter longing for the bliss hereafter; and with a weaker connexion of the various ties that bind the soul to its earthly tabernacle.

> 'Thus my life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> *Sermons* in *stones*, and good in everything.'

"There is a peaceful charm in the modest graces of a village church, and a quiet solemnity about its venerable church-yard, that, according to my unaffected opinion, are far more in keeping with the sanctities of religion, than the magnificent aspect of the richly-decorated cathedral, with the stateliness of its corresponding cemetery. The lowly roof of the rural fane seems to my heart, as well as fancy, an

emblem of that humility, which is the fairest ornament of the Christian 'adorning.' The rudely-massive pillars, which lend to it their support, however clumsy and disproportioned they may appear, remind me of the firm, unyielding strength, and the uncalculating energy, which we are called upon to exert in our strife with the powers of evil; and the harsh, unmusical psalmody, which accompanies the plainly-ordered service, carries back my mind to the simplicity of the early followers of Christ—the humble shepherds and fishermen of Galilee. When, on the other hand, I enter a superb cathedral, and mark the swelling pomp of its architectural details, its grand servitial display—the majestic organ rolling its tide of deep-pervading harmony along the fretted and lofty roof, while the white-robed choristers blend their artful strain with its finely-modulated echoes—I am too apt to forget the lowly aspirations that seem so naturally associated with the meek simplicity of the rural fabric, and my imagination involuntarily disports itself among the earthly glories—the mere painted pageants of the Papal hierarchy. I recall in idea each banished rite which gave a splendour beyond that of kingly pomp to its wonted ceremonies—the great altar with its colossal crucifix and thousand lights—the clouds of sweet-smelling incense—the long and august processions that thronged the ante-church, aisles, and various chapels; and all the cunningly-devised *mécanisme* of Catholic parade.

"I was yesterday somewhat disappointed by the extreme triteness of the epitaphs, recognizing but one that I had not seen before at least a hundred times. This solitary specimen of more original composition was on a small stone which had sunk considerably into the earth; so that the latter portion of the inscription was concealed from observation. Two lines only of the quatrain, below the biographical part of the epitaph, were visible: they were these—

'Here we lie till the trumpet sounds,
And Christ for us doth call.'

As it appeared useless to retain the desire of reading the hidden remnant of the stanza, I turned away from the spot, and sought other objects of attention. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to forget the disappointment I had felt, in being unable to complete a verse, which, according to the fancy of the moment, seemed to possess a sort of quaint solemnity, and an elevation of feeling, that atoned for the deficiencies of the surrounding specimens of elegiac sentiment. Curiosity, as has been often observed, is a languid principle, where access is easy, and gratification is immediate. Difficulty of any kind is a powerful incentive to its vigorous operations. The two lines continued to haunt my memory, and, at every other moment, the desire to be acquainted with the residue of the performance grew stronger, and more difficult to be appeased. I read aloud, with every practised mode of securing effect, one or two of the

neighbouring strophes, in order to dissipate the impression which had been made on my mental ear. Yet, although I succeeded in persuading myself that there was really nothing in the lines that could justify the slightest curiosity, and grew vexed that I had allowed myself the least regret on the subject, the tongue of my unfortunate memory, with a self-willed power, kept continually repeating, with every variety of cadence, the half-finished address—

'Here we lie till the trumpet sounds,
And Christ for us doth call.'

"There was a charm at work, which proved to be resistless. I believe that if I could, with a slight effort, have removed the obstruction, and thus gratified myself by an immediate perusal of the obscured passage, I should scarcely have thought it worth while to incur the trouble. But, as its exposition seemed to be a work of real difficulty, I earnestly desired to make the attempt. Such is the frailty (that 'squire of the body,' as old Fuller terms it) attending on man's nature! At length, repeating to myself the apposite distich,

'Call up him who left *half-told*
The story of Cambuscan bold,'

I instituted a search for the worthy sexton, whom, after some delay, I had the good fortune to find. This practised functionary soon succeeded in raising the mysterious stone, when it became necessary, by the aid of lustration and abrasion, to clear away the

long-imbedded mould from the interstices of the letters,—all these impediments serving to heighten the dramatic effect of the catastrophe. At last the three emphatic, though somewhat thrasonical words of Cæsar, '*Veni, vidi, vici!*' flashed on my exulting spirit, as I marked the successful result of the venerable sexton's exertions under my direction. The anticipation which I had waywardly indulged, in regard to the sonorous majesty and solemn pathos that should seem promised by the former moiety of the quatrain, was, of course, subjected to a commensurate degree of disappointment, though, I confess, I was scarcely prepared for the signal surrender I was called upon to make of all my previous associations of interest. I repeat the stanza, as it now stood, seeming to exult in the recovered integrity of its long-lost structure.

'Here we lie till the trumpet sounds,
And Christ for us doth call;
And then we hope to rise again,
And die no more at all.'

"I record this *petite mal-incidence*, my dear Nigel, for the purpose of shewing how unreasonable at times are our expectations, and how little we are inclined to deny ourselves any supposed gratification that comes in our way. This little event bears a moral, which, I trust, I shall never forget, and I hope you will share with myself in its application. Adieu. While I am, I am yours,

"ERNEST OLDWORTHY."

CHAPTER VIII.

RELICS AND RELIC-HUNTING.

All hail, Antiquity! thou fill'st the soul
With *thoughts that tower above the busy throng;*
Thou grow'st more dear, as Time, with heavy roll,
Sweeps, like a vast, impetuous wave, along:
By thee inspired, the child of ancient song
Bids the bright scenes of vanished ages hail!
Waking his wild harp ruined piles among,
Or oft retiring to the listening vale,
Chants many a legend dark, and many a feudal tale.

M.

IN the little, dim, old cottages, and in the huge, solitary farm-houses, scattered through each thinly-populated rural district, there existed, at the time of which we write, a mine of incredible wealth for the skilful explorer of the antique, as regarded the accumulation of coins, obsolete ornaments, quaint-looking oak-chairs, curious weapons, old books, pictures, prints, carvings, and other objects of taste and *virtu.* It may appear strange how articles of this nature could have found their way to these remote and unlettered situations; yet nothing is more certain than that it was so, and that even now the best system for

a collector to adopt, in the search for antique curiosities, is to direct his inquiries in the very situations in which, of all others, he would think it *least* probable that the desired discoveries could be realized. We have acted upon this plan, in our own minute negotiations, and can confidently say—"*probatum est.*"

How often, when we have expressed our astonishment at having met with some curious remain or other, has the explanation arrived in terms like these, "Why, formerly, sir, there was an old manor-house on the hill above;" or, "once upon a time, sir, we had a strange gentleman lodging with us, and he left, in the little parlour on the right-hand side, this small parcel of old books, this or that picture, these old, odd, out-of-the-way *traps;*" or, "my dame was once in the service of an old Madam *So-and-so*, and so, d' ye see, sir," &c. Many old-fashioned trifles, and stray relics of art and literature, were probably thus dispersed during or after the Civil Wars, when persons of all ranks found it convenient to seek an occasional place of retirement; and preferred, for sufficient reasons, the most obscure situations that offered. To beguile the tedium of their solitary hours, during such enforced privacy, they necessarily carried with them a few books; and when concealment was no longer an object, or a sudden change of quarters became advisable, these and other articles of property were thought unworthy of the expense or trouble of removal, or the accidents of time and convenience would not allow of

such a measure. Since that period the relics in question may have often changed hands, but they have still remained in the same neighbourhood. As to coins, the ploughshare, often passing over sites once perhaps largely populated, brought to light, naturally enough, many such evidences of the Cæsars, *bretwaldas*, and other sovereigns of various eras. Many are the old swords, pistols, caskets, antique ornaments, coins, pictures, books, and other kindred remains, which we met with in situations that promised nothing beyond the most ordinary and homely articles of common use. Nor were such things, in most instances, valued or cared for, and an almost nominal price was usually put upon them.

Sir Ernest Oldworthy failed not to estimate the advantage of visiting remote hamlets and solitary homesteads in the prosecution of these researches. In the long midsummer evenings, more particularly, he would saunter through the secluded valleys, or climb with deliberate step the verdant hills, that alike receded from smoke and population, and present himself, generally book in hand, as on a meditative stroll, at the door of one or other of these slenderly-grouped habitations, or remotely-insulated abodes, as a candidate for a momentary seat or a draught from the near sparkling spring. The question, put by and bye, with an air of careless *impromptu*, "Have you, my good neighbour, through any sort of chance, an old book or two, or any kind of picture, carved-work,

coins, or other curiosities, among your sundries?" was seldom decisively answered in the negative. Something or other, usually found without much search, was almost always forthcoming. In this way was it Sir Ernest's enviable lot to meet with no less a prize than Caxton's "*Boke of the hoole Lyf of Jason*," by Raoul Le Fevre; the third volume printed by that illustrious hand; and which, although without date, is supposed to have come forth from the press about 1475. This inestimable treasure caught the eye of our learned *savan* just at the moment that a good-wife was on the point of cutting out the leaves, so infinitely precious, for the ignoble purpose of covering certain jars of preserves or honey. At another time (worthy also to be marked with a "white stone"), he had the good fortune to discover an altar-vase of curious workmanship, and a chalice beautifully engraven and enamelled, that had belonged to the old priory-church of Repton, and which much to be revered relics of mediæval art had been respectively doomed to the uncouth office of holding oil for a good dame's spinning-wheel, and goose-grease for sundry and manifold purposes. Need it be observed, that our worthy Antiquary never took an undue advantage (and we may truly assert the same principle as respects our own speculations) in treating with the illiterate possessor of these unconsidered rarities; but, with the spirit of a true gentleman, largely remunerated, as a purchaser, those in whose custody

he was fortunate enough to find articles of usually-accredited or marketable value. And many were the grateful hearts that long treasured the recollection of such transactions. As amusing instances of this feeling, we may record the fact, that many aged persons bequeathed to him such favourite objects of possession as they were unwilling, from the tie of old associations, to part with during their lifetime. These were generally old carved chairs or coffers, and small hoards of obsolete trifles, more or less interesting for their degree of difference from the fashion and taste of a later period. But while he accepted, with a kind and pleasurable sentiment, these and similar legacies, he invariably pursued his old method of providing an adequate compensation, which, on such occasions as the present, was given to the descendant or nearest connection of the deceased party.

Then there were, at other times, places to be explored with the mere purpose of *inspecting* the remains of former times; such as the belfries of various old churches, where morions, buff-coats, breast and back-pieces, jack-boots, old carved, iron-bound chests, and the engraved fillets, or other fractured relics of ancient monuments, or the dilapidated remains of hatchments (the latter sometimes verifying some lost fact of family history), were often discoverable. We have omitted to point out where an active investigator may find obtainable frequent *bijou* specimens of antiquated china, and of those choice wine-glasses, so much ad-

mired in the last century, with bolls curiously engraved, and a white spiral string, that runs twisting down their long stems,—which latter mode of ornamenting them was first invented by the artists of Bohemia. We allude to obscure wayside public-houses in the more retired or agricultural parts of the country. But enough: we will only add, that, of all kinds of hunting, there is none which, for excitement and profit, may compare with relic-hunting; since, let your game cost what it may, when you have run it down, the price bears no proportion to the value which an enthusiastic lover of the chase will put upon it. Indeed, there are many acquisitions accompanying the sport, which, while they are worth next to nothing in the eye of the cold, cynical utilitarian, are inestimably precious to the sight of all true observers, from their connection with some important personage or event, which conciliates a rarity of interest in their behalf, whose ideal extent no pecuniary consideration can equal.* Thus, could we happily meet with them, we should find it difficult to assign an equivalent to such relics as the famous sword hight "Escalibert," corrupted into "Calliburn," the lance or spear named "Ron," or the shield, ycleped "Spyeven," of good King Arthur; the sword of the far-famed Sir Bevis of Hampton, named "Morglay;" that of the courteous, nor less distinguished Rogero, called "Balisarda;" or that of the thrice-potent Orlando, entitled "Durindana." To these might be

assigned the kindred companionship of the noted sword "Joyeuse," or "Fusberta Joyosa," of the illustrious Charlemagne, or the bugle-horn, the relic of the true cross, and the locket containing the Virgin's hair, which he wore in death, as he had always worn in life; the veritable bow or bugle-horn, or even a broad-arrow, of Robin Hood,—and here we cannot refrain from citing a passage, of which we are just reminded, in Heywood's historical play of "*The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*," which describes, as in the words of *Scarlet*, (our own dear *Will!*) the pleasures of an outlaw's life:—

"It's full seven years since we were outlaw'd first,
And wealthy Sherwood was our heritage.
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests;
Good George-a-Green at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.
At Barnsley dwells a Potter tough and strong,
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong.
The Nuns of Farnsfield, pretty Nuns they be,
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal green,
And Sharpe of Leeds sharp arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our Bowyer, God him bless!
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss."

But, to proceed with our list: the Brazen Head which Friar Bacon set up at Oxford; the favourite thumb-ring of reverend Chaucer; the sword which Shakspeare bequeathed to Mr. Thomas Combe, or the

"broad silver and gilt bowl" he left to his daughter Judith: the original MSS. of his plays and poems; the lost cantos of the "*Fairy Queen*" of Spenser;—nay, without reducing the standard of value, what price could we assess to such memorials as the following? The copy of Plato's "*Phædon*," used by Lady Jane Grey when at Bradgate; or a lock of that unfortunate and lovely victim's hair, powdered with gold dust, like that recorded by Grainger as belonging to the Duchess of Monmouth; the pomander chain and *agnus dei* worn by Mary Queen of Scots, or the crucifix and small, portable altar-piece which she carried, on her execution at Fotheringay; the gold-mounted spectacles of the illustrious martyr, Bishop Latimer; the firelock with which the Bard of Avon slew Sir Thomas Lucy's deer; the celebrated garter of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury; the snuff-box of "glorious" John Dryden; a lock of the periwig of Samuel Butler; the standard which King Charles the First set up at Nottingham, when he declared war against the Parliament, and which bore the striking motto, "Give unto Cæsar his due!"; the key of the House of Commons, which Cromwell put into his pocket, when he dissolved the "Long Parliament;" or the pair of embroidered gloves that led to the detection and imprisonment of Richard *Cœur de Lion* by the Archduke of Austria. But we will lower the scale of interest, and take for our examples, the braid of her own hair which Petronilla, wife of Robert

Blanchmains, gave to suspend the lamp in the great choir of the abbey-church of Leicester; the mermaid-shaped ivory whistle of Sir Thomas Pope, as represented in his picture at Cambridge; a lock of Nell Gwynne's hair; the inkstand of William Prynne; one of the labels hung above the stage of our theatres in the days of Elizabeth, to inform the spectators what scene was intended to be represented, as, "This is a forest," "This is a castle," &c.; the skull and widely-branching horns of a stag, from the picture-gallery of Fontainbleau, with an inscription, in gilt letters, on a plate beneath, "King Henry the Great did me the honour to hunt me in such a wood, and placed my head here on such a day;" a door-panel of one of the houses in London, marked, during the Great Plague, with a red cross of a foot long, and over it the inscription, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" It is not by the purse of each utilitarian Solomon, who, like Sixtus V., would turn the Colosseum into a woollen manufactory, that such *reliquiæ* as these, or as some of these, can be valued. It is not for the hard and crabbed minds of the many to recognise their illusive spells. The "past is given back, and the dead are yielded up," when we are admitted to the privilege of gazing on these delectable objects for the contemplation of the ardent and imaginative—of those few whose superior minds bestow on money (the god of utilitarianism) no higher estimation than on the dirt from which it derives its origin, and subscribe to

the censure that Drayton passed on the mercantile spirit—

> "The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
> Of this brave isle."

But to return to our narrative, which last described the world-forgetting humours, the yearning love for the vestiges of antiquity, and for solitary speculations on objects removed from the busy notice of the every-day world, which characterized our hero's insulated existence.

CHAPTER IX.

REVIEW OF THE PREVIOUS LIFE OF SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.—DISAPPOINTMENT OF AN EARLY PASSION.—TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY, GREECE, SWITZERLAND, AND FRANCE; THE NETHERLANDS, HOLLAND, AND GERMANY; DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.—EARLY LOVE FOR POETICAL AND ROMANTIC LITERATURE.—VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.—PROFOUND RESEARCHES IN NORTHERN ARCHÆOLOGY.—RETURN FROM HIS CONTINENTAL WANDERINGS, AND CHANCE ARRIVAL AT REPTON, IN DERBYSHIRE.

For she whom I love is decked for a bride,
But, ah! she's *not decked for me!*

Old Song.

But oh! the heavy change, now *thou* art gone,
Now *thou* art gone, and *never must return!*

MILTON.

My prime of life in *wandering* spent, and *care.*

GOLDSMITH.

OF Sir Ernest Oldworthy's early history, it may be sufficient to record that he was a younger son of Sir Oliver Greystock Oldworthy, of Greystock Court, in Worcestershire, a baronet of old creation, and descending from a family seated in the same county from a period anterior to the Conquest. Disappointed in an early and ardently-formed attachment, through

the arbitrary interference of parental authority, he had sought in foreign travel for that change of scene and its attendant excitement, which might best alleviate the melancholy regrets that preyed upon his wounded spirit. The "lady of his love," urged by the cruel restraint of her situation, resigned her hand to a wealthy nobleman, who, to a brutal, unfeeling disposition, added the manners of a coarse, reckless libertine; whilst his repulsive exterior was rendered doubly loathsome by a premature decay of constitution, the result of his gross and long-habituated excesses. She gave her hand—short was the struggle between disappointed affection, and the cruel harshness of her fate! She sank—an additional victim to the horrid licentiousness of that system of feigned morality, which, under the guise of prudent consideration for the interests of an offspring, would, for the sake of worldly advancement, or personal benefit, sacrifice on the altar of mammon-gilded lust, the tender joys and hopes of dove-like innocence—the fairest flowers of the youthful heart! The match was dictated by what, in fashionable parlance, is called "principle;" as if to outrage the law of God—nay, to deride His holy presence at the very altar by calling on Him to witness the prostitution of a vow so sacred, were an act of propriety and merit asking for the respect of society. "Principle!" We want a word sufficiently expressive of baseness to class as a synonyme with the transaction thus designated. We

know not how to speak, with befitting detestation and contempt, of the mean and revolting doctrine set up by those false pretenders to the parental character—those hoary and insidious fiends, who, "by some devilish cantrip sleight," beguile the heart of young inexperience into a belief that rank and wealth are but other words for happiness, and that, without them, life is but a dream of idiotic bliss, or a waking infamy!

"Oh! for words,
Big with the fiercest force of execration,
To blast the deeds and doers!"

Wretches they are—void of heart, void of understanding; murderers—in God's eye—if, as in the instance to which we are adverting, life, as well as happiness, was the surrender of her who thus fell a deceived victim to the monster-idol, "Principle!"—of her whose path had been profusely scattered by Nature's most indulgent hand with the loveliest flowers of joy, innocence, and beauty, to enhance the baleful glory of the sacrifice. Alas, for the loved and loving!

"Beneath these flow'rs of innocence and joy
The venom'd serpent lurk'd but to destroy."*

The bereaved lover turned him to foreign climes, hoping—no, not hoping—seeking without hope to draw aside the visiting eye of memory from the anguish of his heart—to stifle the accents of that

* *Apud auct.*

bitter despair, which seemed ever calling upon him to uplift the dismal pall that concealed the ghastly remains of his deceased happiness, and to pry into the dark, forbidding tomb, which .had thus early closed over the fondest, holiest wishes of the youthful breast! It is not our purpose to follow him in his varied wanderings, marking how, day by day, the emotions of his sorrow increased, as if change of scene and extension of distance but strengthened the bonds of woe that oppressed his hapless bosom; but to advert to a later period, when the wildness of his grief had at length educed its own remedy, and the softening influences of time had converted into a soothing yet mournful pleasure the previously agitating recollections of the past. About this period the bequest of a wealthy maternal grand-uncle had placed Mr. Oldworthy in a state of distinguished affluence.

Having sojourned some time in Italy, he directed his course to Greece, where he remained for two years, recalling, at intervals, an early passion for classical antiquities, by a visitation of those sites which are endeared to the feelings of all ages and nations by the heroic deeds of the patriot, the glorious successes of the aspirant in art, and the venerated works of the sage. He next visited Switzerland and France, still adorning his mind with the noblest images of moral, natural, and artistic beauty. Subsequently he extended his tour through the Netherlands, visiting Holland, and devoting a lengthened term of residence

to the land of Erasmus. At the University of Leyden he availed himself of influential letters of introduction, to establish an acquaintance with the many scholars of European reputation, who, at the period adverted to, rendered that distinguished seat of learning the great resort of the *literati* from all parts of the world. He then proceeded into Germany, that favourite abode of the genius of romance and heroic song. He there traced the joyous route of many a famous *minnesinger* of old—wandering from castle to castle, and from city to city—wherever the gorgeous, spirit-stirring past had more particularly thrown its mantle of renown—wherever "story, ballad, and tradition had breathed a soul into every tumbling tower and crumbling wall." Then, with a soul attuned to the loftier impressions of historic and mythic lore, he turned his devious steps to the wildly-storied scenes of Denmark. The rugged mountains of once illustrious Norway, and the shadowy forests of still renowned Sweden, successively shared in the visitation of the youthful traveller. It is to this latter portion of his pilgrimage that we would more particularly refer, as the incidents connected with it served, in an important degree, to confirm the peculiar feelings and tastes which we have marked out for illustration in the present volumes.

Our hero's mind had early imbibed a love for poetical and romantic literature, as well as for the variously-featured stores of dramatic fiction. From

his earliest school-boy years he displayed that taste for ancient books and antique lore, which formed the delight and ornament of his after life.

> "His hours he spent
> In idly sketching ruined windows, walls,
> And to his playmates pertly would he prate
> Of Leland's progress, and of Camden's rise,
> Feeding his fancy with old musty books."

Often would he recall the words of the father of English poetry—

> "To reden forth, it gave me so delite,
> That all that day methought it was but a lite" [little].

This natural predilection had been much encouraged by the accessible contents of an ancient family-library, that abounded with the diversified products of imaginative genius. Thus, while his father and brothers were engaged in neighbouring visits, in the sports of the field, or in occasional *séjours* in the metropolis, our devoted enthusiast preferred to pass the livelong day in the solitude of his retired study—

> "Among his books,
> Among the Great of every age and clime;"

pondering, with insatiable curiosity and delight, on the works of the early poets, chroniclers, romancers, and playwrights. Often would the youthful student exclaim, with Milton, in his delicious ode of "Il Penseroso."

> "Or let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solid times have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear."

He would peregrinate, at intervals, through the delicious solitudes of the spacious vale of Evesham, in which his old paternal habitation was situate, in close contiguity to the river Avon. The interesting site of the great victory which Prince Edward, afterwards Edward the First, obtained over the Earl of Leicester, was a frequent scene of his contemplative rambles. And many an impassioned pilgrimage would he make to the renowned birth-place of England's most illustrious son—the immortal Shakspeare. The fine monument of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, in Worcester Cathedral, with its singular representation of angels strewing garters, in allusion to the event of this celebrated lady dropping her garter as she danced before Edward the Third, was also a frequent object of his musing investigation. Recalling her charms in the quaint, but spirited lines of Drayton, he would passionately exclaim, with the Black Prince—

"Thy daintie hand, when it itself doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:
When in thy glasse thine eye itselfe doth see,
That thinkes there's none like to itselfe can bee;
And ev'ry one doth judge itselfe divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine;
And each itselfe Narcissus-like doth smother,
Loving itselfe, nor cares for any other.

* * * * * *

Thine eyes with mine that wage continuall warres,
Borrow their brightnesse of the twinckling starres:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy maske be pent,
Have filch'd the blushing from the Orient:

Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proves,
Steales the pure whitenesse both from swans and doves:
Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs consumes,
Hath robbed all flowers, all odours, and perfumes."

Sometimes he would extend his explorations to a wider distance. The large pear-tree at Houghton Park, near Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, under which Sir Philip Sidney is said to have written part of his "*Arcadia;*" the tomb of the beautiful Rosamond de Clifford, mistress of Henry II., at Godstow, in Oxfordshire; the small town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, where Caxton, the first English printer, and Matthew Paris, the historian, were born; the village of Castor, near Norwich, the *Venta Icenorum*, or capital city of the *Iceni*, with its remains of Roman walls, gates, and towers, celebrated, in after years, as the place where the Danish king, Edmund, kept his court, and in still more modern times, as the seat of the famous Sir John Fastolf, in the reign of Henry V.; the monuments of Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Catharine of Arragon, in Peterborough Cathedral; also, in the court called the "Monks' Churchyard," near the same cathedral, the tombstone, with its curious effigies, erected over the abbot and monks of Croyland, who were, on that spot, overtaken and murdered by the Danes, when flying from their own abbey to that of Peterborough, in 870; the ancient pulpit in Lutterworth Church, Leicestershire, wherein the celebrated reformer, John Wickliffe, preached as rector

for many years of that parish; the fine, shady walk of lofty trees in the gardens of Sherborne Lodge, in Dorsetshire, where the great Sir Walter Raleigh spent much of his leisure; these were successively the objects of his antiquarian veneration, during his occasional sojourn with different relatives or friends in their respective spheres of vicinage. Often would he act upon the advice of our great dramatist,—

> "In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
> With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
> Of woful ages, long ago betid."

Upon the imaginative cast of mind thus evidenced had been engrafted the attachment, which, as we have seen, met with so fatal an issue; and it was, therefore, but an ordinary consequence, that, when the interruption arising from violent grief had subsided, his feelings should gradually revert to their former channel for relief; and that he should again devote his eager regards to a pursuit which had communicated the chief enjoyment of his opening years. Amongst the leading traits of this romantic excitement, a deep interest in the superstitious imagery of the ancient North had ever been the most prominent; and in the devious route which, under the influence of a wayward imagination, he now pursued across the less-frequented portion of the northern countries, he found ample opportunities of gratifying the tendencies of his mind towards the themes of mythic and heroic lore. In the more solitary parts of Zealand the su-

perstitions of the Pagan era still lingered, peopling each secluded vale and stream, and grove and hill, with beings of an unearthly race. In the remote islets which rose, with precipitous and majestic cliffs, from the bosom of the dark and silent lakes of Gothland, he loved to while away the contemplative hours; now exploring the long-undisturbed privacy of some ancient tomb, now buried in the perusal, or attempted decipherment, of some olden manuscript, which told, in eloquent phrase, of the religious rites and warlike expeditions of the early descendants of Odin. Sacrifice and festival, priest and priestess, oracle and mystery, seemed revealed to his corporeal vision, as he would lift his eye from the recording page of those distant times, to behold, with searchful curiosity, the mouldering inscriptions of the Runic fragments around him, that again presented memories of the ancient lore which he loved. The solemn majesty of the boundless forests of Sweden, and the gloomy recesses of the wilder mountains of Norway, had a spell and a power to awake in the mind of the enthusiastic wanderer ideas of mysterious and lofty grandeur, that passed not away with the scenes which inspired them, but became thereafter a part and parcel of his intellectual existence,—

"And stamped the colour of his future days."

Every legend and song, which the primitive state of manners had retained, did he commit to the stores

of unremitting research; every scrap of traditionary lore, every varied relic and trace of antiquity, did he add to his deviously-gathered hoard. Indefatigable in exertion, and regardless of difficulties that opposed his pursuits, he revelled in the toil of ransacking remote libraries, and other depositories of archives and state-papers; and, at length, by the steady acquirement thus prolonged through years of solitary exile, did his mind become imbued with a deep and unrivalled knowledge of the annals and literature of the North. "He was thus placed," to use the words of an eloquent contemporary, in reference to a character of kindred energy, "at what might be called, in their own poetical language, the fountain of Mímer,—the source of inspiration, where he acquired that knowledge, and cultivated those arts, by which he was afterwards so much distinguished." "Here," he might say, in the words of the *Hávamál*, in allusion to the "seat of eloquence, close by the fountain of wisdom,"—

"I sat and was silent,
I saw and reflected,
I listened to that which was told."

Having perfected his knowledge of the northern languages, during a lengthened residence and formal course of study, at the ancient university of Upsala, he gave to the press the valuable results of his laboured investigations, under the title of "*Collectanea Antiquitatum Septentrionalium*," and, as suddenly as de-

servedly, found himself the "*laudatus à laudatis*" of that illustrious seat of learning. An honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him by the *Senatus-Academicus*, and a long and eminently-laudatory address from the Public Orator accompanied its presentation. His work immediately passing to a second and enlarged edition, illustrated with numerous additional engravings, and printed in a style of unusual elegance, at the expense of the university, he was favoured with a gracious intimation that its dedication would be acceptable to the illustrious Charles XII., a prince whose singular heroism of character, and extraordinary achievements, have ranked him with the greatest conquerors of antiquity. The accomplished and erudite author had subsequently the honour to receive, as an additional mark of royal approbation, the decoration of a knight of the "Amaranth;" a distinction which, at the time we treat of, conveyed to an English member of the order the privilege of adopting the style of *Sir*. Foreign orders of knighthood now confer no title of appellation in this country. Having established an enviable friendship with the Princess Ulrica, afterwards Queen of Sweden, with Görtz, the prime minister of Charles, and with many highly distinguished warriors and scholars, thereby laying the foundation of a close general and literary correspondence, which continued to be the solace of his later life, Dr. Sir Ernest Oldworthy returned, after an absence

of nearly thirty years, to England, where he proposed to pass the residual term of his existence in unceasing study and uninterrupted retirement.

"The fellowship of all great souls go with thee!"

was the farewell sentiment that followed him, from the hospitable regions he had visited, to his native and long-alienated soil. Various foreign societies now forwarded to him diplomas conferring the title of an honorary associate; and he was nearly at the same period chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the yet unchartered, but eminently-distinguished Society of Antiquaries.

Having gathered materials for a second work of yet greater magnitude, on the still engrossing subject of the Northern Antiquities, and which he designed to publish in his own language, with a Latin translation for the use of the continental *literati*, he at once sought for the privacy of some remote retreat, where he might indulge, without interruption, that deep meditation and continuous research which were necessary to elaborate and perfect his new and arduous literary undertaking. Making a tour for this purpose through the romantic county of Derby, and pursuing his old method of travelling in the direction which caprice suggested, he arrived, towards the close of a long and beautiful summer's day, in the year 1717, at the little inn of the ancient and picturesque village of Repton, at that time occasionally enjoying its *alias*

of Repingdon on Trent. Pleased with the quiet and secluded character of the place, and still more agreeably impressed by the venerable remains of antiquity associated with the pastoral repose of its surrounding scenery, he determined to adopt it as his future place of residence in the event of a suitable habitation presenting itself. And herein fortune again favoured him; for happening, immediately after his arrival, to explore the circuitous windings of a deeply-embowered lane, which led to an eminence on the south-west side of the village, just as night was drawing her dusky veil over the distant landscape, and the last farewell song of the birds made musical the neighbouring woods and fields, he suddenly and unexpectedly arrived in front of an old, decaying mansion of peculiarly picturesque aspect, the various characteristics of which seemed, in his imaginative mood, to have been grouped in direct accordance with his somewhat peculiar taste, and still more singular habits of life. Weary with his long day's journey, his spirit as well as his frame sought for repose; and while he watched the last hues of twilight fade from the western clouds, his ear caught, with an impression of gladdened surprise, the peculiar notes of the small bird called the *greater titmouse*, which had a singularly close resemblance to the words, "Sit ye down, sit ye down!" The welcome invitation was accepted in a similar sense to that in which the Cistertians were guided in their first choice of a residence. At the time that

the monks went about to seek a fit seat to erect their first house upon, they heard a voice from above speaking in their native tongue, "*Cieste vous!*" that is, *Here stay you!* whereupon they fixed their habitation at a place in Burgundy, which, from these words that they heard, they called *Cisterse.*

CHAPTER X.

REVIEW OF THE PREVIOUS LIFE OF SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY CONTINUED.—HIS VISITS TO CELEBRATED SITES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF REPTON.—HIS ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES, AND RECLUSE AND SOLITARY WAY OF LIFE.—REMARKS ON THE INTELLECTUAL APATHY OF THE GREAT MASS OF WHAT IS CALLED SOCIETY.—LITERARY HABITS OPPOSED TO THE FORMATION OF ORDINARY INTIMACIES.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd there!
BLAIR.

Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching-time of night.
Idem.

But with the *gods*, and *god-like men*, I dwell."
LOWTH.

REPINGDON GRANGE was a lone and remote habitation, that had remained tenantless for upwards of a century, and which popular report had long described as the resort of infernal beings. Some wild deed had, according to tradition, been there committed, and a sort of kindred gloom and desolation appeared to hang over its precincts. A line of shadow-casting yews, of unusual magnitude, gave a repelling dreariness to the dilapidated gables of its

antique front; while a dark and solemn grove of aspens flung an answering shade over the solitary courtyard at the back of the mansion. The closely clustering ivy spread its sombre mantle over the fast decaying walls of the neglected abode, and as the bending shoots were lifted, at intervals, by the whispering motion of the wind, and fluttered against the small and fractured casements, they seemed, according to the poetical perceptions of Sir Ernest Oldworthy, to tremble, as gazing, with fearful interest, at some evidence of past crime discerned through those now desolate and deserted windows. The dimness and silence pervading its rudely wainscoted chambers, and the air of wide-spread ruin that distinguished its gardens, orchards, and numerous detached offices, mingled with the chilliness of aspect presented by the front of the building, while the general features of the place afforded no unsuitable accessories to the *locale* of an event of mysterious and awful import. Trembling and hurried was the step of the simple villager, as he passed along the neighbouring lane at nightfall. A thousand dreamy emotions of terror, not unmixed with a vague, pleasingly solemn sensation of wonder, clung around his heart, and spread a darkening spell over the presiding gaiety of the past moments.

To this sternly-rugged and unenviable spot our Antiquary was attracted by the affinity which its fortunes seemed to possess with the departed hap-

piness of the far-off past—with the scenes and feelings, the fancies and affections, of his earlier years. Its purchase was soon completed, the work of renovation and additional improvement performed, and, in the course of a short time, he found himself agreeably surrounded by all his choice stores of antiquarian wealth—the various fruits of his prolonged continental indagations—and busily engaged, as we have before remarked, in the one great object of his mind, the accomplishment of a compendious work, illustrative of the history of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the earliest times to the conquest of England by William of Normandy. His hours of relaxation were passed in a contemplative survey of the surrounding antiquities. The venerable crypt beneath the chancel of Repton church, supposed to be of equal antiquity with that under Canterbury cathedral and with a similar one beneath the church of St. Peter's-in-the-East, at Oxford, the alleged, though somewhat disputed site of a Roman encampment, in one of the meadows at the northern extremity of the village, and the ancient spring in a field on the western side, denominated "St. Ann's Well," were the frequent scenes of his solitary musings; while the two barrows or funeral mounds, situate on a neighbouring eminence towards the east, called "Askew Hill," traditionally recorded as the *situs* of one of those contests that fed the earth with slain, during the numerous wars of the octarchy, and the curious

cell or hermitage, entitled "Anchor-church," in the vicinity of Foremark, two miles distant, and possessing, according to tradition, a subterranean communication with the crypt just noticed, presented spots of rival attraction in his meditative wanderings.

These, and other situations of similar note and interest, formed the successive objects of occasional attention in the immediate vicinage; while, within the narrow circle of a few miles, were numerous important memorials of the British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and succeeding eras, which were repeatedly visited in the course of his almost daily excursions. The vestiges of the Roman station at Little Chester, near Derby, so accurately investigated by his friend, Dr. Stukely; the traces of the Roman road on Eggington Heath; the celebrated ruins of Tutbury Castle, once the princely abode of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and distinguished, in more modern times, as one of the prisons of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots (an historical site which has in later years been invested with a deep accession of interest by the learned and tasteful pen of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., D.C.L.; a presentation-copy of whose work we have the pleasure to possess, as an evidence of the author's kindness); the remains of the once splendid castle of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the habitation of the powerful and illustriously-descended Earls of Huntingdon (14); the crumbling wreck of the royal castle of Melbourn, where John, Duke of Bourbon,

who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, by King Henry the Fifth, was confined nineteen years; the faintly-developed site of the palace of the Saxon Offa at Tamworth (15); and the old "Tower," at the same place, which formed the stronghold of the knightly race of Marmion, were amongst the chief features of antiquity that engaged his habitual observation. Occasionally, in the ardour of his pursuit after the venerable remains of distant ages, he would extend his investigation to more distant parts of the country, visiting the rolling-stones, rock-basins, altars, and circles of erect stones supposed to be of Druidical origin, which abounded in the more remote and mountainous portion of the Peak of Derbyshire. Amid scenes like these he enjoyed many a deep-entrancing dream of romantic interest—many a heart-felt communion with the visionary sympathies of his poetic and etherealizing spirit; while the solemn character of wild seclusion distinguishing his ancient residence —the wide assemblage of armour, pictures, coins, weapons, books, tapestry, carved furniture, statues, engravings, antique dresses and ornaments, and other records of deceased time, perpetually existing around him, and forming, as it were, a part of his daily being, withdrew his mind from all communication with the every-day life of the neighbouring residents —the "heavie-thoughted people," that, as he has himself recorded, lived "i' th' neighbour vale." Impressed with a general sense of the value of time, and

with a particular conviction of the close demands of his literary avocations, he studiously avoided forming any intimacy with the surrounding families. An occasional visit from a near relative, or old familiar friend of early years, afforded the only interruption to his retired habits. To trace the fading footsteps of departed days; to catch the faint receding echoes of the voice of time; to behold, as in a mirror, the far off scenes and actors of the busy past; to mingle, as it were, in the press of the stirring crowds of yore; to steal into the silent cabinets, where studied or meditated, the learned or the ambitious of ages fled; to be admitted to the bower of the retired beauty of the distant years of old, in her moments of strictest seclusion; in a word, to live in the eternity of the past; to enjoy an exhaustless and ever varied delight, shared in only by the immortal dwellers of a loftier sphere, and thus to anticipate, in a certain degree, one of the brightest blessings of the boundless future: —these, these are the constantly-inviting tasks and occupations of that privileged being who, gleaning the secret stores of recondite wealth from the dim old records of far antiquity—from the chronicle of the sage, and the lay of the bard—" from the mouldering roll and the mildewed charter;" and gathering together the kindred waifs from the wreck of the storms gone by, as they lie scattered in obscurity and disorder in the remote and aged nooks and wastes of the world, reads forth, as by a lamp of spell-wrought

potency, each long-obliterated legend inscribed on the pillar of the ages of time—legends perceptible only to his instructed and far-seeing eye, and of which the gaze of others can discern not a single character! Is not this the portion of a double life? Is it not to be the possessor of a secret power, that binds in a roseate league the nobler gifts of Time and Immortality? Is it not to grasp, like Prometheus, the sacred fires of heaven, though without the penalty due to his rash desires? But, to change the mood of this digressive attempt to illustrate the advantages of a life of studious contemplation, and of active research into the memoried hoards of antiquity, we may refer to the humorous remark of an old writer, who likens those who are unacquainted with the events of the past, to such as have a crick in their neck, which prevents them from turning their heads, save in one direction. Should any of our readers be visited with this infirmity, we trust that these humble pages may serve to acquaint them with the best method of cure, by putting them in possession of the life of the mind of one whose example may be cited as a proof of the enthusiastic enjoyment derivable from a free use of the powers of mental observation, and whose habits, thoughts, impulses, moods, and modes of pursuit, under the influence of a desire to look back to the ages gone (and prospectively, by reflected experience, to the yet unmeted portion of time), have furnished such ample *data* for instruction. Enough, pro-

ceed we, *currente calamo*, in this philosophic narration.

And thus passed away the serene and amply-occupied leisure of a mind indisposed by its natural bias to the frivolous pursuits of fashionable life, and weaned still further from the intercourse of less polished society by an habitual correspondence with the classical worthies of the Augustan era, and other of the master-spirits of the past. Sir Ernest had early the good fortune to perceive what so few of his station and means can apprehend, that the pleasures of intellectual refinement far outweigh the idle gratifications arising from sensual indulgence. The treasures of the mind, once appreciated, can never be undervalued by the fortunate possessor. He who has happily formed his standard of taste on the admirable models of ancient genius, and enriched his stores of "true old Greek and Latin learning," as Erasmus calls it, by a familiar acquaintance with the kindred productions of the great spirits of our own language, as well as by a due acquisition of the fruits of modern science, will derive little pleasure, and much disgust, from the gossip-caught cut-and-dry phraseology—the trite and superficial ideas—the mean associations and short-sighted arguments of ordinary talkers. The feeble inanities of the *great critics of little things*, the trivial dissertations of the fopling-philosophers, the dawdling gibberish of the mock-pretenders to critical acumen, will overwhelm him with *ennui*. Equally offensive

and intolerable will be the geese-like *gaggle*—the boisterous effusions of unidea-ed mirth, which characterize the social relaxation of a wide sphere of "civic and bucolic"—of town and country fellowship. There is, in sooth, nothing more galling and repulsive to the feelings of one who has elevated his perceptions, and disciplined his taste, by a close methodical examination of the canons of ancient criticism, and who, after much pain and travail in the long and laborious path of systematic research and original investigation, has reached the *acmé* of intellectual accomplishment, arrived at only by the more devoted aspirants of literary ambition, than to be exposed to the inane prejudices, the coarse errors, the blinded ignorance, of pretending vulgarity, so obstinately retained, and even boasted in, by those illiterate unfortunates, whose petty sight fatuitously believes itself gifted with a more extended range of observation than his whose natural powers have been matured and enlarged by the variety of association, induced by excursive habits of thought, as guided and controlled by patient and persevering analysis, under a long-continued system of critical and profound indagation. Unhappy, indeed, is he to whom, thus gifted and accomplished, the malice of fortune has decreed communion with minds that are totally unsusceptible of the higher powers of imaginative combination, and incapable, therefore, of the more refining impressions of taste and knowledge—with spirits that are unin-

structed in the true dignity of their being, and utterly inapprehensive of the claims and privileges with which nature has endowed the state of man, to justify his sovereignty over the inferior works of creation. Companionship with these grovellers in the dust, that are content to ally their every enjoyment with the mere instinctive perceptions of an animal existence—these dull, soulless beings that are ignorant of all the nobler capacities of their nature, and that can, as it were, see nothing but that of which they have corporeal evidence (like some of the old Dutch painters, who, it is said, could depict no object that dwelt not at the point of the pencil)—companionship with such as these is not society, but the very worst state of solitary estrangement—a sort of Robinson Cruso-ism in a desolate island of mental immobility and *ennui!* Yes—once to have shared, with a reciprocating justness of ideas, and with a correspondent vividness and multiplicity of perception, the familiar and ennobling intercourse of the higher spirits of antiquity—once to have indulged an habitual community of thought with the venerable bards of Greece and Rome—to have enjoyed the strong and energetic converse of a Homer, a Pindar, a Virgil, and a Juvenal—to have participated in the kindling enthusiasm and lofty sentiments of the patriots, orators, and philosophers of the earlier ages—to have imbibed the glowing and beautiful language, and the chaste, exalted feeling of a Socrates, a Plato, and a Xenophon; or to have re-

cognised the moral sublimity, refined taste, profound learning, and matchless eloquence respectively displayed by a Seneca, a Quintilian, a Longinus, and a Cicero—is to have raised between ourselves and the *οἱ πολλοι* of promiscuous "society," a barrier more potent and enduring than the *Vallum Barbaricum* of Adrian and Severus, or the dike and rampart of the Saxon Offa. We are, thenceforth, as far as mind or intellectual mutuality is concerned, creatures of another element—looking far beyond the common associations of mankind—raised high above the passions of vulgar prejudice. Our ideas may be said to exist in another habitation than that possessed by the "mob of the world"—the "common file of men" —the *Lord Flimseys*, Sir *Dingle Dangles*, and *Squire Westerns*, of every-day life. The *tittery-tattery* fry —the *tattle-baskets*, or collectors of idle gossip— the abject worshippers of the "gripple" Mammon of the mart, or of the tinsel array of the mock pretenders to the dignity of a noble nature, are for ever and ever dissociated from our sympathies. We live but for what is spiritual and refined, elevated and *soul*-cleaving, graceful and magnanimous. There is a διατειχισμα—a *prætentura*—between ourselves and all that is petty, mean, or sensual. The heart and the fancy are ever conjuring up a thousand beautiful and still changing lights, wherewith to invest the organical charms of the material creation with the hues of a divine enchantment. Regality, in its in-

sulated oneness of estate, and in its proud exaltation of aspect, may thenceforth be said to "sit enthroned" in the majesty of our thoughts—in the elated communings of our privileged spirit. We are often tempted to exclaim, in the words of a quaint but pleasant old poem—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned."

Or to adopt an earlier modification of the same sentiment—

"Regem non faciunt opes .
Mens regnum bona possidet.
Rex est, qui metuat nihil,
Rex est, qui cupiat nihil."

"*Society!*" the very word, as applied in its popularly-received sense, will no longer be read in the glossary of our elevated experience. Nay, its sound would accost the ear like the "*lucus, a non lucendo*" of the Latin; or, by a similar kind of *euphemismus* or irony, more ludicrously remind us of—

"Those times the Golden Age they call,
In which there was no gold at all."

Oh, the listless monotony of thought to be witnessed in the saloon of fashionable pre-eminence! Oh, the utter dearth of ideas—the complete prostration of the "reasoning faculty divine," so often to be observed in the hall of rural dignity! "*Society!*" what a *jingle* of words divorced from sense, what a

gibble-gabble of idle conceit, strikes upon the ear, as we recollect our latest escape from

> " lighted halls
> Crammed full of fools and fiddles,"

and recall the emotions of pleasure which were ours, as we retired within the delicious *clusana* of our own endeared Paradise of soul-connected feeling! SOLITUDE! what a host of glorious beings assemble at the magic of thy name! In thy blessed communion may he who is worthy of thee exclaim, with the impassioned Young,—

> " How nature opens, and receives my soul
> In boundless walks of raptur'd thought, where gods
> Encounter and embrace me!"

Oh, to step from the crowded haunt of Folly—from the painted halls of the world-deemed Great—into the serene moonlight, when the plaintive murmur of the near rivulet alone disturbs the stillness of the summer night! "To inhale, as it were, the blue of heaven, and drink the *west* wind!"

It is well said, that the life of the man who "hath no knowledge in learning and letters," is nothing else but an undoubted death. "Otium sine literis vera mors est, et vivi hominis sepultura." So we learn of Seneca, writing to Lucilius in his epistle. And Solomon, the wise King of the East, assures us that "By knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches." "The knowledge of Antiquity," observes a learned old writer, "besides that it gratifies one of our noblest curiosities, im-

proves our minds by the wisdom of preceding Ages, acquaints us with the most remarkable occurrences of the Divine Providence, and presents us with the most apt and proper rules and instances that may form us to a life of true Philosophy and Virtue. "History," remarks Thucydides, "is nothing else but Philosophy drawn from examples." Indeed, to be ignorant of what happened before we ourselves came into the world, is, as Cicero truly observes, to be always children, and to deprive ourselves of what would at once entertain our minds with the highest pleasure, and add the greatest authority and advantage to us. "History," says Dr. Fuller, with his usual quaintness, "is a velvet-study, and recreation-work. What a pitie it is to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward! yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; priviledging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not only maketh things past, present; but enableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new Moon*, which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what hath been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances."

CHAPTER XI.

REVIEW OF THE PREVIOUS LIFE OF SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY CONTINUED.—HIS PERSON DESCRIBED.—SINGULARITIES OF DRESS AND DEMEANOUR.—CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.—EXTENDED LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which *look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence.*—*Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 1.

ON Sir Ernest Oldworthy's first settlement at Repton, his lonely habits and eccentricity of demeanour, combined with the travelled peculiarity of accent and costume, which gave so striking a singularity to his speech and appearance,—his curious choice of residence, and the lavish show of wealth by which he was surrounded,—appear to have impressed that intelligent neighbourhood with many extraordinary doubts concerning him. "Why," said one, "does he keep so much aloof from the more respectable of his neighbours? nay, seem desirous to avoid the slightest communication with all and every of them?" There was something of mystery in this studious secession from the world, on the part of one whose fortune seemed competent to the exchange of a liberal hospitality

with the *élite* of his vicinity. The secret of this alienation from society was busily discussed, and various and conflicting were the surmises of the curious. We shall not take up the motley threads of speculation, but, setting aside the more ordinary conjectures that were formed on this mysterious topic, indulge the reader with the most amusing. Some sage people there were (be it remembered that we are referring to the year 1717), who, not altogether free from the taint of lingering superstition boasted in by their grandmothers, ventured to confess that they had heard of similar cases, wherein the party suspected of some strong motive of concealment proved to have been engaged (bless the mark!) in--unhallowed communication with evil spirits!! Our worthy Antiquary's abode was certainly not unfitted to encourage the marvellous belief of its owner's dark and supernatural practices, having been long under the evil reputation of furnishing a resort to ghosts and infernal beings. The foreign-looking stranger was, one way or other, known to possess a hoard of old curious volumes of an apparently cabalistical character (probably Old German, Danish, and Anglo-Saxon MSS.), as well as all sorts of strange and unintelligible instruments and apparatus (perhaps reliques of the ages of astrology and alchemy—the memorials of a Duke of Buckingham (16) or a Sir Kenelm Digby), and that he was discovered, at unseasonable hours of the night or morning, in wild

remote situations, evidently intent on some mysterious purpose (doubtless, the exploration of some *tumulus*, or ancient grave). While individuals in a respectable sphere of life (for, "*omnibus Christianis notum sit*," it was the spectacled wives of the curate and the village Galen that bruited the conjecture) could be found to acknowledge such unnatural and absurd suspicions, it need not be wondered at that the more ignorant and uneducated classes formed a thousand chimerical notions, and even simulated evidence in support of the prevailing delusion, which the wide-spread credulity of others eagerly promulgated. The rays of the solitary lamp proceeding from Sir Ernest's midnight study were watched with as much shuddering attention by the more ardent lovers of the marvellous, as ever the flame beneath the enchanted cauldron of the witches in "*Macbeth*" called forth from a juvenile visitor, for the first time, at one of our great patent theatres. That the recluse student was in close correspondence with the powers of evil, became a current belief amidst the entire peasantry of this primitive district,– a belief which at first, however, was expressed by cautious signs and whispers, rather than by direct and open intimation; till, at length, it grew into a bolder report, and even reached the ear of the stranger, whose smile of scornful contempt at the imputation was interpreted as proceeding from the conscious pride of possessing the faculties attributed to him; and the more confirmatively so, as

he was never heard to explain away the strange rumours that kept floating on the public ear. But when, in course of time, the good people came to see that the object of their suspicious notice was occasionally visited by persons of rank from a distance,—namely, in open daylight, with their carriages and four,—and when they gathered that his name was announced by the metropolitan prints as the author of a celebrated work on the antiquities of the North of Europe, the nigromantic scheme lost force—his occult rites dwindled into studies of history—his deeds of charity, so kindly and unostentatiously performed, wiped out all remaining stain of the wizard blot, and eventually, he was as little disturbed by the conjectures of the curious, when accident discovered him engaged in any of his habitual explorations of the antique, as if he had been a rook or crow, searching beneath the soil for some natural and familiarly-understood object of pursuit.

It is not improbable that our hero's love of the picturesque, and his feeling for the lofty and imaginative, whether of life or of literature, led him to take a pleasure in cherishing, rather than suppressing, the idle fears of the vulgar, in regard to his habits and pursuits. Or, perhaps, with the speculation of a philosopher, he took occasion to practise on their credulity, that he might the more fully expose the futility of their erroneous apprehensions. However this may have been, the rumours of his necromantic

character furnished a wide share of wonder to the devotees of superstition, who, in those days, be it remembered, presented a broader circle than in the present. All had heard and read of such events, and Scripture recorded the fact of the dead having been raised by the power of witchcraft. Nay, instances calling for the interference of the legislature had occurred so lately as the reign of James I. (17), and many hundreds of persons convicted of the exercise of supernatural rites had died the death of the law, making full confession of their unlawful practices and intercourse with demoniac spirits!

We have incidentally glanced at Sir Ernest Oldworthy's personal appearance, and the circumstance reminds us, that, according to the common usage of writers, we ought to have taken an earlier opportunity of describing the external characteristics of our hero. The reader will now kindly permit us to redress the error.

Sir Ernest Oldworthy was, in person, above the middle height, his complexion of a clear brown amounting to redness, his nose somewhat aquiline, and his eyes of a dark hazel, and possessed of great brilliancy and expression. His hair, which, in utter disregard of the taste of the times, he wore in its natural state, allowing it to descend at some length over his shoulders, had been of the deepest black, but was somewhat grizzled by time, or the influence of severe study. His countenance was mild, yet noble:

in youth it had been eminently handsome. A haughty consciousness that he was descended from a long line of Saxon nobles, and from their equestrian representatives under the Norman and succeeding dynasties, would at times give fire to his eye, and add a bolder curve to his finely-chiselled lip; but the same lofty feeling which prompted this display, would at the next instant call forth a blush of ingenuous shame, that he had indulged, even momentarily, a sense of superiority derived from birth alone; and he would at once reject from his mind a sentiment so opposed to the honourable pride of personal merit.

> "Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
> Vix ea nostra voco."

As we have elsewhere sung,—

> "'Tis not high ancestry alone which may true greatness claim,
> Since that, where self-desert is not, but bruits the owner's shame;
> But where high worth and valiant deeds their lofty impress show,
> They dignify, with equal grace, the peer's or peasant's brow!"*

In point of age, Sir Ernest might perhaps have reached his sixty-third year, or at least bordered very closely on the climacteric; but a vigorous constitution, aided by habitual serenity of mind, and by a degree of temperance allied to austerity, gave promise of a long and healthy maturity. His most customary

* The author's "Triumph of Drake." London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1839.

dress within doors, or whilst engaged in the perambulation of his secluded *plaisance*, was a scholastically formed gown and *Holbeinesque* cap of black velvet, with which were associated slippers of the same material. It may not be concealed that he indulged an occasional impulse of very pardonable vanity (if, indeed, a far higher feeling was absent), in displaying the well-earned cross of the "Amaranth;" while a diamond ring of costly character, a token of admiration from Prince Valsamachi, would, at intervals, shed its rival splendours around his truly meritorious hand. His usual costume, when *à cheval*, was a loose grey riding-frock, profusely trimmed with black silk braid, and with embroidered frogs and loops, and whose skirts met at a short distance above the knees; a gold-edged waistcoat of blue or crimson velvet, with huge flaps to the pockets; breeches (with reverence be it spoken) of genuine old English buck-skin, and boots that covered the lower part of the thigh, such as figured in the squadrons of our heavy cavalry at Minden or Dettingen. His hat, which was distinguished by a broad band and antique buckle, might be described as something like that still occasionally worn by the Dutch clergy; its upper part or tire resembling, in figure, a truncated cone (or, perhaps, we should rather have said, an inverted flower-pot), and the brim descending in an abrupt manner, so as to form a scarcely interrupted continuation of the tapering outline above. Our worthy friend had an old and favourite dapple-

grey pony, of Flemish breed, possessing vast muscular limbs, a well-shaped crest, and massive round haunches—an animal whose effigy would have done credit to one of the fine, sparkling equestrian groups of Wouvermanns, our favourite painter.

> "Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

Does not this excellent old quatrain bring before our eye the delineations "of old-fashioned mounted cavaliers, in their jack-boots and plumed beavers, sallying out on a fresh summer morning with a band of roistering attendants, holding hounds in leash ready to start for the chase?" And do not such pictures "absolutely carry one's mind back a good couple of hundred years at least, and make us almost sorry that we live in this far-on age of the world, when every thing is improved out of all fun and romance?"

"Grey Haco," for so was he hight, seemed, in point of disposition, well suited as the companion of his master's capricious, odd, out of the way, often unseasonable peregrinations; while it was generally remarked, that there was a staid, contemplative, antiquarian sort of look about him, heightened, perhaps, in no inconsiderable degree by the unchecked growth of his picturesquely-waving mane and tail. His singular and impressive aspect harmonized well with the peculiarities of his owner's appearance. When

equipped for a somewhat distant tour of exploration, to wit, a periodic visitation of the primeval remains in the Peak, Sir Ernest was altogether such a *marquant* figure as would not frequently accost the eye of the passing traveller. On these occasions he was provided with a short knapsack, placed in front of an old-fashioned saddle, with a broad, luxuriously-stuffed seat; while a kind of whimsically-shaped cloak-bag or wrapper, somewhat resembling the appurtenance formerly called a *dorsel*, was stationed behind—a contrivance adapted to the conveyance of portable implements for the pursuit of his customary subterranean enquiries. Notwithstanding these *bizarre* evidences of an extreme carelessness for the favourable regards of his more fastidious neighbours, there was about the person and manners of the Antiquary, that expression of inbred dignity which, we have observed, is never the accompaniment of one whose early habits were not founded in gentle nurture—that unmistakable air of credit and respectability, which, while it conciliates, imposes a certain deference and restraint—and that easy, natural exercise of command, which bespeaks the man of hereditary condition, distinguishing him, on all occasions, from the bloated, wriggling, would-be-lion-ish pretender of yesterday's growth—

"Whose father lived in alleys and dark lanes,"

as D'Avenant writes; or, to use a forcible expression of Favine's when speaking of an impudent upstart—

"There wanted but a ladder and a broome to sweepe off the cobwebbes from the roofe-tiles of his father's house." This dignified expression, we say, however caricatured by the inconsistent array which accompanied it, indicated the true meaning of all that eccentricity of dress and equipage, and interested the observer in what clearly appeared to be the not ungraceful caprice of some gentle humourist, whose long-indulged propensities, probably encouraged by recluse habits, had generated a wayward disregard of the fashions and opinions of the day. Indeed, there was in the ever-beaming smile, and calm, benevolent features of the worthy knight, an assurance of sympathy and accordance with the feelings or whims of others, that universally bespoke a ready and cordial acquiescence from strangers, in his own eccentric speculations and pursuits. Nor was our Antiquary's good will to his fellow-man confined to the exchange of a passing civility, or expression of kindness. Although he studiously avoided forming any intimacy with his more affluent neighbours, yet did he not limit within small bounds his intercourse with the needy and distressed, to whom he was a generous, untiring, and secret benefactor. He blew not the trumpet of Pharisaic self-praise in his deeds of alms—to God alone he gave the honour of his work. And while we allude to his sincere and Christian charity, let us add that his religion, being of a radical and vital character, and practical in its details, sat simply and na-

turally upon him, shewing itself more in his acts than in his professions. It did not strive to be seen, and clamour to be heard, like that of far too many, who, by this cheap method, would fain satisfy others (albeit, they fail in deceiving God), that they have received a sort of chartered right to be regarded here as the peculiar children of divine love, and the heirs of a higher portion of heavenly enjoyment hereafter. But woe for such self-deceiving hypocrites!

"Non vox, sed votum;
Non musica chordula, sed cor;
Non clamor, sed amor,
Clangit in aure Dei."

Sir Ernest's open liberality and active worth, added to his deep and varied learning and conspicuous talents, threw a veil of dignified allowance over the many oddities arising from an unsubdued originality of temperament; and the name of Oldworthy was never pronounced, by his neighbours or others, but with an expression of sincere respect and unqualified veneration.

His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's call,
A judgment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour sense refined;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science, friend of every muse!

MURPHY.

There were occasions when Sir Ernest Oldworthy

would throw aside the deeply-contemplative and reserved habits of mind in which he generally indulged, and exert his speedily-successful endeavour to

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;"

when he would exclaim, with *Theseus*, the "renowned Duke" of Athens—

"Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp."

These festive moods were peculiar to those "few and far between" visits which he received from some youthful nephew, or old family-friend, whom he periodically permitted to break in upon his favourite habits of solitude; or they would occur during the excursions which he annually made in search of certain distant objects of antiquarian enquiry; or at moments of successful speculation and discovery in his more retired pursuits.

"Pleased his grave brow with garlands to adorn,
And from the rose of knowledge strip the thorn."

At these times he would enrich the stores of colloquial entertainment and instruction with an unceasing and varied flow of original and striking observations, abounding with a breadth of humour and a depth of pathos, a graphic and dramatic force of imagery and language, that conveyed, at all points, the most apposite illustration of which each subject admitted. The thoughts and sayings of great men, of modern as well as of ancient times, introduced with all the tact

and precision of circumstance, that enhance so vividly the charms of conversational narrative, gave a heightened tone and effect to the opinions which he from time to time pronounced on the diversified topics that seemed naturally to crowd into his consideration, and submit themselves to his dispassionate judgment and consummate sagacity. Literature, philosophy, art, the manners of society, the customs of foreign nations, the affairs of the court, the camp, and the country, the occupations of business and solitude,—each passed in review before his glancing and ably-instructed eye; while with all the impressive graces of an animated and rhetorical style of delivery, as well as with the most cordial phrases of urbanity or affection, he imparted to each delighted hearer the exhaustless wealth and the brilliant variety of his novel and *recherché* information.

> "With that rich eloquence, whose golden light
> Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight."

He was a man in whose society one seemed to be withdrawn from the circle of ordinary mortals, and honoured by the intercourse of a superior being. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined to convey a more lively sense of gratification, than to lose the creeping hours of a long December evening, by the cheerful fireside of our Antiquary's "*sanctum interius*," or lion's-den proper, when the tide of festive humour set in for enjoyment. The natural resources of his superior wit, and of a memory unequalled for its varied

powers, were then allied with an enthusiasm of lofty fervour—an impassioned tone and manner, that gave life, vivacity, character, and interest to every sketch which his active intellect threw off with the rapidity of intuitive discernment. In a word, Sir Ernest Oldworthy combined the ardent temperament and ingenuous disposition of youth, with the practised sagacity, enlarged views, and disciplined affections of long-experienced age.

The affectionate admiration which Burns expresses for the antiquary Grose, while on his peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the antiquities of that country, rises up in our memory at this moment, and, as well as we are enabled by a distant recollection of the verses alluded to, we here subjoin the passage:—

"But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him,
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him.

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose;—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd tak' the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee."

While thus our Antiquary of Hreopandún lived, year after year, in deep retirement from the world, the privilege of his correspondence was sought by the

most eminent of his contemporaries, whether for their attainments in art, science or literature, or for their social estimation. Addison, Prior, Pope, Sir Christopher Wren, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, united their epistolary favours with those of an innumerable host of antiquarian worthies, "whose name was Legion;" nor was the sphere of such communication confined to his own country. Vauban, Cassini, Fénélon, Malbranche, Leibnitz, Madame Dacier, Heinsius, Fleury, and others of kindred note, thus sought to enliven his solitary and studious existence amid the secluded shades of his present obscure retreat, or had shed a solace over the protracted exile of his previous life among the wilds of Sweden.

But we have too long detained the reader from his visit to our Antiquary's place of residence. We will now consider ourselves privileged, in the absence of the eccentric owner, to indulge our awakened curiosity with a survey of the old-fashioned gardens, the quaint grottoes, and the secluded sylvan recesses, that throw a spell of singular fascination over the every-day haunts of the still more *bizarre* possessor. It may be conjectured that, during such visit, the closely-retired and meditative Oldworthy is pursuing his visionary speculations amid the ruins of the Convent of the Friars Hermits, adorned with curious carvings, which, with the lofty tower supposed to have belonged to its church, give to the small village of Charley, on the

borders of Charnwood Forest, an often-inviting claim to attention.

"By some auld howlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part."

Or we may suppose him engaged in the still more interesting investigation of the Roman remains connected with Watling-street and Ikenild-street, which have long occupied his most ardent researches, and from whose ancient sites he has drawn forth the rarest additions to his unrivalled museum.

But "ynough:" now for the abode of the Antiquarie. Yonder it lies, backed by its ancient grove, like a coat of arms, with its mantling around it.

"This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on." *

* Professor Longfellow.

NOTES TO PART I.

(1.) To the *rationale* of this mode of discovering the process of future events, our immortal bard is himself a witness :—

"There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreasured."

(2.) A cant phrase of exultation.

(3.) Spanish—"'tis enough."

(4.) *Baccare,* "stand back, give place."

(5.) "Much good may it do you."

(6.) A cant phrase—"go hang yourself."

(7.) *Duc ad me,* "bring him to me."

(8.) The state of bliss into which the souls of good and great men were supposed by the Druids to enter immediately after their death, was called *Flath-innis,* which signifies the "island of the brave and virtuous." In this island there was an eternal spring, and an immortal youth. There the sun always shed its kindest influence. Gentle breezes fanned it, and streams of ever-equal currents watered it. The trees were alive with music, and bend-

ing to the ground with flowers and fruit. The face of nature, ever unruffled and serene, diffused happiness on every creature, and wore a perpetual smile of joy. In short, every disagreeable idea was removed from the Druidical heaven, and no property was wanting there which could recommend a paradise. Indeed, the tradition concerning the first paradise, which in the earliest days of Druidism would be fresh and well known, might be the model on which it was formed. From the airy halls and other circumstances mentioned in the poems of Ossian, the situation of this happy place seems to have been in some calm upper region, beyond the reach of every evil which infests this lower world.—ADAMS's *Hist. Great Brit.* p. 6.

(9.) According to the Welsh triads, while it was uninhabited by human colonies, it was full of bears, wolves, beavers, and a peculiar kind of wild cattle, with large protuberances.

(10.) Three names, according to the Welsh triads, have been given to the isle of Britain since the beginning. Before it was inhabited it was called *Clas Merddin* (literally the "country with sea cliffs"), and afterwards *Fel Ynes* (the "island of honey"). When government had been imposed upon it by Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great, it was called *Ynes Pridain* (the "island of Prydain"); and there was no tribute to any but to the race of the Kymry, because they first obtained it.

(11.) "The Danish traditions," observes Mr. Turner, in his 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' "of expeditions and conquests in Britain, from Jutland and its vicinity, long before our Saviour's birth, which Saxo Grammaticus has incorporated with his history, may here be noticed. He is an authority too vague to be trusted alone; but he is evidence of the traditions of his countrymen, and these may claim that attention, when they coincide with those of the ancient British, which they would not otherwise deserve. They add something to the probability of early migrations, or expeditions from these regions into our islands, although they must not be confounded with historical facts. The historical

triads of the Welsh connect themselves with these suppositions in a very striking manner. They state that the Cymry were the first inhabitants of Britain. They add, that Hu Cadarn, or Hu the Strong, or Mighty, led the nation of the Kymry through the Hazy, or German Ocean, into Britain, and to Llydaw, or Armorica, in France; and that the Kymry came from the eastern parts of Europe, or the regions where Constantinople now stands. Though we would not convert Welsh traditions into history, where they stand alone, it cannot be unreasonable to remember them, when they coincide with the classical authorities. In the present case the agreement is striking."

The resemblance of the languages of Britain and Armorica, or Bretagne, verifies the fact that the two countries were peopled by the same race of men. Their manners also were so similar, that there is no room to doubt of a common origin for both. The more universally-received opinion as to the first colonization of Britain by the inhabitants of the opposite shores of Gaul, is still probably entitled to our preference. The identity of both with the *Kimmerii*, proceeding from the regions south of the Bosphorus, seems to admit of little doubt. I may here observe, that Dr. Ingram, in a note on the "Saxon Chronicle," remarks that the Armenia suggested in that work as the source of the earlier derivation of the Britons, was probably written by mistake for Armorica, or Bretagne. But as the origin of the inhabitants of Armorica may be clearly traced to Armenia, and the subsequent descent of the Britons to Armorica, the worthy president of Trinity College, Oxford, seems to have taken a short-sighted view of the question.

(12.) There is something in the long separation of Britain from the rest of the world that strongly affects the imagination, and we may thus account for the strange ideas that possessed the minds of the Romans concerning it. In Camden's introduction to the "Britannia" are collected the allusions of the Roman poets to the victories of that people in Britain. In these passages our island is considered as a new world, rendered impervious by frost and snow,—a vast region whereon darkness ever brooded, and the

stars never set,—a mysterious tract, situate beyond the limits of the earth. Thus, Virgil speaking of its inhabitants, says—

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

And, indeed, as a late writer justly assures us, the more recent and general appellation of Britain, after all the learning that has been employed upon it, appears to be derived from a Celtic word, denoting "separation."

(13.) The prohibition ran as follows :—"We strictly discharge and forbid all our subjects to worship the gods of the Gentiles; that is to say, the sun, moon, fires, rivers, fountains, hills or trees, and woods of any kind."

(14.) James I. continued here with his whole Court for several days; the dinner being served up every day by thirty poor knights, with gold chains and velvet gowns.

(15.) "His regal palace at 'Tamworth Town' has been long since levelled to the ground, and the entrenchments, faintly raised above the grass, just enable us to trace the site of the royal residence."—PALGRAVE.

(16.) The Duke of Buckingham's researches after the "philosopher's stone" are thus humorously commented upon by Butler, in his "Court Burlesqued :"—

"The Philosophic Stone his Grace
Has studied many nights and days;
And, by the strength of fire and bellows,
Had found it once, some people tell us,
But that, for want of skill or care,
The wonder vanished into air:
Some say it was of burning gold,
And therefore proved too hot to hold;
That, dropping from his hand, it broke,
And, being too brittle for the stroke,
It flew away in fire and smoke:

Or else he would have blessed the nation
With the strange art of Transmutation;
Taught us to 've metamorphosed metals,
And into gold turn'd brazen kettles,
Which would have sure surprised us more
Than Bacon's Head had done before.
But this great project, like the rest,
(Though pity 'twas) became a jest,
And all the secrets that the bubble
Found out, to recompense his trouble,
Instead of turning lead or brass
To gold, that would for standard pass,
Was to change metals to his loss,
And bring his gold to worthless dross;
The only costly generous art,
At which himself is most expert.
So freakish, melancholy wretches,
When poor, will dig in fields and ditches,
Big with conceit that under ground
Some hidden treasure may be found,
Till weary of their pains, and then
Sit down with loss instead of gain,
And scratch to think they 've dug in vain."

(17.) The Parliament, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii., that "If any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward, any evil or cursed spirit, to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave, or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed late in the last century.

PART II.

A VISIT TO THE ABODE OF THE ANTIQUARY; OR, PICTURES AND EMBLEMS OF THE PAST.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys that childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FAL. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

King Henry IV. Part II., Act v., sc. 3.

Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shined in description, he might shew it.

POPE.

Statues and paintings stand in meet array,
Things of rare grace and classic age abound,
Some hand unseen these silently display,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound.

THOMSON.

CHAPTER XII.

REPINGDON GRANGE, THE ABODE OF SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.—ITS OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS, WILDERNESS, AND GROTTO. — MEDITATIONS AND REMINISCENCES SUGGESTED BY ITS SOLITARY AND PICTURESQUE RETIREMENT.

TRA. Sir, this is the *house*.
Taming of the Shrew, act iv. sc. 4.

Thy *gardens* shine with apple-bending boughs,
Where the white lilies mingle with the rose.
ALCUIN.

SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY'S abode, entitled Repingdon Grange, was seated on a gentle eminence, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile from the southern extremity of the village of Repton, and looked pleasantly south towards a spacious range of fertile meadows, bounded, at the extent of a mile or thereabout, by a green, slowly-rising hill, crested with ancient woods. It had formerly been the great manorial farm-house, as well as a *hospitium*, or house of hospitality, belonging to the Priory of Repton; a circumstance which would carry its origin back to a period at least anterior to the year 1538, when the lesser religious establishments, enjoying revenues under 200*l*. per annum (of which Repton was one), were

almost generally dissolved. Having fallen into the hands of various proprietors, through the long course of years that had followed its earlier destination, the original character of its architecture had been from time to time impaired by a diversity of alterations, additions, and insertions of later styles; but these incongruous obstructions of the beauty of the original design had been summarily dealt with by our rigid censor, Sir Ernest, and the primordial glories of the old *Tudoresque* mansion restored with additional splendour. At the period of our narrative it might be thus described:—

A spacious half-timber house, partially overgrown with ivy and other parasitical plants, having one story projecting over the other, and presenting a massive, broad-eaved roof, connected with two pairs of high-peaked and curiously-carved gables adorned with fantastic water-spouts, was thrown into strong shadow by a line of sombre-looking and quaintly-gnarled yew-trees, extending along its entire front; while the gloom of its dark-wainscoted interior was heightened by the narrow, lozenge-shaped panes of antique and rudely-painted glass, that occupied its irregularly-pierced, deep-embrasured windows. The original plainness of the gables had been considerably relieved by the introduction of lofty pinnacles, with boldly-executed crockets and finials; and by a rich Gothic open-work verge-board, with deep, well-designed pendants, stretching along the indented eaves; while

the high, sharp roof, with its dormer-windows, had been dignified by the erection of a tall, clustered group of variously-shafted chimneys; which latter were chiefly of the spiral or twisted form, so loved by John of Padua and his worthy compeer John Thorp, and decorated with gilt roses and portcullises, the favourite devices so conspicuous in the buildings of Henry VII., and on the coin of the Maiden Queen (1). The taste of the present owner had added to the pediment of the curiously-balustered porch an *alto-rilievo* carving, in alabaster, of the ancient arms of the Priory, "*Vert*, three garbs (2), *or*," with the motto, "*Providentia dat panem.*" On the wooden frieze beneath was the nearly-obliterated fragment of a painted inscription, in Lombardic capitals, and in the Latin tongue, which Sir Ernest Oldworthy had detected under an oft-repeated coating of white-wash, and which he interpreted as follows:—

"Intrantibus sit has domus pax
Et quies, exeuntibus salus."

The skilful and ingenious hand of the present proprietor, aided by the designs of Holbein, who much enriched our Gothic architecture with continental modes of construction and ornament, had converted, here and there, a detached side-window into an oriel, or supplied a quaintly-fashioned gallery, or balcony, of open carved-work, supported by the kneeling figure of an Atlas or a Hercules. Some of the main windows were enriched with mullions and transoms, that exhi-

bited a pleasing diversity of finely-moulded tracery; while cornices and brackets, replete with ornamental scroll-work,—medallions and labels, carved and painted with various religious emblems and inscriptions,—curious allegorical or grotesque devices of the kind called *grylli*, or antics,—and a profusion of decorative sculpture, were wrought into the timbered parts of the fabric. Here, for instance, beneath a rudely-constructed dial, the eye was accosted with the trite motto, "*Tempus fugit velut umbra;*" there, within the spandrel of one of the arched doorways, it fell upon the ludicrous effigy of an ancient satyr, performing a sort of Gilpin excursion on the back of an eagle with two heads. Again, above the entrance of what had been an oratory, was the observer greeted with a friendly monition on the evanescent nature and suitable employment of Time, "*Vigilate et orate, nescitis quando venit hora;*" and, at the next moment, on an adjoining *campanile*, or bell-tower, once attached to the refectory, he was presented with the laughter-moving image of a monkey dandling a child, an ass practising *recitativo*, or a cat playing upon the treble-viol or fiddle,—representations of a grotesque and satirical character, which are thought to have been designed by the monks in ridicule of their ancient adversaries, the secular clergy. Here was to be seen a hog in a cowl, with his fore-feet resting on the cushion of a pulpit, preaching with an air of mock solemnity to a flock of most venerable-looking geese,

who appeared duly edified by his sonorous periods. A cock officiated as clerk, perched on a small stool before the pulpit. In another situation the eye was accosted with the figure of a zany, or posture-master, playing off his ridiculous antics, whilst a dog, unobserved by his sapient owner, was engaged in greedily devouring a mess of porridge reserved for the latter's own eating. It need not be observed that these pieces of extravagance seemed to deride any serious application of the moral previously inculcated. Heraldic adornment was everywhere lavishly displayed; and a long line of shields, introduced within quatrefoils carved in wood or stone, or cast in lead, and exhibiting the various quarterings and impalements of the principal patrons of the monastery, surmounted, in alto and bas-relief, the weather-mouldings of the several deeply-recessed doors, or were incorporated in the walls with the occasional spaces of angularly-intervening and freshly-whitened plaster; which latter, alternating with the dark, intersecting timbers of highly-varnished oak, variegated the general aspect of the house in a most strikingly-picturesque and pleasing manner. Here and there were niches, with the effigies of saints and angels, and a diversity of other figures representing kings and warriors. With these, religious emblems were profusely interspersed. The "flaming heart transpierced" of St. Augustine, and the "whip and knife" of St. Guthlac, were again and again represented in every portion of the house

and its numerous offices; as was also the "*fleur-de-lis*," a bearing in the arms of Oldworthy.

On the west side of the mansion, and connected therewith, were the dilapidated remains of a small brick tower of the date of Henry VI., as the initial letters and rebus of Overton, one of the priors of that reign, sufficiently testified. It was a curious structure, with battlements and an ornamental cornice, enriched with masonic and other emblems, rebuses, &c.; all the window-frames, quoins, and beltings being of hewn stone, and the whole fabric, with its ivied mantling, worthy of the study of the painter as well as the architect.

> "And if I should rehearsen by and by
> The carve knots, by craft of masonry,
> The fresh enbowing with verges right as lines,
> And the housing full of backewines,
> The rich coining, the lusty battlements,
> Vignettes running in casements,
> Though the terms in English woulden rhyme,
> To shew them all I have as now no time."

A dim and lofty grove of ancient aspens (the trembling leaves of which tree are supposed, by a beautiful tradition, to have caught their unceasing motion from a mysterious sympathy with the Divine Passion—the Cross of Redemption having been partly constructed of its wood) formed a meet background for the solemnly-featured edifice. An old-fashioned garden, communicating on the eastern side with the small lawn in front of the mansion, was laid out in

the style so agreeably illustrated and recommended by Du Bois, in his charming old work on arboriculture. It was entered by an arched door-way, cut with Flemish precision through a high and dense screen of holly; while its area, consisting of nearly five acres, was intersected by broad green walks, occasionally overtrellised with the rose and the honeysuckle; through which the *Abbé*, the *Comte*, and the *Chevalier*, in the sweet old work alluded to, might have loved to wander in discourse on their favourite science. This pleasing retirement, which was seated on an artificially-broken descent, was surrounded by massive stone walls, whose brows were relieved at intervals with urns, vases, and statues, the latter variously representing

"figures
Of savage beasts, as bears, and of lyóns,
Of tygers, boars, of serpents, and dragóns,
And harts eke with their broad horns,
Of elephants, and large unicorns.
Bugles, bulls, and many great griffón,
Forged of brass, of copper, and laitón,
That cruelly by signis of their faces
Upon their foen made fell menáces."

Beneath this threatening array was presented the cheerful aspect of a succession of widely-spreading fruit-trees—the peach, the nectarine, the apricot, the plum, the pear, and the cherry, contending with each other in the profusion of their stores. The intervening buttresses, and the extended *cordon*, or cornet,

of these ancient boundaries were coated with ivy, briony, and wolfsbane, amongst whose sombre shadows peeped forth, at intervals, the gilliflower, the finger-fern, the fox-gloves, and other plants. The flower-borders were embellished with—

> "every sort of flowre,
> To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
> Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure
> And dearest love;—
> Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
> Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
> Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
> Meseemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
> To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date."

Here, too, were the old stately favourites of the feudal times—the *rose*, the lily, the crown-imperial, the mallow, the sun-flower, and the peony. Here and there, by way of contrast, was a *petit parterre* garnished with the simple, modest-looking flowers that Sir Ernest Oldworthy himself most esteemed. Shall we mention their humble names? The golden, white, and purple rockets, the heart's-ease, the daisy, the nasturtium, and the greater periwinkle. We candidly own that our taste in horticultural matters would lead us to form just such an assemblage of the balmy treasures of Flora, as that established in the quiet domain of the Antiquary. In sooth, we much prefer the well-remembered flowers that grew around us in the happier days of infancy and of early youth, with all their native delicacy, and

fresh, wild beauty, to the bloated, artificial representatives, and the exotic novelties that have since taken their place, through the highly-prized aid of the experimental gardener. We confess, moreover, that we would reject, with pious hatred, all scientific innovations on Nature's own majestic, spontaneously-conceived designs. Let the reader, in his consideration of our choice, ask himself what associations can be connected with the broad, lolling pansy of the present day, like those he knew, when gazing on the gentle heart's-ease of his early recollections? But to return from our digression.

In each shady nook was provided a rustic bench, or a bank of aged moss furnished a more pastoral substitute. Here and there a root-house, an arbour of dwarf-beech, or a natural alcove formed of the convolvulus, the clematis, the sweet-pea, the eglantine, and the woodbine, intermixed with the jessamine, and supported by its framework of ivied hawthorn, afforded an interesting diversity to the eye.

"And in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong."

Beyond the garden, which we have thus faintly

endeavoured to sketch, was a spacious lawn of circular shape, in the centre whereof was an antique and quaintly-sculptured sun-dial, the plane of which was supported by the figure of a Roman warrior kneeling. On the *scutum*, or oblong shield, which rested against his raised knee, was engraved the beautiful passage in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," where the poet compares the progress of time with that of a river:—

"Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
Non secus ac flumen: neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis horâ potest; sed ut unda impellitur undâ,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur:
Et nova sunt semper; nam quod fuit antè, relictum est,
Fitque, quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur."

The lawn that we have just mentioned was bordered by a shrubbery, which, with its beautiful masses of colour formed by the rhododendron, the syringa, the lilac, the laburnum, the double-blossomed cherry, and other vernally-flowering shrubs and trees, stretched away in shadowy perspective, presenting a broad, open vista of considerable extent, whose gradually-darkened verdure delighted the eye, in the sultry days of summer and of early autumn, with its cool, refreshing tints. The lesser trees and shrubs, situate at the near opening of this charming avenue, became by degrees mingled with a confused succession of orchard trees, fantastically gnarled and covered with moss, or festooned with the wild honeysuckle; and

these again became obscured by a dark and almost impenetrable wilderness of ash, chestnut, and sycamore, blended, as it approached the extreme limits of the enclosure, with the nobler denizens of the forest shade—the elm, the lime, and the venerable oak:—

> "ubi plurima frondet
> Arbor, et ingenti foliorum exubèrat umbrâ."

Amid the ferny glades of this delicious grove, the red dog-rose and the wild honeysuckle flung a very cloud of lustre and perfume; while, at irregular intervals, the interlacing branches of the trees formed a natural arcade, whose deepened shadows beautifully contrasted with the lighter spaces where the sunbeam was partially admitted—the chequered variation of the light at times representing a rich mosaic groundwork of the most elaborate pattern.

> "So sportive is the light
> Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
> Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
> And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
> Play wanton every moment, every spot."

The close privacy of these devious recesses was heightened by the thorny fences of the wild raspberry, which twined its congenial arms with those of the sweet-briar in a sort of leagued defence, as if to preclude all unhallowed visitation of those privileged solitudes. Here and there the shelving bank was embroidered with the primrose and the violet, while the wood-anemone and the lily of the valley, the blue-

bell and the wild convolvulus, mingled with the ruder vegetation of the dock and the thistle—thus softening and adorning, in Nature's own simple and touching manner, the rougher aspect of that woody labyrinth. The impression of surrounding gloom, and the associations of pleasing melancholy, that distinguished the scene, would often call up in Sir Ernest's mind the congenial wish of the poet—

"Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore
On clear Ilyssus' laureat shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!"

At the extremity of what appeared a natural opening, on the northern side of this sylvan district, was a curiously-constructed grotto, or cell, formed of rough blocks of various stone, and containing a spring, which had been converted into a fountain, and now discharged its crystal stream into an antique basin, whose rim was surrounded by a half-obliterated Runic legend. The murmurs of the falling water were strangely echoed by the arched canopy of the recess, and communicated a pleasingly-solemn quiet to the ear and mind of the contemplative visitor. A seques-

tered, winding walk, dark overhead with meeting boughs, and carpeted with a deep, mossy herbage sprinkled with the wood-hyacinth, the pink and white cuckoo-flower, and the yellow bee-nettle, led to this charming summer-day retreat. Within the ivied scope of the low-roofed cavity was a straw couch; and a small table of rude construction formed the only remaining piece of furniture. On an oval slab of dark-coloured slate, affixed, within a border of fir-apples, to the portion of natural rock which constituted the inner boundary of the recess, were engraven the following lines:—

> "Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
> Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ."

To such a spot as that which we have endeavoured to describe, how pleasant were it, in the sultry noon of summer, to bear some dreamy and delicious volume of ancient date, some stately record of the fine old feudal times, some quaint and marvellous romance, or minstrel lay of old, and lose ourselves in its spell-like enchantments, save when, perchance, at intervals, the honeysuckle-scented breeze lifted lightly the dusky and worm-eaten page, or a sudden burst of glorious song filled the leafy shrines around, occasionally interrupting our visionary entrancement, and inviting us to receive new blessings from the balmy and beautiful revelations of Nature! The sombre and cool aspect of that secluded retreat would recall the well-known passage in the "*Ode on the Approach of Summer*,"

where the bard so beautifully expresses his prayer for a similar retirement:—

"But ever, against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arched seat
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone,
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noontide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps!"

How soft a charm do the haunts of sylvan seclusion exercise on the spirit of the contemplative and ardent —on the sensitive imagination of the poet, the teeming memory of the antiquarian enthusiast, and the simple, familiar perceptions of the less-refined, but diligently-apprehensive lover of rural objects! How soothingly do the plaintive tones of the woodland zephyr fall upon the ear of the lonely worshipper of nature, or of the visionary child of romance!

"There is a voice in the sequestered wild
Ne'er heard in crowded cities, and to him
Who hath the spirit key of its fair lore
It yields a mystic treasure of delight!" *

Oh, in such moments, how deep is the spell that binds us! How does the voice of fancy add its mystic

* The author's "Miscellaneous Poems and Essays."

reply to the solemn enunciation of the night-wind! How do the glorious recollections of the deeds of old crowd upon our throbbing spirit! Then do we enter beautiful cities, or spacious castles—

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend."

When we listen to the softer sigh of eve, does it not almost seem as if the voice of some deep-loved bard, or minstrel of other years, breathed a melodious whisper of regret, that the glory of his favourite chief, and the beauty of the bride of his heart, were forgotten? Nay, may we not recognise the very accents of that aërial monition, "Dream ye a dream of the departed!"

The "*Ode to Sleep*," by the graceful muse of Ogilvie, should direct our visionary wanderings, when seized with the slumberous spell of Fancy, as invoked by the *Genius Loci* of the "fountained grot:"—

"Oft, too, with Spenser let me tread
The fairy field where Una strays;
Or loll in Pleasure's flow'ry bed,*
Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought lays.
Or on Ariel's airy wing
Let me chase the young-ey'd Spring,

* A probable allusion to Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

Where the powder'd cowslips bloom,
Where the wild thyme breathes perfume:
Or, with solemn steps, and sad,
Slow let me haunt the deep'ning shade,
Where Richard through the opening ground
Beheld the white-rob'd ghost, and mark'd the gushing wound!"

Or we might be led to put forth our wish in the "high-wrought lays" of the lofty Milton:—

"And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood."

But, to proceed with our narrative. In this wild

and solitary situation, did the congenial spirit of the owner enjoy many a prolonged dream of blissful meditation on the glories and wonders of his beloved Past. Here he loved

"On tomes of other times and tongues to pore."

Hither would he often bear his favourite literary treasure—the chronicle of Orosius (3), or the history of Venerable Bede; the former containing a clear but succinct account of the world to the fifth century of the Christian era, and connecting the events narrated in the sacred writings with the rise and fall of the Roman empire; and the latter, as translated by King Alfred, being the earliest history of any of the states formed during the Middle Ages, which could be read in the language of the people to whom it related. Or, indulging a mood of philosophic reverie, Sir Ernest would select for his companion in this quaint retirement, the "*Consolations of Philosophy*" by Boëthius (4). This work, as well as the two preceding, was translated into the Anglo-Saxon from the Latin tongue by the same illustrious monarch, but in such a manner as almost to render it an original performance. He expanded, for instance, the narratives taken from the ancient Mythology, into tales similar to those recited by the *glee-man* (5) during the intervals of his song. Having been tempted to digress thus far, we may take advantage of our fault to allude to the other literary performances of the immortal Alfred, of which our Antiquary possessed most

rare and curiously-illuminated MS. copies. These consisted of a selection of extracts from the "*Confessions*" of St. Augustine, and the "*Pastoral Instructions*," as well as "*Dialogues*" of St. Gregory; translated with peculiar vigour and freedom of style. His other works have fallen a prey to the greedy devourer, Time, who, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "hath an art to make dust of all things." To quote impressive corroborations of this solemn truth we may turn to the thoughtful pages of Davenant:—

"Time layes his hand
On pyramides of brasse, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did thinke
Immortall workemanship. He sends his wormes
To bookes, to old recordes: and they devoure
Th' inscription."

All is subject to the wheel of Time.

"Monimenta fatiscunt,
Mors etiam saxis, nominibusque venit."

And what says Sir Walter Raleigh?

"Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us back with age and dust."

These lost productions of King Alfred comprised his "*Apologues*," described as of wonderful sweetness, which seem to have been a collection of Æsopian fables, imitated from Phædrus, or, perhaps, as a judicious critic remarks, "from some other of the collections into which these eastern parables had been transfused." Also, his "*Hand Boc*," consisting of

topics that fell under his own consideration, and narratives, or aphorisms, of devout and learned men; but the bulk of the collection seems to have been formed from passages of Holy Writ, with pious reflections and explanatory observations.

It has been often observed, that one of the peculiar phases of the antiquarian mind is to seek out for itself some particular era of history, or some detached line of investigation, wherewith to connect its more extended researches. Indeed, it has often been a matter of strange remark, that while an individual possessed a profound knowledge of the Anglo-Roman or Anglo-Saxon epochs, he remained in almost utter ignorance of the leading events of later periods; so that the merest tyro might have posed him with a question of the most ordinary schoolboy acquirement. But, in the instance of the worthy knight of Repingdon, we may challenge an illustrious exception to this μονόδροπος, or "single-branched" limitation of scope, in the sphere of archæological inquiry. He did not single out and wall round any particular space of history, and therein confine his thoughts, as believing that he possessed an oäsis, won from the desert plains of the broad regions of research; but he gave freely and lovingly his sympathies and the labour of his mind to all periods of time that presented materials for contemplation. His searchful eye revelled in the diversity of the various records of the past, in like manner as the variegated aspects of

nature habitually attracted the delighted observation of his physical organ. And thus he would turn his gaze from the rich gardens and fruitful orchards that spread themselves, in lavish display, beneath the enlivening sun of classic fertilization, to behold, with equal curiosity and enjoyment, the wild fells and moors full of mosses and loughs, that stretched away, in dismal barrenness, under the bleak and clouded skies of barbaric immanity. He was a "denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages."

CHAPTER XIII.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED. — ITS ANTIQUE ORCHARD, AND GOTHIC PLEASURE-HOUSE. — PERUSAL OF A SCENE FROM A MS. PLAY, ENTITLED "GHERARDO DE LLEREDA; OR, THE RUINED HEIR," WRITTEN BY SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

"Give me *beneath cool shades to sit,*
Rapt with *the charms of classic wit;*
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chaunt famed Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail,
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome."

LET us now return to our notice of Sir Ernest Oldworthy's sylvan solitude, which was indeed a peculiarly-befitting haunt for one who sought communion with the hoary chronicles, and mouldering monuments, of long-departed days; or whose habits of mind led him to prefer the calm satisfactions of

literary leisure to the restless and exciting scenes and occupations of busy life.

"Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes."

So sang Virgil, who would have delighted to see his sentiment so emphatically confirmed in the "*se·cura quies*," and the "*nescia fallere vita*," of the amiable recluse, who forms the subject of our humble pages.

Upon a rising ground on the north-west side of the house, and entered by an old iron gate, attached to a low broad wall, flanked with thick buttresses, was an extensive orchard, the trees of which, with their curiously-knobbed trunks and fantastically-gnarled limbs, were of great antiquity, and bore many marks of irretrievable decay. The neglected grass grew long and rank beneath the dim, overarching branches, which, even at noon-day, cast a widely-accumulated range of shadows over the broken hillocks, and corresponding hollows, that diversified the face of the soil. At the north-east angle of the enclosure was a small, circular, embattled tower, nearly overgrown with ivy and the woody nightshade. This secluded edifice had been erected by Sir Ernest Oldworthy, as a place of occasional retirement; its site possessing an advantage denied to the mansion itself, in its command of a most extensive and varied prospect. Its approach was through an arcade of venerable trees, that spread a solemn twilight over its sculptured portal. A low door, opened by a huge rusty key,

gave access to the interior; while a dark spiral stair conducted to an apartment in the upper part of the building; and, on opening a door, at the head of the ascent, and casting aside the tapestry by which it was covered, the eye was suddenly, and somewhat unexpectedly, refreshed by the gay and lightsome aspect of the objects presented. Within a screen of elegant and highly-polished carving, was stationed a green velvet couch, shaded from the too ardent visitation of the light, by delicate curtains of a pale saffron colour, laced and fringed with pink, a colour adapted to the colder incidents of a northern aspect. On the white chimney-piece, of statuary marble, appeared an ancient *busto* of that greatest of the Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius, which was of very skilful workmanship, and wrought in oriental alabaster. On the opposite side of this circular chamber stood an antique cabinet of foreign construction, presenting an architectural design, of Gothic character, divided into a centre and two wings, on a basement story of drawers. The date of MCCCCXII. was conspicuously displayed, in gilt text, on a highly-ornamented label, situate beneath a medallion containing a double cipher and the coronet of an imperial baron of Germany. Various allegorical figures, coats of arms, and military trophies, distinguished the niches, spandrels, cornices, friezes, and other parts wherein such ornamental display was admissible. Within the recesses of this ancient piece of furniture were assembled, in rich

abundance, the varied fruits of the owner's personal discoveries in the field of Anglo-Roman research. Sir Ernest, as we have already seen, had traced with minute attention the remains of Watling-street and Ikenild-street, two of the four great military ways of the Romans in Britain, and had instituted the most persevering and laborious inquiries on the sites of the different *municipia*, or stations connected there-with. Rich, beyond expectation, had been the reward of his toil and skilfulness of investigation, as was amply evidenced by the indescribable variety of relics of that distant period which were here associated. Statues of heathen deities in brass, porphyry, and oriental alabaster, busts of the emperors, military rulers, poets, and philosophers, funeral urns of the *Paionet* or peacock marble, sacrificial *ollæ* and *pateræ*, chalices or *simpula*, and other earthen vessels, pieces of armour, weapons of war, ensigns, trumpets, fragments of *bassi rilievi*, altars, tesselated pavements, flat stones and bricks from *tumuli* and other funeral sites, were here mingled in most picturesque and lavish display.

The view from this Gothic tower towards the north was exceedingly fine, consisting of an interminable succession of corn-fields and grass-enclosures, intersected with thorn-hedges, beautifully relieved at intervals with oaks, elms, horse-chestnuts, beeches, and limes. Here and there were scattered solitary trees, through whose graceful branches the light was ad-

mitted with the effect of a brilliant *chiaro-oscuro;* while their foliage shone with an every-varying contrast of tint, that enhanced the beauty and elegance of the prospect in a surprising degree. The softly-receding valley might be traced, with all its gentle undulations, and rich diversity of objects, till it reached the wild, mountainous region of the dim Peak, that formed the majestic boundary of the landscape. The silvery glitter of the winding Trent, blended with the refreshing verdure of its velvet banks, presented an engaging feature in the home scenery, and claimed an almost divided attention with the exquisitely-tapering and lofty spire of the neighbouring church. On the right, the more distant view was excluded by a range of wooded and somewhat precipitous hills, whose rugged inequalities and darker tints afforded a pleasing change from the softer details, and more tender colouring, of the main picture. Immediately beneath the eye lay the village of Repton, composed of straggling houses, half peeping out of their orchard screens—each a landscape of itself! Through a waving break in the shrubby wood, extending beyond the grove of aspens on the left or western side, you looked down along a series of steeps, dells, and hollows, into a lower region of boundless extent, which composed a scene too elegantly picturesque to admit description. It was a sort of bird's-eye glance at an aërial paradise, that seemed rather to exist in the excited fancy of the observer, than to be a natural continuation to the more strongly-visible beauties in

that bright and variegated perspective, of which it was so exquisite a termination.

* * * * * *

And now, gentle and much beloved reader, opening, with the privilege accorded to our office, as the memorialists of Sir Ernest Oldworthy's literary avocations, a certain recess in one of the pillars of the aforesaid old cabinet, we shall draw forth, for thy behoof, as well as our own, a roll of manuscript, from the worthy Antiquary's own pen, which announces itself to be a "*Dramatic Fragment*," to be entitled, "*Gherardo de Llereda; or, the Ruined Heir.*" We will glance over the first scene together, while cozily seated, side by side, at the curious old desk, that is lined with faded crimson Genoa velvet, and that may be extended from the lower part of the fine Gothic piece of furniture which we have previously described. The work in question seems to refer itself to Sir Ernest's own composition, and, as thus viewed, has at least the interest attaching to the inspection of a literary performance before publication.

GHERARDO DE LLEREDA;

OR,

THE RUINED HEIR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The Castle of* Ronquiletta, *seated on a lake, the extremity of which is bounded by extensive woods, having the* Pyrenées *in the distance.*

Enter the Seneschal *and an* Esquire, *meeting.*

ESQUIRE.

Good morrow, master *Seneschal,* how fares
Our honoured master? There be strange reports
Touching the perill'd safety of his house.
'Tis said, though over gods forbode the truth on't,
The noble Count is beggared, and must yield,
Ere yet the noontide sun engild yon towers,
His home to strangers!—'Sooth, an hour of sorrow
For all who love *Llereda's* peerless stock,
And him, the noblest of its princely scions!
How say'st thou?—doth the rumour spring from lips
Unwilling to confess their owner's credence;
Or is it but some mongrel calumny,
Some sot-bred lie, new hatched with covert spite,
To steal its whispered round from fool to fool,
Swallowed by itching ears, intent to sate
The greedy maw of slander's reckless lust;
Belched forth anew, with added filthiness,
By throats as stinking as the trash they utter;
Then doomed, its poisonous rottenness exposed,
To die the death of its convicted baseness!
Say, and say quickly—is there aught of truth
In these so woful and unlooked-for tidings?

SENESCHAL.

Marry, good *Squire*, the fact is as thou speakest;
Our late proud lord, *Llereda's* high-born heir,
Hath not (sad truth) one maravedi left!

ESQUIRE.

But he hath rich relations?

SENESCHAL.

More 's the pity!
Had they been poor, they might have shared his sorrows;
But, being rich, they will not help him.

ESQUIRE.

Why?

SENESCHAL.

Because the rich are fondest still of money,
And ever bear in hate their poorer kindred.
And (what is stranger yet) the more so, if
They by their own mean falsehood have grown rich;—
As by the nuptial league, where love was not
The heart o' th' treaty, but the idol—gold.

ESQUIRE.

Methinks the Devil's horns are tipped with it
That thus he claims such homage from the world!
Alas! one would have thought that having known
Adversity's dark ills, they would have felt
For others what they struggled through themselves.

SENESCHAL.

Not so: they say, "Oh! let him do as *I* did;
I had no friends—no money: yet I made
My way—that way is open still for *him*,
And let him make the best on't."

ESQUIRE.

Yes,—but where
One man achieves distinction, wealth, or honour,
A thousand fail!

SENESCHAL.

Why, so they do,—but, failing,
They yet may, by long patient drudgery, gain
An humble competence for declining age:
And to that aim must our poor beggared Count
Confine his views. 'Sooth, he must lay aside
His satin doublet, and his ermined cloak,
His silken scarf, fringed gloves, and gilded spurs.*
Such gauds are only for the gallants whom
The sun shines bright upon! He must forsake
The scutcheoned chambers of his palace-home
For the low, smoke-browned cells of merchant-dealing.
He must exchange the war-horse' fiery stride
For the meek amble of the burgher's mule.

ESQUIRE.

Hold thy base brawl, thou insolent, brainless ass!
What! shall a Knight of Spain's most noble Order,
The princely Golden Fleece,† descend to herd
With low-born clowns? Shall nobles, his companions,
Endure this vile affront on their high class?
Shall *Philip's* self permit it, as Grand-Master?
If so—why, kingly faith is dead indeed;
And knightly honour a mere—laughing-stock!
A thing for churls to spit on!—'Sdeath, my blood
Boils o'er with scorn of the ignoble thought
That one of gentle birth and training high
Should stoop to arts unseemly, or low gain
Of merchant-craft, or peasant-like employ.

* The time may be supposed that of Philip IV.

† The Order of the Golden Fleece is generally conferred upon princes and sovereign dukes. At the time treated of, the Spanish branch of it had many native, French, and Italian nobility.

SENESCHAL.

Then let him turn a schoolmaster, and still
Fancy himself the ruling chief he was,
Wielding the rod instead of a batoon,
Striding a stool in lieu of pampered steed.

ESQUIRE.

Peace, villain! ere I take thee by the beard,
And wrench thine ugly skull from its mean trunk!
Thou, who hast earned thy bread in his fair service,
And that of his brave sire, can'st thou not spare,
Should stern occasion call, some poor base compters
For present usage of thine honoured master?

SENESCHAL.

No—not the fiftieth section of a rial,
An it could be divided! I have slept
Hard—worked and fed hard—borne hard words—while *he*
Feasted and frolicked, flaunted in brocade,
Or stalked in steel—now, swelling on his charger,
A second Mars!—now, dangling with fair dames,
Why—a Mars still!—held in soft dalliance
By the fair Venus of the passing hour!
And shall I, in the dark cold night of age,
When strength and skill have failed, and wan disease
Claims the best portion of dull, fevered life,—
Yes—shall I throw away, to nurse *his* pride,
His idleness, *his* luxury, the small means
That God hath blessed me with, through labours long
And heavy?—I am not so weak a fool!
No, no! e'en let him seek his brother-knights,
His peers and *confrères*—let him *beg* from *them*,
Or—reap the fair reward of honest labour!

ESQUIRE.

Why, thou false thief! Hast thou not filled thy coffers
From the o'erflowing bounty of his purse?
Hast thou not ta'en a thousand 'vantages
Of his most princelike liberality?

As for his *feasts*—say, did they go beyond
The ample splendour due to his degree?
Were his attentions ever yet bestowed
On minds of sullied virtue—as thy speech
Might well import?—But, 'sdeath, 'tis ever thus,
When the world frowns upon the man she smiled on!
Those who still owe him *most* are *least* his debtors,
And ever strive to blacken his fair fame,
Seeking therein excuse for breach of service!
Away—thou fawning ingrate! thankless wretch!
Get out of the sun's light, ere that I bid
His beams pass through thee!—Hence, nor cross my path
Again—lest I should crush thee 'neath my foot!

[*Exit* Seneschal *hurriedly.*]

Enter the Count's Confessor.

Here comes the *Confessor*.—Your blessing, father!

CONFESSOR.

'Tis thine, my son. Say, is the Count yet stirring?

ESQUIRE.

I know not: few brief moments have elapsed
Since I returned from Seville; but my orders
Were to attend him, on his taking horse,
At the third hour.* 'Tis near upon the time,
And nobles must not wait their servants' leisure.

[*Going.*]

CONFESSOR.

Stay, worthy *Lopez*, stay. I wait upon him
To yield a last adieu. Say, know'st thou whither
He purposeth to shape his farewell course?

ESQUIRE.

To speak the truth—I do: but not as yet
Hath he commissioned me to make it known.
Doubtless, he will inform your reverence.

* Three hours after sunrise, according to the old manner of reckoning.

CONFESSOR.

'Tis past a doubt, he will; so thou may'st tell me;
Ay—do so, honest fellow!

ESQUIRE.

Nay—not I;
Not for the souls of all the monks on earth!
Marry, if he would take my poor advice,
He would ensconce himself without delay
I' th' Abbot's chair of yon rich convent, priest,
And make my humble self his almoner.

CONFESSOR.

Fie! thou dost chatter strangely—yet 'tis well
The Abbot is not at thy saucy beck.
Go thou before me, sirrah, to the Castle,
And tell the Count that I await his leisure.

ESQUIRE.

Nay—speed on thine own errand. For thy news
Are doubtless o' the best. Thou goest to say
That the rich brotherhood of holy Julian,
Still mindful of th' advantages they owe
To his old House, and its young pious head,
The good *Gherardo*, have decreed to him
The post and dignity of their Lord Abbot,
If haply he will deign to fill the office.
Fair weather after you!—But stay, good father,
Your blessing ere you go!

CONFESSOR.

Ito ad canes!
[*Exit abruptly.*]

ESQUIRE.

Thanks, holy father; I feel better for it.
Alas! and thus it is, and ever was,
And thus it will be! While there 's wealth and power
The world will fawn and crouch, caress and flatter.
Let the tide turn and Fortune's favours ebb,
Farewell to the crooked knee and the doffed cap,

The honeyed benison and the measured phrases,
And welcome blame, contempt, the frown, the sneer!
But yesterday, this smooth-tongued monk had used
More buttered words to gain my very dog
Than would have greased the Pope's old chariot-wheels,
Or fetched the rust out of St. Peter's key!
"Go to the dogs!" Yes—*they* have *gratitude!*
Fie—'tis a worthless world!—But who come hither?
[*Retires up.*]

Enter a crowd of Villagers.

FIRST VILLAGER.

Well, I shall always say he was a friend
To those in need, and so were all his House.
Did he not lighten, too, our bonds of service?

SECOND VILLAGER.

Well, well; but he who comes may do much more!

THIRD VILLAGER.

Ay—or much less. Nay, he may turn our fields
Into waste coverts for his forest-game—
May force our sons to follow him to war—
Our daughters——

SECOND VILLAGER.

Pshaw! ne'er fash your idle beard
With dreams and fancies. Trust me, the old hall
Will ring as cheerily to th' harper's lay,
The vintage-feast will shew as bright a board,
The dance as gay a throng, as e'er they did
Beneath the proud *Lleredas.*

FIRST VILLAGER.

Well, in sooth,
They were a haughty, domineering race;
That must be said of them. "Sirrah, come hither!"
And "Knave, go thither!" was our best salute.
But now their long-drawn greatness is no more.
Come, let us put on our best holiday-looks
To greet the Stranger!

FOURTH VILLAGER.

Where is old *Pedrillo?*
Where *Sancho?* Where——

THIRD VILLAGER.

Come, neighbours, bustle, bustle!
[*Perceives the* Esquire.]
Ha! here is *Lopez,* the Count's favourite squire.

ESQUIRE (*coming forward*).

Rid ye, false curs! or, by the blessed sun,
I'll slash your hides to whip-thongs!—But ere yet
Ye go, ye knaves, hear my *prophetic curse!*
May ye be chained, like felons, to the plough,
While the fierce scourge makes raw your quivering flesh!
Ye heartless ingrates, may your fields be ravaged,
Your cots be razed, your vineyards rooted up,
Your children thankful for the oak's broad shelter!
Then may ye think, with tears in your base eyes,
Of the fair blessings of *Llereda's* gift!
Away—and ponder on your evil fate:
Each to his several task; nor come within
The reach of my old broad-sword for the day!
[*Exit slowly, and with disdainful carriage.*]

FIRST VILLAGER (*calling out to the* Esquire *when at a distance from the crowd*).

We care not for thy master—less for thee!

SECOND VILLAGER.

Nay, never mind a few big words: haste, haste!
Let us prepare for the new comer's welcome.

THIRD VILLAGER.

Ay, ay—away, away!—Farewell, old *Lopez!*
Thou 'lt want no *whip-thongs* from our mangled *hides*
To goad thy lagging steed. Go! prove the adage—
"Who serves a pedlar, e'en must bear the pack!"
[*A loud laugh. Exeunt omnes.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—ANGLO-ROMAN CURIOSITIES.—REVELS OF THE FANCY. — PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE AND RURAL LIFE, AS PORTRAYED IN A LETTER BY SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

"From thought to thought in *vision* led,
He holds HIGH CONVERSE with the DEAD.
Sages or Poets. See, they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men.
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given:
Fathers and Friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art."

WE may here introduce one of the letters of Sir Ernest Oldworthy to a reverend correspondent (the Dean of Gloucester), dated February 7th, 1724, in which he incidentally gives some account of his cabinet of Anglo-Roman curiosities, and of the "wood-veiled fane" and "tranquil groves," to which we have briefly directed the reader's attention.

"Many thanks, my dear Mr. Dean, for your obliging favour of the 31st ult., and for the very interesting account which it gave of your late investigations at Caerleon, the *Isca Silurum* of the Romans. I have also to acknowledge the kindness which dictated your presentation of the accompanying drawings, which afford very accurate ideas of the architectural relics and other curiosities, the fruitful result of your most laborious and laudable researches. Should I visit Monmouthshire, during the ensuing summer, I shall most certainly avail myself of your friendly invitation to view the rich harvest you have reaped among the remains of temples, palaces, pavilions, baths, theatres, and other splendid structures of the 'Great People.' In the meantime I shall gladly contribute, as requested by the bishop and yourself, a short dissertation on the Military and Domestic Implements of the Romans, to be read at the next Quarterly Meeting of the '*Gloucestershire Literary and Archæological Association*,' of which I am an unworthy, but most zealously-affected member. For the present it may be sufficient to mention, in satisfaction of certain queries concerning the particular character or use of some of these remains, that No. 7, plate 1, affords a specimen of the *scutum*, or oblong shield, while No. 11, of the same plate, shews us the *clypeus*, or circular shield. The former closely resembles a similar piece of defensive armour attached to the effigy of a Roman centurion, which supports

an ancient sun-dial in my gardens here,* and which I imported from Naples some thirty-five years ago. The latter would find an exact counterpart in No. 1026 of my own collection. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, of plate 2, respectively represent the *tuba*, the *cornu*, the *buccina*, and the *lituus*, which may be thus noticed. The *tuba*, which was used as a signal for the foot, was straight like our trumpet; the *cornu*, or horn, was bent almost round; the *buccina*, which was commonly used by the watches, was similar to the horn; and the *lituus*, or clarion, which formed the signal of the horse, was bent a little at the end, like the augur's staff, or *lituus*. Nos. 3, 7, and 9, of plate 3, afford us specimens of the *aureæ torques*, or golden chains, twisted like a rope, which went round the neck; the *phaleræ*, which hung down the breast; and the *catellæ*, or *catenulæ*, chains composed of rings. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of plate 4, are ornaments for the helmet, in the form of horns, thence called *corniculæ*; and the nine following numbers, I need scarcely tell you, consist of *fibulæ* of various patterns, used for fastening a belt or garment. No. 8, of these, however, may be alluded to, as the *spinter*, or *spinther*, a clasp or buckle worn on the left shoulder of women. You have, in Nos. 3 and 4, of plate 5, specimens of the *inaures*, or ear-rings; and, in No. 9, of the same

* An inscription from Ovid's Metamorphoses occupies the entire space of the shield or buckler, to the exclusion of the *umbo*, or iron boss, which was generally placed in the centre.

plate, a representation of the *monilia*, or ladies' ornaments for the neck, made of gold and set with precious stones. The rings, exhibited in plate 6, appear, from your description, to be chiefly set with jasper and sardonyx. I have not yet been able to trace, with any degree of precision, the busts, or figures, engraved upon them; but will devote to this point of inquiry my early and most deliberate attention. In many instances, the images of the ancestors, or friends, were thus represented; and I need not observe, that, unless the more marked effigies of a prince, or other great man, claim our recognition, the character of the individual can seldom be identified. We now turn to the plate representing the cups and bowls, and, with respect to these vessels, I could shew you many closely-similar specimens, the forms of which have already engaged my particular attention. Cups were called by many different names, as *amystides*, *batiolæ*, *calices*, *canthari*, *carchesia*, *ciboria*, *cululli*, *cymbia*, *pateræ*, *phialæ*, *scaphia*, *scyphi*, &c. They were formed of different materials, as of amber, glass, wood, earth, brass, silver, and gold. Those of metal were sometimes elaborately and beautifully engraved, or adorned with gems. Some had handles; others had none. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 7 and 8, of plate 7, consist of *amphoræ*, or *testæ*, being vases, usually earthen, in which the wine, or other liquor, was brought in to the guests; while Nos. 4, 5, and 6, of the same plate, are *ampullæ*, being jugs or bot-

tles of glass, leather, or earth, used for similar purposes.

"I have many exquisitely-engraved cups, both of gold and silver. To some of these are attached figures, which are capable of being put on and taken off at pleasure. Some are admirably

'embossed with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand
Corinthian Thericles.'

"Meet vessels, indeed, for the

'flavour'd Chian wines with incense fumed
To slake patrician thirst.'

"Others, too, I have, which are composed of richly-tinted *murra*, or porcelain; and one, of extreme rarity and value, that is made of an integral crystal, of purple hue. When, in moments of humorous enjoyment (*subito ingenio*), I bid new light spring forth from the lamps of old, and quaff my stated draught from these interesting mementoes of the conviviality of the Augustan era, how strangely-exciting is the spell that binds me! With what a serenely-uttered splendour do the beams from the brazen or dark bronze Sphinx, the Cupid-bestridden Dolphin, or other fantastic emblems presented by those curious utensils, fall upon the polished surface and graceful forms of these cups of the Cæsars! I am, at such moments, apt to imagine that the *Montefiascone* of my humble cellars is a *bonne bouche* from the classic

vineyard of Horace—nay, it assumes the more dignified worth of *Falernum Opimianum annorum ducentorum!* Then do glorious visions of the Roman past burst with a solemn sweetness, a shadowy and sublime grandeur, on the entranced and thrilling spirit! I am carried back to the lofty days—

> 'When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
> And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world!'

"Lo! the god-like minds and forms of antiquity are around me! The spell deepens—awe gives place to admiration—admiration blends itself with love—the faculties of the soul expand and soar upward—I am as one of THEMSELVES! Oration, aphorism, apothegm,—elegy, satire, ode, and epigram, delight, by turns, the illuded fancy. Anon, the dream changes—the forms of humanity decay—a mist gathers round—dissolves—and lo! the scene is Olympus—the Falernian has become nectar, and the thunder-bearing Jupiter himself is the companion of my revel! Like the boldly-towering clouds that float majestic above the blue wild deeps of the summer sea, now bright, now dark, as the shifting rays of the sunset break through or become shrouded by their varied and still changing masses; so soar and exult, in the chequered grandeur of their forms and hues, the airy, indefinite creations of the mental talisman. Anon, the sportive picture becomes robed in shadow; and as—to pursue my natural simile—the sun descends beneath the obscuring veil of ocean, so expires the torch of imagi-

nation, as the returning tide of reality drowns its ethereal splendour! There are, in sooth, moments in the life of the antiquarian enthusiast, that seem to compress into themselves the events of ages,—when a thousand shadowy and indistinct images of departed thought come back upon the mind, like spirits emerging from the dim void of a past world—clothed in the new-born might, majesty, and beauty of a celestial nature,—when a sudden burst of intense light seems to fling open the forbidding portals, that erewhile restrained the aspiring soul from a free communion with the visioned depths beyond! It is then that the privileged and gifted contemplator

> 'tastes the high communion of his thoughts
> With all existences, in earth and Heaven,
> That meet him in the charm of grace and power!'

"To a mind teeming with poetical associations, like your own, little need be offered in the shape of apology for this rhapsodical digression. We will now turn the glass of our observation to objects of less erratic speculation.

"I accept, with sincere pleasure, your kind congratulations on the favouring circumstances which have assisted my choice of a residence; and I trust that your leisure and inclination will early lead you to form a personal assurance of the advantages which the situation and features of my 'little villakin' present to the eye of an old visionary recluse like

myself. Yet, truly, had you seen the place, on the evening of my first adventurous visit, when marked by the desolation of a century's neglect, your fancy would have suggested the remark of the *Elder Palatine* in '*the Wits*:'—

> 'I have so little faith to believe this
> The mansion of a *Christian*, that I thinke
> 'Tis rather the decayes of hell; a sad
> Retirement for the Fiend, to sleep in when
> Hee's sicke with drinking sulphure.'

The old Turkish curse—'May thy house fall in ruins!' seemed, in this unhappy spot, to have had a summary consummation. The roof had fallen in, the walls were here and there widely fractured, the windows scarcely retained an unbroken pane, while the shutters, decayed and worm-eaten, hung by a solitary hinge, or lay rotting amid the mass of parasitical plants, weeds, and briars, that choked up the approach to the long-unvisited doorway. The neighbouring trees, left to themselves, had interlaced their luxuriant branches in the wildest and most fantastic forms, and a chilling, if not an awe-inspiring air of desolation pervaded the surrounding scene. However, I had but to 'carry my patience like a gentleman,' as D'Avenant has it, and 'singly manage the adventure.' To place in what old Leland calls 'metely repair,' this decayed relic of the days gone by, was indeed no ungenial task.

> 'This blind house so nak'd,
> So ruinous and deformed,

This 'worm-eaten hold of ragged *wood*' soon put on a returning 'show of entertainment.' The old gables tricked up with new vanes, pinnacles, cornices, and pendants; the *gargouilles*, or ends of the water-spouts, re-adorned with grotesque heads, and other devices, 'so subtle and so merveillous;' the crazy, dilapidated porch restored, and bedecked with a few cotemporary carvings, and a petty amount of gilding; a balcony or two, with a scattered display of arms and labels to widen still more the disunion of the straggling and many-sized windows, and the greater part of the difficulty was overcome. The battered old pile put on a 'wholesome and commodious' aspect, and began to show itself no unmeet abode for—

'an arrant Gentleman,
Such as in's Scutchion gives Hornes, Hounds, and Hawkes,
Hunting Nags, with tall Eaters in Blew Coats,
Sance Number!'

Warmth and comfort were soon added to the interior; pictures, armour, and arras-work spread around their spell of illusion; and, 'like a wanton snake on camomile,' I basked in 'the full enjoiement of my daintie bed.'

"I still live in this old retirement, in a state of inconceivable tranquillity and pleasure—

'In burrage, balm, and burnet up to th' chin.'

'Here I sit and sleep,' as Pope says, 'and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old

man of Verona.' Here I daily indulge in 'conversation with the old, the dead, and the worm-eaten.' From this place—a place as odd and as out of the way as myself—I smile back my pity on the 'mob of the world,' that would urge me to throw aside the letters of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, and share, in their stead, the converse of B——, and M——, and L——, and S——; and I but reply to them in the words of *Antony*—

'Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! *Here* is my space!'

Mort dieu! they will find it no 'labour of love' to drag me from—

'purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, and croaking rooks.'

"I am likely to grow very poetical, when I describe the dependencies of my secluded mansion. Grove, garden, orchard, and wilderness are all blended together, 'in sweet confusion lost.' Here a fountain, there a statue, gives a classic grace to scenes beautiful as those which spread beneath the *rayonnant* pencil of a Claude. The great and distinguishing characteristic of the spot is its deep retirement—its total separation from the world of every-day life. When I return to its shadowy and still recesses—to those bosky dingles in which the dark, dewy pencil of a Hobbima would have delighted to disport itself, and which bring to mind the delicious sketches of Swanneveldt and Waterloo—or hail its sunny lawns and

flowers—brighter still by their contrast with those sylvan shades—when I return, I say, to each calm, inviting solitude, after a brief sojourn among—

'The coarse and heavy-thoughted people that
Reside i' th' neighbour vale,'

I appear to derive a new and holier life, a balmy serenity, and a blissful repose, that seem crowned with a peculiar charm from the overhanging heavens!

"Do the 'curled and silken nobles of the towne' smile, with a gay contempt, on my lonely and humble retreat, from their haunts of fevered pleasure?

'Then with my wiser scorne I shall reply,
For sweets, behold yond' bed of violets,
That leane and hang their heads together, as
They seem'd to whisper and consult how to
Preserve their odour to themselves, whilst neere
Each christall brooke the jolly primrose stands
Triumphing on his stalke, as he disdain'd
His hidden roote, ambitious to be worne
Within a chaste, although a captive's breast.'

Do they tell me of their nightly strains of purchased melody?

'When I shall musick need, I'll say each tree
Doth entertaine a Quire at Nature's charge:
And what is he dares touch the Tuscan lute,
Whilst in the night he heares the Bird begin
Her pensive notes; whose feather'd ancestor
The fierie Tereus wrong'd?'

Do they boast the prouder attractions of the gilded

theatre? I will still make answer in the words of one of my favourite old bards—

> 'This greene and fragrant pallace tempts our stay,
> Here sit, where nature made the sented bryer
> And luscious Jasmine meet to quallifie
> And reconcile their diff'ring smells within
> The hunnie woodbine's weak and slender armes.'

But enough: your men of the world know little of the enjoyment which a lettered mind broods over in the depths of its chosen retirement. What again says the poet?

> 'We that are rich in treasure of the mind,
> Like others wealthy in their gold, do oft
> Preserve the best and chiefest part conceal'd.'

"I must now conduct you to my newly-erected Roman tower, which crowns a gentle eminence on the northern verge of my small, secluded domain. Our path will lie through the dim *visto* of an old, decaying orchard, where the patriarchal trees interlace their wild and moss-covered boughs, forming a long, natural arcade of picturesque beauty, that extends itself to the ivied portal of the building. This latter I call my *Diæta* (a term used in the civil law for a pleasure-house situate in a garden), and hither, in the sultry heats of summer, I retire to enjoy my cold collation; the window commanding a wide, uninterrupted sweep of country, whose perspective melts away with that beautiful azure effect, which forms the chief loveliness of a Flemish prospect. Repton, formerly *Hreopandún*,

the ancient capital of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Mercia, and celebrated still earlier as the *Repandunum* of the Romans, lies immediately beneath the eye; the tall and finely tapering spire of its venerable church presenting an object on which the delighted gaze continues to repose with increasing pleasure. The majestic Trent winds placidly beyond; and the dim, far 'Peak' lifts its wavy ridges with a softened and graceful undulation, as a meet boundary to so rich and diversified a landscape. The flat, circular roof of this orchard retreat, to which there is access from the principal chamber, I call my *Solarium*, or apartment for basking in the sun. Here I love, in 'the sweet o' the year,' to take my early morning repast, and to watch the pleasant butterflies, as they playfully flutter around my table. The *orange-tipped butterfly*, the *wood-argus*, the *emperor*, the *peacock*, and the *golden*, *black-spotted butterfly*, are amongst the many varieties that visit my wooded and flower-abounding haunts. The harsh yet pleasing note of the landrail, '*crake, crake*,' or the '*weet*' and '*fe-er*' of the tit-lark, ascends from the depths of the luxuriant mowing-grass below the tower; and not unfrequently the curiously-curving flight *(volatus undosus)* of the *spotted woodpecker* attracts the calmly-ranging eye towards the tangled recesses of the sylvan scene beheld in the opposite direction. But, in detailing the exhaustless delights of my rural abode, I should ramble on *(currente calamo)* for ever; so much am I

an enthusiast in the ancient lore of Nature, as well as in that of Art. I will, therefore, while prudence is at my elbow, resist the too tempting theme, and close this already idly-extended letter. Take, in conclusion, the noble remark of Aurelius, whose bust is the sole and highly-valued ornament of this my Roman pleasure-house. He often used to say that he would not part with that little he had learnt for all the gold in the world; and that he had more satisfaction from what he had read and written, than from all the victories he had won, and all the realms he had conquered.

"I am, and will be always, my dear Dean, extremely yours, "ERNEST OLDWORTHY."

CHAPTER XV.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—ITS INTERIOR.—GOTHIC ENTRANCE-HALL.—ANTIQUE PORTRAITS.—RELICS OF ANCIENT FESTIVITY.—MEDITATIONS ON THE DAYS OF OLD.

With an *old hall*, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde
blows.

The Old and Young Courtier.

On the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkis, and houndis,
And hurt deer, all full of woundis,
Some like bitten, some hurt with shot.

CHAUCER.

WE now propose to conduct the reader into the more *marquant* scenes presented by the interior of our Antiquary's curious mansion. Of Sir Ernest Oldworthy it might be said, as of Grose of witty memory—

"He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmont' gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flude!"

A first glimpse at the *spectabilia* of this singular abode

presented a forest of deer-antlers that stretched away, in dim perspective, from the entrance to the extremity of a long but somewhat narrow passage, forming an appropriate vista for the bright-stained window of escutcheoned glass, that terminated the prospect. From the tines of the horns, as well as from the dusky stout old walls themselves—

> "The drear *walls* with antic figures fierce,"

was suspended a multitudinous diversity of shields, great banners, guidons, bannerols, pennons, cornets, battle-axes, spears, swords, helmets, greaves, tasses, cross-bows, with their windlasses, *couteaux de chasse*, daggers, bugle-horns, spurs, gauntlets, buff-gloves, baldricks, hawk-jesses, horse-trappings, deer-toils, wood-knives, fish-nets, boar-spears, and other characteristic memorials of the wars, feuds, pastimes, and occupations of the early, chivalric, and later ages. Here and there, painted on panel, in distemper colours, were rude portraits of huge old warriors, in plate and jack, with pointed helmets, mailed gorgets, and collars of SS.—dark and bearded faces, that gazed with ireful scorn upon the observer, and reminded him of the verse of old Drayton, which describes the battle of Burton Bridge, fought within the short distance of five miles from Repton—

> "Behold the remnant of Troye's ancient stocke,
> Laying on blowes, as smyths on anvyls strike,
> Grappling together in the fearful shocke,
> Where still the strong encount'reth with the like

(And each as ruthlesse as the hard'ned rocke),
Wer 't with the speare, or browne bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings, or battles, came together,
Ere fortune gave advantage yet to either."

Amid the gorgeous blazonry of the window to which we have alluded, might be traced the "silver saltoyre upon martiall red," of "valiant Nevil;" the "ladies' sleeve," which "high-spirited Hastings wore;" the "rich verry," with which Ferrer spread "his tabard;"

"Well knowne in many a warlike match before;"

the "raven," that "sat on Corbet's armed head;" and the "bloudie bend engrayled," of Culpepper, "in silver armes enrayled." There, too, might be seen the "bright cressant," with which the "noble Percy" "in his guidehome came;" and the "fret of gules," displayed by Verdon, "in his white cornet," and on his "lance's pennon,"—

"That had beene seene in many a doubtfull fray."

Alternating with the armoured chiefs, whose stately frowns repelled the glance of curiosity with a seeming disdain, were long-waisted dames, in robes of rival magnificence, whose piked or trailing sleeves, ruffs, mantles, standing capes, horned caps, and straight-laced bodices, or high-buttoned surcoats, well harmonized with their haughty features, which seemed sufficiently to indicate the lofty observance claimed by their hereditary station. Here, too, was many an elaborate full-length specimen of the dandy of a

former age, with his parti-coloured doublet and mantle, his oddly-fashioned hose, and pointed shoes — an "airy, smooth, conceited coxcomb" — a "puny, effeminate thing"—a "soft affected ass." The names and alliances of these representatives of the *haut ton* of a distant day were set forth, by gilt inscriptions, in text-hand, in the corner of the pictures. A wide-seated chair of ponderous structure, of the date of James I., with huge, egg-shaped ornaments at either end of the carved back (a counterpart of that in which Lord Chancellor Ellesmere is represented in Sir Egerton Brydges' "*Memoirs of the Peers of the Reign of James the First*"), offered its ample cushion of Utrecht velvet of a violet colour, for a luxurious noontide slumber amid the arbalasts, qualivers, and harquebusses, the morions, gorgets, and batterdastors, and the crowd of dreamy, strange, and fantastic old relics that peered, in picturesque association, through the surrounding gloom. Its large proportions and massive build brought to the memory of an observant visitor the well known passage in Wharton's celebrated "*Panegyric on Oxford Ale:*"—

"In capacious *chair*
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch, he tries),
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs."

We could imagine Sir Thomas Lucy seated in one of similar fashion, when the illustrious deer-stealer of Stratford was introduced into his magisterial presence. In the sultry noon of summer, Sir Ernest Oldworthy would recline within its venerable recess, while he listlessly, and with an eye of scornful negligence, perused the columns of the "*Daily Courant*," the "*London Mercury*," or the "*Derby Postman*." His indifference not unfrequently changed into impatience, and his impatience into vexation and disgust, as some new trait of modern degeneracy provoked a contrast with the past. Then would he call for a cup of his old "*quadrimum October*," as it were to mitigate the harshness of his spleen; and couple with each draught the health of some long-faded belle, whose youthful charms yet survived in the freshness of his time-defying memory.

> "There, in the arms of that lethargic chair
> Which rears its old worm-eaten back so high,
> At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
> And pored upon the news with—"

no—*not* "with curious eye."

Near this favourite seat of the Antiquary was a cabinet partly gilt, constructed of ancient carvings formerly belonging to the family-residence of Anthony Babington, who suffered execution, with others, for his share in the conspiracy in aid of Mary Queen of Scots' escape from Tutbury Castle.

"Perforated sore,
And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eaten through and through."

A *baboon* and *tun*, the curious rebus of *Babington*, was profusely apparent on the panels and framework (6). Within its many recesses was assembled an imposing array of Oriental and European china, of the choicest forms and colours; drinking-glasses, wine-flasks, beakers, and other antiquated memorials of departed conviviality, not inaptly finding a receptacle in the dim privacy of that darkly-storied piece of furniture, which brought to mind

"The last black, bloody scene,
Which render'd to the hangman and the block
The young conspirator and injur'd queen."

To a speculative breast might have occurred the reflection of *Hamlet* in the grave-yard, "Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't!" Wine-glasses of every age and style, of every shape and colour, were here. Some of these stately appurtenances of the chivalric board, exhibiting stalks of grotesque length, were tinctured with the vivid hues of the ruby; some were of a whitish purple, or of a sea-green, or of a pale blue or wachet colour; others were of a very high red, or a dark crimson, or murrey, or violet, or of a rich, clear flame-colour, and gilded on the rim and pedestal. The most beautiful, however, were of the blackest opaque, or of a smoke-dark tint, save where were admirably portrayed,

in highly-transparent colours, the figures of saints and angels, or curiously-mingled representations of dragons, dolphins, warlike trophies, grotesque vizards, musical instruments, fruits, foliage, and scroll-work. And while some of them, like the august cathedrals of those old German or Italian cities in which they were fashioned, soared high above their contending rivals, others, by an opposite extravagance of taste, were of the minutest degree of parvitude of which such vessels were capable; the former seeming created for the lips of giants—the latter for the orgies of Lilliput. To the extraordinary thickness of many of the articles in glass which decorated the tables of our ancestors, D'Avenant alludes in the following passage, which we have transcribed at additional length, as furnishing a lively representation of ancient festivity:—

SCIOL. Are all provisions made
Of furniture and meat?
JASP. All, all, my lord.
SCIOL. The inner roomes new hung, and th' garden gallerie
Adorn'd with Titian's pictures, and those frames
Of Tintoret, last brought from Rome?
JASP. Yes, sir.
ARN. And tables spread with napery finer than
Poppæa's smock, they crack with studded plate,
And chrystall violls thick enough t' endure
A fall or hammer, sir.
JASP. Our kitchens smoke so,
That the fat steame blowne o'er a town-besieg'd,
Would cure the famine in 't.
ARN. The sellers, too, so filled, that they would make
A Danish army drunke.

SCIOL. Arnoldo? rogue? With good pure Muskaden
Of Creet; I 'm old, and must be nourish'd with
My morning sop, like matrons that want teeth.
ARN. Your lordship shall not faile to have it spic'd.
JASP. And when 'tis noone, your mallamucko melon of
An amber scent, served in a grotto, sir.

But enough. In gazing on these records of former hospitality, the Antiquary would at times indulge still further the sentiment of mournful regret which they awakened, by recalling some passage from the bards of old, that bewailed the ruined halls of the mighty slain. One of his favourite poets was Llywarch Henn, a British worthy of the sixth century, who, in his elegy on Urien of Reged, killed by Llovan Lawdeffro, or Lovan with the detested hand, has the following apposite lament:—

"Silent is the gale,
But long wilt thou be heard.
Scarcely any deserve praise,
Since Urien is no more.

"Many a dog for the hunt, and ethereal hawk,
Have been trained on this floor,
Before Erlleon was shaken into ruins.

"This hearth! no shout of heroes now adheres to it:
More usual on its floor
Was the mead, and the inebriated warriors.

"This hearth! will not nettles now cover it?
While its defender lived,
More frequent was the tread of the petitioner.

"The green sod will cover it now;
But when Owain and Elphin lived,
Its cauldron seethed the prey.

"This hearth! the mouldy fungus will hide it now.
More usual about its meals
Was the striking of the sword of the fierce warrior.

"Thorns will now cover it.
More usual once was the mixture
Of Owain's friends in social harmony.

"Ants will soon overrun it.
More frequent were the bright torches
And honest festivities.

"Swine will henceforth dig the ground,
Where once the gladness of heroes
And the horn of the banquet went round:
It was the solace of the army, and the path of melody."

But proceed we on our survey of the curiosities of Sir Ernest's interesting mansion. "From houses singular like this" (to adopt the remark of a late writer), "the mind is furnished with new ideas; the imagery and fashion of past ages crowd upon the fancy; and the most pleasing of our intellectual faculties are gratified with a delightful exercise." To this suggestion may be added the well-known observation (for it has almost grown into an aphorism) of Dr. Johnson: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the *past*, the *distant*, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

CHAPTER XVI.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE LOBBY.—PORTRAITS OF ILLUSTROUS (NOT ILLUSTRIOUS) MEN OF RANK, PURITANS, AND UGLY WOMEN COLLECTED TOGETHER APART. — REMARKS ON COSTUME.

Lov. Remnants
Of *fool* and *feather*—
With all their honourable points of *ignorance*,
Pertaining thereunto.

King Henry VIII., Act i. sc. 3.

What creature's that with his short hairs,
His little band, and *huge long ears*?

BUTLER.

Fine feathers make fine birds, *but they do not make pretty ones.*

Old Adage.

ASCENDING a dim and winding stair, the visitor passed onward to a broad and well-lighted lobby, communicating with the chief apartments: namely, on the north, with the Picture-Gallery; on the east, with the Library; and on the south, with the Armoury and the Relic Chamber. Here the eye was presented with portraits of miscellaneous worthies, whose various styles of dress sufficiently indicated the age in which the originals had flourished. They

comprised every variety of later British costume, from the high, tapering hat with gold band and long feather, the broad ruff, quilted doublet, short cloak, trunk hose, and rose-embellished shoes, of Queen Elizabeth's day, to the square-cut coat with long, buckramed skirts, large cuffs, and buttons two inches in diameter, the long, flapped waistcoat, laced ruffles, blue or scarlet stockings, rolled above the knee, shoes with high red heels, three-cornered gold-laced hat, and long, curled wig descending to the shoulders, of the reign of Queen Anne. The corners of many of these pictures were dignified with coronets, coats of arms, equestrian insignia, and genealogical labels. They were chiefly, however, memorials of those whose sole claim to attention (if any) seemed couched under a simple biographical notice of—*Born*, such a day; *died*, such a day; leaving such and such *issue*, marrying, or married to, &c. Such, gentle reader, are your "tenth transmitters of a foolish face"—the "*fruges consumere nati*" of our ancient acquaintance, Horace—the "rich choughs" who have "store of villages and ploughed earth," of our old friend, D'Avenant—"choughs, spacious in the possession of dirt," as our venerable Shakspeare has more originally and strikingly designated them: who add another name—"*vox et præterea nihil*"—to a high-sounding pedigree, and then sink into the oblivion which their intellectual and moral nothingness alike entails upon them. Well hath the worthy Drayton

apostrophized these aspiring nobodies—these false pretenders to the world's opinion:—

"You that but boast your ancestors' proud style,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew,
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth would else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things;
Base I proclaim you, though derived from kings."

The magnificent stanza which we have just quoted, and to which might be added, from the same source, others of equal or superior merit, justifies a doubt whether Pope ever read the works of Drayton, on which, however, he was pleased to comment, in one of his letters to his friend Warburton, as the productions of a man of no genius. He says: "A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems." What! the works of Michael Drayton rescued from oblivion by the small, understrapping services of one who had added a "few notes" to the "*Polyolbion!*" Verily, had the little bard of "Twickenham" often allowed himself to indulge in an observation like this, he might fairly have earned from his enemies the appellation of a blind beetle, instead of a "wicked wasp;" while posterity would most probably have assigned to him the unflattering eminence of being a sort of Alexander the Little amongst the immortal heroes of his own "*Dunciad.*" Substi-

tuting the name of Drayton for that of Burnet, we may exclaim with Hayley,—

"Yet *Drayton's* page may lasting glory hope,
However insulted by the spleen of Pope!"

But to proceed with our subject. Sir Ernest Oldworthy indulged as hearty and emphatic a contempt for the man of high birth, who neglected the qualities of mind and the personal accomplishments suitable to the elevated station which he was called upon to occupy in the eye of society, as that which we have expressed in the appendix of the present publication, for those individuals of an humbler class, whose false ambition would lead them to rival the more legitimate challengers of place and precedence. Like Epictetus and Shakspeare, he looked upon life as a "stage," and regarded "all the men and women" as "merely players." Prince and ploughman, gentleman and peasant, were considered by him as the persons or characters of a drama. The only proper object of each was to play his part well—whether that part involved the impersonation of an emperor, a serving-man, a courtier, or a shoe-black. Rank has its duties to fulfil, as well as mediocrity; and those duties are of a higher and more important nature. If, therefore, we see a nobleman, or man of high hereditary condition, content to forego the social elevation to which the privileged honours of his class entitle him, and to sink into the comparative insignificance of a private mode of life, we cannot but scru-

tinize the motives that dictate this unbecoming preference, and if we find them connected with a grovelling desire to escape the honourable toil of acquiring and dispensing a due intelligence in the higher concerns of the state, and to indulge in an uninterrupted course of luxurious and sensual enjoyment, or of mere frivolous amusement, we have no alternative but to regard him as even far more worthy of contempt than the most beggarly upstart that ever put on the airs of patrician consequence. The latter, indeed, is more an object of pity than disdain; since the grossness of his ignorance, as the natural concomitant of low breeding and want of education, has deceived him into a false notion of his proper character; while the other has ignobly cast aside every legitimate means of exaltation, and has basely sought to emulate the petty vices and vulgar propensities of a less reputable section of the community. His degradation is the more complete, as it is entirely the work of his own hand. As a "player" in the great drama of life, he has acted his part ill, and deserves to be hissed. "There is no earthly thing more mean and dispicable in my mind," says Dr. Arnold, "than an English gentleman, destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person."

"What can ennoble fools, and knaves, and cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!".

What can ennoble "a heavy, bloated, overgrown blockhead," "a dull fat fool with a great estate, whose faculties are all choked up with phlegm—a lump, whose only sign of life is sweating? We may melt his grease, but not extract one wholesome drop out of him." But to continue our survey. Amongst these "goodly, straight-chinned gentlemen"—these "dull lords of lands"—these "great witty villagers," as Sir William D'Avenant humorously and significantly styles them, were sprinkled a few associates of an opposite yet scarcely more intellectual character, whose lank or cropped hair, high-crowned hat, or Geneva skull-cap, whose plain falling band, and coarse doublet of grey, black, or brown, strikingly contrasted with the long, flowing ringlets, or periwigs, the rich lace cravats, and the slashed and variegated apparel, that gave an air of such affected ostentation to their loftier neighbours. These were your mouldy-visaged puritans—your moist-eyed, long-winded gang of spiritual marauders, of the Cromwell era. Let us gaze on a well-selected specimen of the class, as preserved in the life-like colouring of the prince of English satirists:—

"His hair in greasy locks hangs down,
As straight as candles, from his crown,
And shades the borders of his face,
Whose outward signs of inward grace
Are only visible in spiteful
Grimaces very stern and frightful."

We cannot refrain from extending the description of that vilest species of hypocrisy—the fraud that seeks

to mask itself under the guise of holiness, and which is so truthfully exposed in the pages of the same illustrious author.

> "The quaint deportment of the knave
> Is always wonderfully grave,
> And ev'ry sentence that he says
> Digested into scripture phrase:
> His actions so demure, as if
> To be a saint was to be stiff,
> And that religion must agree
> The best with dull formality.
> Regeneration, Reprobation,
> Election and Predestination,
> Are the chief points on which he cants,
> When mixed among his brother saints,
> In which fanatical discourses
> He summons all his scripture forces,
> To prove all such as do accord
> With him the chosen of the Lord."

Some portraits, too, were here of the softer sex—of ladies of the latter end of the fifteenth or early part of the sixteenth century, in the veil and low pointed head-dress of that period. Others there were that spoke more distinctly of their connection with the Court of Mary or Elizabeth, with their broad ruffs of starched lawn, their stiff, ugly bodices resembling stays laced in front, and their still more ugly farthingales, or black silk petticoats, something like the Spanish *basquinas*. A black velvet mask, and a looking-glass suspended from the girdle, as well as the curious patterns that distinguished their dresses, and the frightfully-peaked caps worn in imitation of

those of the French, lent a diversity to the details of costume that struck the eye with the force of novelty, while it elicited little or no admiration from the surprised spectator. Here, too, were those of a later date—of ladies of the Puritan faction, with their close caps, hoods, or high-crowned hats without feathers; and of others of the Court party, with their lustrous silks and satins, their streaming plumes and ringlets, their laced collars and stomachers, and embroidered scarfs. And here, also, were the prim, precise-looking representatives of the Court of Anne, with their frizzed and powdered head-dresses, long tapering waists, and hooped petticoats of monstrous size. Others there were of more recent date, who, with equal pretensions on the score of personal interest with the preceding, seemed, like them, unconscious that their "brooches, pearls, and owches," only added to the effect of their ugliness, by exciting an increased attention to the wearer; while a glance at the unadorned charms of their more fortunate neighbours confirmed our thus suggested idea, that the substitution of a diamond solitaire, or a point-lace stomacher, afforded but an indifferent exchange for the delicate complexion and finely-moulded shape of native beauty. In sooth, the pictorial additaments of our learned friend's staircase and lobby were but the outpourings of his redundant collection, and placed as preparatory foils to the more choice and interesting pictures that crowded his principal apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE PICTURE-GALLERY.—HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES.—MORAL REFLECTIONS.—THOUGHTS ON GENIUS.—MEMOIR OF SIR HUGH PLATT, SUGGESTED BY HIS PORTRAIT.—OBSERVATIONS ON THE PORTRAIT OF BURTON THE ANTIQUARY.

Girt with many a Baron bold,
  Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
  In bearded majesty appear.

GRAY.

AND now, gentle reader, let us ask, what is there so overflowing with delicious excitement, albeit accompanied by much that may call forth the sadder emotions of the spirit, as to enter some unexplored gallery of historical portraits, relieved, at intervals, with pictures of other classes, as views of remarkable places, architectural interiors, battles, conversations, and other pieces, that serve occasionally to illustrate the events associated with the subjects of the contiguous portraits? It is to leave the dull, crowded walks of obscure life—the tedious justling of the same unidea-ed, machine-like beings—the stale and weary mob of well-dressed inanities, that make up the round

of what is called "society!"—and it is to tread the privileged halls of princes—to walk in the footsteps of the great and the noble of every age—to gaze upon miracles of female loveliness, that make us almost doubt the evidence of our corporeal senses that we yet breathe the shadowy atmosphere of earth! It is to step at once, as ushered by the wand of the enchanter, into a glorious region of majesty and beauty; calling up, from the depths of the heart and the imagination, a thousand ecstatic visions of thrilling sublimity, or of intoxicating sweetness! There may we behold, with licensed yet awful freedom, the long continuous association of those who gave dignity, safety, or enjoyment, to the ages in which they lived—ages that have gratefully transmitted the glory of their achievements and successes to an admiring posterity!

"See! the firm leaders of the patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled!"

We there fondly recognise the features on which Time seems to have stamped the motto of SACRED; and we whisper our prayerful homage, as we pass in review the lengthened line of kindred greatness—the piety—the wisdom—the valour—the learning—the genius—the skill—and the industry that gave light and happiness, freedom and power, where gloom and

misery, oppression and feebleness, had darkened the face of the land!

> "Blest be the pencil, which from death can save
> The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave;
> That youth and emulation still may gaze
> On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
> And from the force of bright example bold,
> Rival their worth, *and be what they behold.*"

We dwell, with glowing admiration, on the lofty brow of him who so well—

> "Fame's steepest heights assail'd,
> And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge,
> Where bravest hearts have fail'd!"

Such a man was Monk, the illustrious Duke of Albemarle, the saviour of three kingdoms, who, fixing his eye like the eagle on the height to which he determined to soar, let not the storm-cloud hinder his course, but rose with abateless strength and unaltered aim, piercing the nether veil of dull obscurity, till he basked in the full clear beams of that sunny goal which was the distant point of his daring desires! Or we love to contemplate, with gentlest pity, the sweet but melancholy aspect of the martyred king—the hapless and deserving Charles; to whom might, with small abatement, be applied the well-known allusion of Shakspeare to the unfortunate *Duncan*,—

> "He
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking off!"

As we ponder on the dignified expression, and the serene yet care-worn features of the royal sufferer, who, to use the emphatic language of Clarendon, was "the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian in his dominions," we feel our hearts swell with indignation against the hypocritical and murderous fiend that, borrowing the human shape to consummate his detestable purpose against the peace and happiness of a fair and smiling realm, trampled under his profane and remorseless feet the uprooted principles of truth and justice, and dragged down from their ancient and honoured elevation the noblest institutions of the state! Oh, may such reflections ever counsel us to offer a bold, timely, and resolute stand, so far as our abilities and influence extend, against those reckless innovators of our own day, who, for the furtherance of their own petty schemes of personal advantage, would, like the crafty Cromwellite of old, revel in the utter destruction and annihilation of every principle dear to our venerated constitution!

We now cast our eye, in prolonged sadness, on a picture evincing—

> "The soft precision of the clear Vandyck,"

and representing the pale but brilliant features of the widowed queen—the high-hearted and beautiful Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Great. To this illustrious lady,—

"A fellow of the royal bed, who owed
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,"

might have been addressed, with striking truth, the following lines of Drayton, under a supposed apostrophe from her royal and unhappy husband,—

"Didst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country, and thy princely port,
And undertook'st to travell dangerous wayes,
Driven by aukward winds, and boyst'rous seas?
And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to mee,
Who sued in marriage to be link'd to thee?
Didst thou all this that England should receive thee,
To miserable banishment to leave thee?
And in my downefall, and my fortune's wracke,
Thus to thy country to convéy thee back?"

Then, with varying emotion, and salutary counsel of the spirit, we transfer our gaze to the princes, sages, warriors, and beauties of succeeding eras—all pointing to the great and solemn truth, that life is but a period of trial—a stage on which are exhibited the acts which are to determine the tenour of our future existence; and we turn to the thought, "whose presence quenches not, nor checks the fervour of our gaze,"—

"Thought of the pure made purer still, and all
Of beauty yet more beautiful—to me
Such musings are delightful, for they fall
Like the sun's rays on everything I see,
Gilding, refining, beautifying all
With noble thoughts of immortality."

Sir Ernest Oldworthy's collection boasted of many fine specimens of the works of Sir Hans Holbein, Sir Antonio More, Cornelius Janssens, Nicholas Hilliard, Pourbus, Miereveldt, Mieris, Mytens, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, Sir Anthony Vandyck, Dobson, Dominico Fetti, Ferdinand Bol, Rigaud, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Gerard Zoust, Riley, Walker, Wissing, Vandervaart, Mary Beale, Jervas, and others, whose truthful pencil

> "Snatched from Fate
> Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great :"

in whose kindred and faithful performances we see reflected, as in a mirror, "the forms of those who have, for many ages, been buried in the grave;" and whose memory, as Sir Egerton Brydges remarks, "is much more lively, when we have an opportunity of contemplating their very shape and looks."

"I delight," says Petrarch, "in my pictures. I take great pleasure, also, in images; they come in show more near unto nature than pictures, for they do but appear; but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable. Amongst the Grecians the art of painting was esteemed above all handicrafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts. How great the dignity hath been of statues; and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, emperors and kings, and other noble personages, nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shewn, in their industrious keeping of them when

obtained." There is a pleasing anecdote told of Prince Rupert, who, passing by the house of the parliamentary general, Fairfax, (Denton-castle, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire,) on his way to join the King's troops in that quarter, during the Great Rebellion, resolved to raze it to the ground; but when he entered the mansion, and surveyed the family pictures of the Manners and Villiers, (ancestors of Fairfax,) he relented in his purpose, "and out of good will towards them he desisted."

The worthy Antiquary's gallery was particularly rich in its illustration of the reigns of Charles I., Charles II., and James II.: a period of unrivalled splendour in the history of English art, as well as in the records of the national costume. In the reign of Charles I., silk or satin doublets, with slashed sleeves, laced collars, carkanets of the richest gems, broad, flat beaver or velvet hats with ostrich plumes; embroidered gloves and sword-belts; and short, richly-furred cloaks, generally thrown over one shoulder; together with tight-fitting silk-hose, and "flimsy" Spanish leather boots with gilded spurs, made up a graceful style of attire, to which the courtly air, and hanging ringlets or "love-locks" of the wearer, lent an additional character of display. The long, curled wigs and exaggerated trunk-breeches of the succeeding reign formed a drawback on the taste, while they added to the pompous and pretending aspect of the courtiers. But to resume our survey.

Here might be observed, from the gifted pencil of Dobson, the mild and pensive countenance of the amiable Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, the prelate who accompanied the ill-fated Charles in his devotions on the scaffold, receiving from his hands, in his last moments, while preparing for the block, the jewelled George withdrawn from his neck, with the mysterious injunction—"REMEMBER!" There, the harsh features and swarthy complexion of the "merrie monarch" (how the son of such a father could ever have drawn upon himself an epithet so discordant with the fate of his parent and the destinies of his house, seems a paradox of nature!) engaged our casual attention. The imposing art of a Kneller had conferred a rich blaze of gorgeous colouring on the Roman military costume, in which, by a singular misadoption of panegyric, this impotent and unprincipled ruler was habited. Bishop Burnet, indeed, compared his character with that of one of the Cæsars, but the monarch referred to, as indicating points of resemblance, was Tiberius, and the qualities cited as common to either were cruelty and deceit. Passing by the portraits of several of the great officers of state, and of the household, and of the peers and privy-councillors of this abject prince's reign, including, however, names of distinguished lustre and probity, such as those of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, President of the Council (painted by Mrs. Mary Beale), George Monk, Duke of Albemarle,

Master of the Horse (by Walker), Sidney Lord Godolphin, First Lord of the Treasury (by Kneller), and Sir William Morice, Principal Secretary of State (by Riley), we mark our deference for the *native nobility of* GENIUS, by pausing before the fine and soul-expressive features of the prince of English satire —the original and inimitable Samuel Butler.

> "His smiles exhilarate the sullen earth,
> Adorning satire in the mask of mirth:
> Taught by his song, fanatics cease their jars,
> And wise astrologers renounce the stars.
> Unrivall'd Butler! blest with happy skill
> To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
> By wit's strong flashes reason's light dispense,
> And laugh a frantic nation into sense."

What emotions of admiration and sorrow accompany our perusal of his treasured likeness! We behold him assailed by the iron rod of a persecuting destiny, and languishing beneath the ungrateful neglect of a heartless, dissolute, and abandoned age. Contempt and loathing ever cling to the memories of those detestable ingrates, who, profiting by the depression and scorn into which the bold and unsparing pen of this admirable and patriotic writer had plunged the rebel-rout of the republic, thought but of enriching their own greedy coffers, or of supplying the profuse expenditure entailed by their debaucheries, and left to famine and misery the man whose hand, next to that of Monk, had been most instrumental in restoring to them the inheritances which they had

lost! The fate of this highly-gifted and worthy author will ever remain a blistering spot of disgrace —an ever green wound of infamy—a blight on the mind and heart of that degenerate and corrupted age —"a brand to the end of the world!" We may give vent to our complaints of the usage of the illustrious, and, by nature's own infallible patent, *noble* Butler, in the touching sentiment of the amiable Shenstone:—

> "Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
> To think how modest worth neglected lies,
> While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
> Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise."

How many are there, whose sculptured effigies recline on pompously-decorated tombs, in stately cathedrals, and in scarcely less noble churches, or whose names are paraded in the obsequious pages of history, as the guiding spirits of the age in which they lived, who, nevertheless, possessed not a thousandth part of the claim to honourable record which he, whose head rests beneath the church-yard sod of some obscure village, might truthfully and proudly boast! Honour! We may exclaim with Shakspeare,—

> "The mere word 's a slave,
> Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave
> A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
> Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
> Of honour'd bones indeed!"

Who are the real rulers of mankind? Those who constitute "the moral power of a nation,—the admi-

nistrators of public opinion,—the permanent council of modern civilization," to whose "noble ambition and generous zeal" we owe the chief blessings we enjoy, politically as well as intellectually. They are the ruling influences which are perpetually arrayed, under the sacred banner of Truth, to guide and direct the opinions of the world. They are the "divine and beneficent lights" that shine upon our minds and hearts with the peaceful lustre of a pomp which is of the soul. Their edicts go forth unseen, but the results —the glorious and wide-spread results—

"Are the signs of a sceptre which none may disown."

It is the high and sole prerogative of *intellectual* greatness to rule the *minds* of a people. Kings and princes and senates may enact laws, and cause them to be executed—may conquer and oppress foreign countries, and despotize over their own; but the unyielding mind of the millions still retains the inborn sovereignty of thought, and scorns to subject itself to the mere force of external impressions. By the superiority of Genius only are the mental faculties reduced to the dominion of other influences than their own. Mind alone can conquer mind. The greater minds must ever rule the lesser. This intellectual and essential control is the exercise of a trust delegated by the God of Nature to those few and favoured instruments whom He has consecrated from their birth, for the accomplishment of His high and benign

will. It is to these we owe, as regards our mental life, all that we possess or enjoy which is worthy of us as immortal beings. Yes! to implant and cherish the love of intellectual refinement, and to enrich the reasoning and imaginative faculties of our souls with just and noble principles, and with elevated sources of contemplation, is to give mind to mind—to pour the divine gift of purer inspiration into souls of coarser mould—into spirits whose flame is more dim and earthly!

> "But some to higher hopes
> Were destined; some within a finer mould
> She [nature] wrought, and tempered with a purer flame.
> To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
> The world's harmonious volume, there to read
> The transcript of Himself!"

It is the lofty prerogative of genius, that its honours cannot be purchased with gold. It is not the gift of earth, and when it communes with the spirit of the world, it speaks to the ear of humanity as a voice issuing from another region—from a sphere of exalted and inscrutable dignity, power, and blessedness!

> "From heaven descends
> The flame of Genius to the human breast,
> And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
> And inspiration."

> "This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
> Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
> But God alone, when first His mighty hand
> Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

And yet what is the fate—the earthly doom, we would say, of these chief benefactors of mankind—the sons of Nature's noblest love? Are they watched like idols in some gorgeous temple, where throngs of impassioned worshippers approach with resplendent gifts, to lay them, in lowliest reverence, at the shrine of their hallowed presence? Are the highest high-seats of earth reserved for these truly-august and signally-plenipotentiary ambassadors of the majesty of the Divine Spirit? Do they utter their privileged revealings from some venerated spot, endeared, beyond all others, to the wide heart of humanity? Do the sceptered and the ennobled bow at their feet, as to the representatives of a dignity of immeasurably-loftier elevation than their own? Alas! for the ignorance and baseness of earth! It has too generally been the fate of the most god-like genius to be scorned and trampled upon by the rude, unthinking multitude—alike despised by the vulgar rabble of mammon, and the tinselled array of right honourable dishonourables!

> "Our slippery people,
> Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
> Till his deserts are past."

Yes—oh, yes! those who have most dignified and adorned human nature have walked through life most obscurely, and slept in the meanest grave! Nor be it unremembered, that death, too, is a lottery, as well as life. The worthiest achievements, and the most

distinguished works, are too often doomed to remorseless oblivion, unless, happily, some adventitious circumstance, or fortuitous combination of events, withhold them from the dust and decays of time, and thus, like the ancient and long-displayed banner of some chivalric race, give to the searchful eye of day the enduring blazon of their glorious memory!

"Fame! thou are treacherous: mighty men have stood
Chief in thy temple, where it shines on high,
And thus the great, the noble, and the good,
Fall from the niche of glory but to lie,
Or live but in false honour's memory!
And yet they died not wholly. Men consign'd
Nought save the 'earth to earth,' their names supply
The bright example, the immortal mind,
'Midst dust and ashes, these a spreading root shall find."

We seldom view a collection of the portraits of illustrious authors, without experiencing a variety of painful emotions, attendant on the recollection of the deep pecuniary distress to which the far greater part of this high class of our national worthies were subjected; and leading us to the often-recurring wish, that some great national means might be applied to the honourable relief and encouragement of those who devote their highest exertions to the cause of their country's literature. We have elsewhere advocated the claims of suffering genius,* and will not now

* See article entitled "Poetry and Poets: a Paper designed to shew the claim of literary genius to encouragement and reward from the State," in the Author's "Miscellaneous Poems and Essays," London, Whittaker, 1842.

extend our observations on a subject demanding a deeper share of attention than consists with the perusal of these lighter pages.

To return to our notice of Sir Ernest Oldworthy's Picture Gallery. Near the portrait of the bard who "asked for bread," and who "received a stone," hung that of the witty but profligate St. Evremond (by Gerard Zoust), on whom Charles conferred the government of Duck Island, with a pension of 300*l.* per annum. The situation of this settlement being a matter of question amongst the ministers, who vainly consulted the various maps for information respecting it, the "merry monarch" at length relieved their doubts, by assigning its location to the basin in St. James's Park! The mention of St. Evremond reminds us of the host of female charms that spread through the courts of France and England so dazzling a lustre at the period of his visitation of this country. But we will pay our meet homage at the shrine of Beauty in a separate and independent chapter.

What, in the name of all that is wonderful, is that very curious old portrait on panel, within the arched recess yonder? That aged, grey-bearded gentleman, with a cap and gown of black velvet, profusely furred, and with a massive gold chain, resembling that of a Dutch burgomaster, round his neck? He is seated in a chair richly-ornamented with crimson brocade and gilded bosses, and surrounded by a multitudinous and confused display of chemical or

alchemical utensils, and of philosophical and nondescript instruments. Retorts, alembics, receivers, blow-pipes, crucibles, mortars, bellows, and a thousand other things of quaint and marvellous aspect, bewilder the eye of the uninitiated observer. His right hand, adorned with a spacious thumb-ring containing an onyx cameo (Hercules slaying the Nemæan Lion), grasps a pen with a most venerable snow-white plume; and an antique silver watch, of rude construction, lies near it, on the adjoining table; where may also be noticed a hand-bell, that might have been chased by the matchless graver of Benvenuto Cellini himself. In his left hand he holds a manuscript volume, inscribed with the mysterious title—"*The Jewel House of Art and Nature.*" A curtain composed of rich eastern tapestry is, thanks to the friendly arrangement of the artist, so disposed as to let in a casual view of the old books and manuscripts, labelled on the dark-red edges of the leaves, or rejoicing in lapping-over vellum covers, that impart so inviting an air to the carved ebony shelves, with their gilded leather flaps, richly embossed, and having escalloped edges, occupying a recess beyond. Aha! there is a tricking of arms, represented as hanging on the mottled and gilded wainscot above. What say these? Will they give us an introduction to the *bizarre*-looking inmate of that dimly-lighted Gothic chamber? Let us read them:—*Argent*, a saltier voided, *gules*, between four pelicans vulning themselves, *proper:* on

a chief, indented *vert*, three owls, of the first. Crest—on a wreath a cock, *gules*, standing on a trumpet, *or*. Motto—'*Vigilantibus*.'" We know them not—turn we to the catalogue. Now for thee, old Squarebeard! "No. 759, Sir Hugh Platt, Knight, of Lincoln's Inn, author of the '*Jewel House of Art and Nature*,' and other works" (7). Ha! Sir Hugh Platt! we claim your worship's acquaintance.

"Your most obedient, humble servant, sir,"

as Bombastes says on a similarly unexpected discovery.

Of the thousands of inhabitants and visitors of the great metropolis, who almost daily pass through the well-known thoroughfare of Lincoln's Inn Passage, how many be there, we would ask, who possess the slightest knowledge of a former worthy, of some note in his day, ycleped Sir Hugh Platt, who signed himself "of Lincolnes Inne, Knight," and who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, and of James and Charles the First? Probably, nay, almost assuredly, the answer must be—"Scarcely an individual." An ungrateful posterity has forgotten to whom it was indebted for a thousand curious and useful points of information connected with Art and Nature, and the name of the worthy knight, as now recalled from a long and undeserved oblivion by our watchful pen, must remain, indeed, a "*vox et præterea nihil*," until we deign to pour forth, for the edification of the

expecting reader, our hidden stores of biographic research concerning this once eminent personage. Congratulating ourselves upon our share of the attribute implied in Sir Hugh's crest and motto, and to which we owe many a fair parcel of past and contemporaneous history well worthy of being elsewhere recorded, we will now withdraw from the dusky shadows of forgetfulness the name of one whose claim to be remembered is made good by the surviving offspring of his mind—the ingenious manuscript, since printed, which he is represented as holding in his hand. A worm-eaten copy of this singular and perhaps somewhat whimsical work, lies before us, and will enable us to give the little which we have been able to gather of its amusing and eccentric author.

How Sir Hugh Platt became possessed of his knighthood, we have failed to discover. One of our literary correspondents informs us that his name does not appear in the published list of those who have, in earlier times, obtained this honour. We cannot, however, infer from such omission, that Sir Hugh advanced himself, *brevi manu*, to equestrian dignity, or, in other words, dubbed himself a knight with his own sword; nor can it be doubted that many other individuals, whose names have come down to us invested with such a distinction, but of whose claims to chivalric rank we have no precise *data*, were fairly entitled to the asserted privileges of such station. It would have been interesting to learn the

grounds on which Sir Hugh Platt was complimented with this honourable degree, and by what monarch it was conferred. It is a matter of distinct record, we believe, that Queen Elizabeth was so extremely frugal of her prerogative in the dispensation of chivalric honours, that she only administered the accolade in a few instances during her very long reign. It will be remembered, however, that Essex and Leicester enjoyed the privilege of imparting this distinction, and that Sir James Harrington, author of the "*Oceana*," was one of the very numerous recipients of knightly dignity from this vicarious mode of investiture. The probability is, that our author derived his equestrian style from the learned and more accessible James, who might well be supposed to receive with favour a work abounding with so much curious and varied information on subjects of practical philosophy, as the volume which we are about to examine in the second and much enlarged edition. It was first published in 1594.

"*The Jewel House of Art and Nature*," is a small-sized quarto of 232 pages, printed in London, in the year 1653, by Bernard Alsop, and "to be sold," as its title-page informs us, "at his house in Grub-street, near the upper pump." It professes to contain "Divers Rare and Profitable Inventions; together with sundry New Experiments in the Art of Husbandry: with Divers Chimical Conclusions concerning the Art of Distillation, and the Rare Practices and Uses thereof,

faithfully and familiarly set down, according to the Author's own experience." Attached to this entertaining repertory of knowledge is "A rare and excellent Discourse of Minerals, Stones, Gums, and Rosins; with the vertues and use thereof," by D. B. Gent., from whom proceeds, as editor, the dedication of the entire work. As this latter performance is extremely expressive of the character of the volume, and presents a choice specimen of the quaint elaboration of such articles at the period referred to, we shall best consult the reader's edification by transcribing it at its entire length.

"To the Munificent Lover of all Learning, the Right Honourable Boulstroad Whitlock, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England, &c.

"My Lord,—There is not any thing in nature so churlish to its self, which indeavoreth not to its own protection, it being the business and delight of Nature to protect her self. But to protect the Arts is a work (my Lord) which requires a Head of Honour, the depth of whose knowledge can understand their Mysteries, and the Height of whose Dignities can countenance their Merits. In this Treatise your Honour shall finde lively represented how wonderfully Nature doth actuate, whether you look upon it as Nature Naturing, which is God; or Nature Natured, which reflects onely on compounded Bodies; and, as the Philosophers do define, is the beginning of their Motion, and

their Rest. Your Honour may here behold the latter in all her Beauty; and observe how industrious is Art to work her up to her Quintessence of Perfection; from whence many inestimable Treasures may be derived to advance as well the Mind as the Body of the Creature, and to improve the glory of the Creator. My Lord, you have read that Art doth perfect Nature, which can never more properly be understood than in this sence; for although Nature appears a most fair and fruitful Body, and as admirable in her variety as abundance; yet the Art, here mentioned, is as a soul to inform that Body, to examine and to refine her actions, and to teach her to understand those abilities of her own, which before lay undiscovered to her. My Lord, this is a Subject which is worthy of the greatest and the gravest apprehensions, and deserves the noblest Patronage; by which your Honour shall oblige both Art and Nature; and more particularly him, who is, My Lord, your most humbly devoted servant, D. B."

A most modest and sensible scheme this, of working up Nature to her Quintessence of Perfection—of supplying, as it were, a soul to inform her body—of teaching her to understand her own abilities, in so far as they were previously unknown to her; and we cannot help thinking that this attempt of D. B. to refine her actions, and increase her fairness and fruitfulness, and that the noble patronage no doubt con-

ferred upon such distinguished labours by one who was no less a personage than a Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal, were worthy of her most grateful acknowledgments, and deserving to be held in lasting remembrance, as a testimony of the extraordinary skill of D. B., as well as of the mighty importance of his discoveries in the art of improving Nature!

The table of contents, prefixed to Sir Hugh's work, discloses no less than 150 recipes, combining much that is curious and in some sort serviceable, with a larger proportion that may be termed fantastical, and undeserving of credence. The sense which the author entertains of his own learning and ability, and the respect which he considers due to the importance of his work, may be gathered from the following amusing passage:—"Now me thinks I see a whole troop of gallant dames attending with their listening ears, or rather longing with their great bellies, to learn some new found skil, how they may play at chop cherry, when cherry time is past. Well, to give these ladies some content, I will unfold a scroule which I had long since as carefully wrapped up as ever any of the Sybels did their fatal phrophesies, wherein I will make them as cunning as my self (saving onely that I will reserve a strange venue to foil a scholler withall if need be). The secret is short, let one element be included in another, so as the one may have no access, nor participate with the other. But this, peradventure, is too phylosophical for women. Then receive

it, ladies, with plain terms into your open laps." And in the same recipe he observes, "By the helpe of some one of these, or of some other of the like kind and quality, it was my hap to present unto a late Lord Mayor of the City of London eight green and fresh Artichokes upon twelf day, with a score of fresh Oranges, which I had kept from Whitsuntide then last past, at which time I was also furnished with 200 Artichokes for my own provision, which continued a service at my table all the Lent ensuing, to the great contentment of sundry of my guests who would have been right glad to have dined with the secret onely." Elsewhere he remarks, "But I may not disclose the whole Art with every circumstance, whereby to make the same contemptible with the vulgar sort: onely I will give a tast thereof unto the sharper wits, who with some study and practise may reach unto the full perfection thereof." In speaking to Apothecaries and other "ordinary practitioners," he says he must "keep decorum, and sute grosse matters with grosse conclusions," that is to say, he will not so far trouble himself as to say all he knew on the point to such people—"plain fellows that never read their grammer, nor scarcely knew their A. B. C.," but that "it may suffice that he has set down any way for that which no way was made common before." He is rather scant, too, in his explanation of the principles upon which his experiments are based, when he communicates a share of his discoveries to the fair sex.

"But because such secrets," says he, "are fitter for a phylosopher's laboratory than a gentlewoman's closet, I wil not here offer that disgrace unto Nature to discover any magistery upon so base an occasion." That Sir Hugh Platt was well-to-do in the world, may be incidentally gathered from the occasional notices which he gives us of the modes of culinary preparation, and other matters of domestic arrangement, "in mine owne house;" while he speaks of his crops of barley, and of his pasture land, in the true style of an opulent landed proprietor. That he used scented waters to wash with, and to perfume his furniture withal (page 155), and gratified, as we have seen, his guests in Lent with delicacies as unexpected as acceptable, shews that he lived in a degree of style not often emulated by philosophers in that age. It also sufficiently appears that he liked to give content to "gallant dames," and desired them to receive his very curious secrets in plain terms into their open laps; a part of his system of "Nature natured," which we suppose was not the least agreeable. That he affected the company of "sharp-spirited wits,"—"men of note and reputation,"—"of the number of Hermes' sons," and chose for his more intimate associates "citizens of good worship and account," and "gentlemen of coat-armours," may be inferred from other passages; while it has been seen that he gladly exerted his skill for the edification and behoof of a late "Lord Mayor of the City of London." He

speaks, at page 139, of a crop of barley, of wonderful extent, which "did grow at Bishop's-Hall where I dwel, to the great admiration of all the beholders." And elsewhere he alludes to "one of my tenants' houses near unto S. Albone's, not far from Park-mill." At the beginning of his book, situate on the back of the title-page, is the "rare portraicture of an Ear of Summer Barley, as it grew at Bishop's-Hall in Middlesex, Anno Dom. 1594, the ground being manured with sope-ashes, according to the manner expressed, p. 139." That he "never kept but two kine in any one summer," we learn from page 163; and it seems, therefore, probable that he merely occupied as much of his own land as served to enable him to pursue, on a small scale, his agricultural experiments. From the following statement of his, in p. 105, it may, perhaps, be inferred that at an earlier period of life he practised the medical art. "And before I understood thereof," says he, "I had six children that died of the worms, which I did manifestly perceive as well in the anatomizing of their bodies, as also for that oftentimes they voyded them at their mouths, and when they were drawing to their end, these worms would issue at their nosethrils." Yet that he did not write himself a member of the faculty, may be inferred from the ensuing remark, which we find in another part of the work. "But it may be this is but one Doctour's opinion, and that of such a one as never deserved his degree in schools, and therefore I

will leave the same at large, until some better clark do hereafter confirm this green conceit." This trait of seeming modesty was perhaps but a half-boastful hint, that he considered himself as well qualified to pronounce his opinion, as if he had been a graduate of every university under the sun!

We can glean little further respecting the worthy knight's biography, except that he was a native of London, a fact recorded by himself in p. 137, where he says: "The most renowned city of England, wherein I was born." And again, in p. 163: "You may easily know what countryman I am, by following this London text so far as I do." And that he married, and became the father of a family, may, lastly, be gleaned from p. 39, in which place he observes: "And also that I knew any master of the science will perform the same with his pen, to any that shall be willing to requite his pains, and he hath already written some such copies for my children." Whether the talented and accomplished author of the "*Journal of a Tour through Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land, in* 1838, 1839,"* is a descendant of the very ingenious and humorous knight, Sir Hugh Platt, is a point upon which there is not the slightest evidence to decide. "*Nox alta velat!*"

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On closing this chapter, we may allow ourselves

* A work which I had the pleasure of noticing at some length, in the "Monthly Review" for June, 1843, art. 5, p. 50.

the opportunity of referring to two very old and curious portraits on panel, which are now in our own possession. The first is a likeness, said to be done from the life, of the renowned hero of Agincourt, Henry V. It is painted in distemper, and the ornaments on the dress are gilt. On the back of the picture is the following interesting memorandum, in faded ink: "This Portrait of Henry the Fifth, an undoubted Original, painted in Distemper, was purchased at the Sale of the Goods of the Dowager of Gilbert 4th Earl of Coventry, who died in 1789, aged 97. This Picture was in a room called the King and Queen's Room in Holt Castle, which formerly belonged to Sir John Beauchamp, Chamberlain to Edward the Sixth, and afterwards to Lord Morley, who presided at the Trial of Mary Queen of Scots." The other is a portrait of Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII., and the beneficent foundress of Christ's College, and St. John's College, Cambridge. The former of these pictures is additionally interesting, as a specimen of the art of portrait-painting before the introduction of oil as a *menstruum;* and the latter is deserving of attention, as one of the earliest existing portraits painted in the improved mode, which laid the basis of our present style of oil-painting.

And, now that we are on the subject of old portraits on panel, we crave the reader's indulgence for a few additional moments, while we gratify our own

feelings by recording in this place a valuable relic of the early part of the reign of James I., which we had the good fortune to discover, in an obscure situation, some years ago, and to place in a public and appropriate sphere of exhibition. We allude to a very fine original half-length portrait, on panel, done by no less a hand (it is believed) than that of Nicholas Hilliard, and in the highest state of preservation, representing the celebrated author of the "*Description of Leicestershire*," and other works—William Burton, Esq. He was elder brother of Robert Burton, the still more distinguished author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy;*" of which book Dr. Johnson used to say, that it was the only one that ever induced him to rise an hour earlier than he was inclined, for the opportunity of reading. Of this eminent antiquary no portrait remained, save a small engraving which formed the frontispiece of his work. The present large and finely-executed picture represents him in a doublet and gown of legal fashion; the former furnished with closely-set buttons from the throat to the waist; his neck is ornamented with a "single collar" and ruff; and he wears his hair straight and his beard cut close,—the latter, doubtless, in accordance with an order issued by the Inner Temple, then in force, "that no fellow of that house [and such was Burton] should wear his beard longer than three weeks' growth, on pain of forfeiting twenty shillings." His countenance is open and manly, his bearing free and unaffected;

and there is that unmistakeable assurance of "worshipful parentage," and of "gentle condition," about his face and figure, which, as we have elsewhere found occasion to observe, is the inherent and not-to-be-imitated property of those of ancient race. Far be from us the folly of insinuating that all well-born persons possess the attribute we are speaking of; but we do contend, with convictions based on long and close experience, that none but members of stirp or ancient families possess the air and manner alluded to. In fine, education and breeding alone will not give it—it is not produced in a single generation. It draws its characteristic peculiarity from the influence of old hereditary feelings, exclusively the possession of those of long descent. These high and ennobling associations are unconsciously leagued with every look, motion, act, and thought; and naturally impart their dignified and permanent record to the features and person. But to proceed,—his mind is evidently "far gone" in some abstruse enquiry, involving, as it would seem, questions of more than usual subtlety; but the solemn calmness of his fixed grey eye—the "*secura quies*" of his whole look and attitude, distinctly shew that he is preserving a masterly control over his subject; and, to use an expressive old saying, "as sure of his game as if he had pouched it." The two emphatic words inscribed beneath his armorial ensign are still more legibly written on his bold high forehead, and in that noble eye! "*Lux, vita:*" which, antiquarianly

applied, may serve to indicate the light and life which his vigorous and penetrative spirit conveyed to regions of archaic investigation, over which the darkness and death of long oblivious obscurity had imperiously prevailed. In the right-hand corner of the picture is a shield of arms, containing the twelve ancient coats which follow:—1. *Azure*, a fess between three talbots' heads, erased, *or*, for Burton. 2. *Or*, three mullets, *gules*, for Curtis. 3. Obliterated, but which, from the pedigree and order of marshalling, we suppose to have been the arms of Curzon, of Falde; namely: Vairy, *or* and *gules*, a border, *sable*, charged with popinjays, *argent*. 4. *Azure*, an eagle displayed, *argent*, membered, *gules*, for Ridware. (N. B. Lysons is in error when he says that these arms are now borne by the ancient family of Cotton, of Etwall Hall, Derbyshire; an ancestor of which married the heir-general of the Ridwares, and thereupon exchanged his former ensign for the present coat. Notwithstanding the alliance in question, as correctly stated by Lysons, the Cottons have never disused their ancient bearing. We have just inspected the hatchments and other memorials of the family preserved at Etwall Hall, with many interesting historical, family, and miscellaneous portraits and other antique curiosities, the property of the Rev. Charles Evelyn Cotton, who is possessed of that portion of antiquarian spirit and of genealogical research, which entitles him to claim some degree of intellectual affinity to his illustrious ancestor, Sir Robert Cotton,

and other worthies of his race.) 5. *Gules*, a saltier, engrailed, *argent*, between four mullets, *or*, for Hardwick. 6. *Azure*, semé de cinquefoils, *or*, for Rodvile. 7. *Or*, two bends, gemelles, *azure*, for Fundin. 8. *Argent*, a fess, *gules*, three mullets in chief, *sable*, for Flanders. 9. *Gules*, three eagles displayed, *or*, for Lindsay. 10. Vairé * * * and * * * , a chevron, *gules*, for * * * 11. *Or*, fretty, *sable*, on every joint a cross crosslet, crossed, *argent*, for Champain. 12. *Gules*, on a bend, *or*, three garlands, *vert*, for Stevens. Above the escutcheon are the two crests of Burton, viz.:—1. A beacon, *argent*, borduring, *proper*, standing upon a mount, *vert*. 2. A cypress tree, *proper*, in a crown, *or*. These are erected on two helmets placed *vis-à-vis*; or, to use rather the heraldic term, *affrontées*—the lamberquins of which, descending separately in floating folds of azure, lined with argent, unite themselves just above the shield, and provide a stately-looking mantling for the arms. The manner in which the latter are blazoned constitutes a fine characteristic specimen of the style of heraldic painting in the latter and more gorgeous part of the reign of Elizabeth; a period when great splendour prevailed in such display, as well as in the adornment of articles for personal use; as witness the magnificent bindings of books of this and the following reign, now extant in the libraries of our collectors of choice volumes. On a scroll beneath the escutcheon, is inscribed the motto we have had

occasion to quote: "*Lux, vita.*" The left-hand corner of the picture presents an oblong tablet, with the following inscription:—"*Willm̃us Burton filius natu maximus Radulfi Burton de Lindley com: Leic: Armig: Socius Interioris Templi et Apprenticius legum Angliæ.* 25 *Aug.* 1604. *An. Æt.* 29." This tablet is represented as hanging from a nail in the background of the picture; and attached to it by a riband appears a circular medallion, added after the death of Burton, in 1645, and containing a curious funereal device, which exhibits death seated beside a coffin, upon which he is in the act of laying a wreath, while from his mouth proceeds a label with the motto: "Μιν ἅ το γαλαρδον." On the coffin is inscribed, "*Hic terminus ad quem.*" The rudely-fashioned chair, apparently of stone, in which the spectre is seated, must not be unmentioned, as bearing a part in the device, being the very *beau-idéal* of an antiquary's accustomed place of sedence. We are led to a belief that the above emblem was invented by Sir William Skipwith, of Cotes, in Leicestershire, from the fact that Burton's favourite device of the sun recovering from an eclipse, with the motto "*Rilumbra,*" was designed by that worthy and ingenious baronet, who was one of our antiquary's most intimate associates, and the author of a most interesting, but now highly-scarce work on Emblems, illustrated with very numerous plates. It must, however, be observed, that, as Sir William died before his friend, the device in

question, if so invented by him, could not, in the first instance, have borne its present individual reference. The site of Sir William Skipwith's old residence, and the highly curious remains of that of Burton, at Falde, Staffordshire, have not remained unvisited by us. We have but to add, in concluding these observations on a work which may be cited as a choice specimen of the state of the art of portrait-painting at the era to which it refers, that the right hand, which rests on the corner of a table covered with an olive-green cloth, is beautifully drawn and coloured, reminding us of some of Holbein's best pieces, and the more so, as that great artist much used the colour of green for his background, to give additional lustre and relief to the flesh. The left hand holding a hat is in shadow, and not therefore so distinctly marked. Mr. Nichols, referring to this portrait in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for June, 1837, under a notice of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, speaks of it as "an oil picture of William Burton, Esq., the topographer of Leicestershire, painted in 1604, when he was in his twenty-ninth year. It is a good and pleasing picture. The portrait which forms the frontispiece to his History, and of which there are copies in Richardson's Illustrations of Granger, and in Nichols's Leicestershire, was taken eighteen years after, when the historian was in his forty-seventh year." Mr. Nichols again alludes to it, in the same Magazine for September, 1839, under a review of the writer's poem

of the "*Triumph of Drake*," as "an original and very interesting picture."

We are aware how little the description of a work of art, and especially that of a mere portrait, can be made to interest the reader; and are sensible of the fact that much which we have said of this picture may have been accounted tedious by all but professed antiquarians; yet we cannot now restrain the wish that our readers should sympathize in the pleasure which, as belonging to the number of those who so ardently venerate the remains of antiquity, and the memory of this distinguished antiquary, in particular, we experienced, in placing this sole and characteristic memorial of one of our earliest topographers in a situation worthy of its general interest, and where it might continue to be viewed, from generation to generation, by those who would most value and could best appreciate the worth of such a relic. We allude to the Meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries, in Somerset House, where it enjoys an honourable companionship with the numerous assembled portraits of kindred worthies—of Ashmole, Sir William Dugdale, Hearne, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, Dr. Stukeley, and others of similar note in the prosecution of antiquarian enquiries. And we were the more easily persuaded to forego the personal possession of such a relic, when we called to mind the melancholy fact, that he whose life was ceaselessly devoted to the arduous and often thankless task of

recording the genealogies and preserving the epitaphs of others, should himself lie to this day without a stone of the commonest description to point out the spot where his honoured remains are mingled with the soil he loved! The simplest villager has generally his head-stone amid the rude memorials of his humble sires; but for William Burton, the proud descendant of a line that boasted of "honourable" blood before the Conquest, the far-famed historian of a county which he made renowned for its previously-unrecognised objects of note and interest, there is neither turf nor stone to mark the last resting-place! The dwellings of his "worshipful" race survive but in fragmentary decay; the last male descendant of his ancient house has long since passed away; and but one frail, perishable portrait exists as a self-identifying record of the personal chattels which were once theirs! Well, therefore, did its late owner determine to place that feeble memorial as far beyond the destructive grasp of Time, as the power of human agency would permit; and may the venerable shade of the distinguished dead, crowned with the wreath which Death has assigned to his fadeless brow, smile with approving favour on the act—that act which humbly and gratefully seeks to place in more continual remembrance the evidence of his worth—to inscribe, on this his best token of remembrance, in a prouder and more personal sense, his old favourite motto—"*Rilumbra!*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED. — THE PICTURE GALLERY. — PORTRAITS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. — THOUGHTS ON SCOTLAND, AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—REMINISCENCES OF HOLYROOD.

SANDS. By my life,
They are *a sweet society of fair ones.*
King Henry VIII., Act i. sc. 4.

Unnumber'd damsels different charms display,
Pensive with bliss, or in their pleasures gay;
And the wide prospect yields one touching sight
Of tender, yet diversified delight.

HAYLEY.

In the midst, a *form divine!*

GRAY.

WE need scarcely say that the Antiquary had enriched his collection with some bright and exquisite specimens of female loveliness from the magic pencils of Vandyck, Dobson, Mytens, Lely, Kneller, Wissing, and others of kindred excellence. Amongst these admirable evidences of the lavish charms with which nature has endowed our fair countrywomen in every age, there was one memorial that riveted, as by a spell, the attention of the observer, and rendered him oblivious of the rival charms so numerously preferred

by surrounding beauties. Yet was there nothing obtrusive, or prodigal of display, in the character of the portrait, but rather, a retiring sweetness, a coy delicacy, which won by degrees upon the feelings, and conjured up a host of dreamy aspirations, that seemed to spread an enchanted atmosphere around us, a spell as soft and delicious as the quiet harmony, and the chaste, halcyonlike repose, which accompanied the fascinating original. The beautiful woman represented by this picture, might have reached the age of five-and-twenty, or, perhaps, had seen some two or three summers beyond: but it was evident to the least observant eye, that she was in the fullest possession of all those graces of form and feature which mark the highest point in the scale of developed beauty. Her face was of an oval figure, the forehead finely-expanded, the nose of admirable proportion, and somewhat inclining to the straightness of the Grecian style, and the chin moulded with that delicate roundness which is so rare, and, at the same time, so agreeable to our impressions of elegance. Her eyes had that delicious softness amounting to languor, which indicated the mannered pencil of Lely, whose female portraits are generally thus marked; but, in the present instance, the expression bore nothing of that amorous intelligence which too often pervades the lovely portraits of this graceful, yet voluptuous master. But her lips—no language of ours could do justice to the sweet and rosy fulness—the melting

fascination, of their exquisite form. Enough to say, that, like those of *Scoperta*, in the verse of our favourite D'Avenant, they—

> "gently swelled
> Like Easterne fruite, and were more soft than is
> The fleecy aire that clothes the infant morne."

The complexion of this lovely creature was transcendently white, fully equalling the snowy lustre of newly-polished marble, but enlivened by a tint of the softest carnation, which imparted a freshness and transparency to the tone of its excessive fairness. The eyes, which were large and full, were of a light, ethereal azure, eminently brilliant, and replete with playful meaning, yet indescribably modest, and even timid. Her hair, by an infrequent concomitancy with blue eyes, was of the deepest sable; and descended in luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses of varying beauty, strikingly contrasting with the dazzling fairness of her neck, shoulders, and bosom. The brilliancy of her fine, expressive eyes was enhanced, likewise, by the clearly-defined and daintily-pencilled eyebrows, and by the long, drooping lashes of silken shadow, that so enchantingly fringed their pensive lids. Her neck was moulded with consummate grace and dignity. An olive-coloured silk dress, trimmed with palest pink, and relieved and enriched by a deep tucker of the most delicate lace, was fashioned in the style of a bodice, opening in the centre of the bosom, and giving a heightened effect to the witching *contour*

of the admirably-turned bust. A slight sprig of jessamine occupied the usual site of the brooch or pendant,—the only attempt at decoration, in the whole costume; and she held, somewhat negligently, a newly-opened rosebud in her left hand—but what a hand! We have already exhausted the epithets of fair, snowy, delicate, melting, dazzling, dainty, enchanting, witching, delicious, voluptuous, lovely, exquisite, and half-a-dozen others beside; and will therefore refer ourselves to a passage descriptive of this capital point of female beauty, in the works of our old companion, Drayton:—

"She layed her fingers on his manly cheeke,
The Gods' pure scepters, and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tygre meeke,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove,
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleeke,
As she had worne a lilly for a glove,
As might beget life, where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone."

The reader, who is probably better acquainted with subjects of this nature than we, as grave, secluded, antiquarian devotees, can pretend to be, will perhaps be able, by the aid of imagination or experience, to gather a suitable impression of the charms of the original, from the few more striking particulars at which we have hurriedly glanced. We will only add, that the chief distinction of the picture was a graceful simplicity—an artless elegance, to which was joined the ennobling expression of intellectual refine-

ment, and of a tender susceptibility to the influence of the softer passions; and that this radiant gem of art bore evidence of the loveliness of her to whom our honoured Antiquary, in early youth, paid the impassioned *devoirs* of a heart overflowing with the dreams of chivalry and romance. Often, in the moments of retrospective sorrow, would he address the language of *Leontes*, in the "*Winter's Tale*," to this fondly-cherished memorial of the "beautiful—the lost!"

"As she lived peerless.
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet was looked upon,
Or hand of man hath done."

"Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear shade, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione: or, rather thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace."

"Oh! thus she stood,
Ev'n with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!"

And, as he gazed with yearning emotion on the insensible record, tears of still agonizing regret would obscure his vision, and he would at length turn aside, with that sinking of the heart, of which words can afford no description.

Amongst the many representations of female beauty, was a magnificent half-length portrait, which in some respects, perhaps, was unworthy of its association

with the surrounding effigies that dignified the learned owner's collection. To an abstract love of the spirit of beauty, viewed apart from any consideration of moral qualities, must be attributed the introduction of a picture abounding with reminiscences of coarse licentiousness, amongst those that recalled the memory of the pure and high-minded ladies, on whom (to borrow a late writer's apt remark) "it is impossible to gaze without a grateful aspiration to Heaven, that we are so far blest as to be of the same species." It was a portrait of Mrs. Mary Davies (better known under the familiar name of "Moll Davies"), painted by Willem Wissing, afterwards state-painter to King James the Second. This elegant and fascinating woman, originally a vendor of oranges in the purlieus of the theatre, and subsequently an actress, living under the protection of Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset), became the mistress of King Charles the Second, by whom she had a daughter, Mary, married to James Ratcliff, who subsequently became Earl of Derwentwater, and was attainted and beheaded on Tower Hill, for his share in the rebellion of 1715; the family-estates being at a later period annexed to the funds for the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital. Let us forget the individuality of the portrait, while we seek to do justice to the exquisite skill of the painter. And herein we shall avail ourselves of a sketch by a discriminative pencil, which has fully realized the leading traits of this striking picture.

We must, however, apologize to the unknown author, for the many slight alterations which we have been compelled to make, in order to adapt it to our purpose.

The lady who had sat for this picture might have seen some five lustres, or rather more, but assuredly she had not reached the meridian of life, or of beauty. Her face was of a somewhat irregular oval, not too much elongated, the nose slightly aquiline. Small and sweetly-formed was the intelligent mouth—that feature, in the true delineation of which, painters so frequently fail, and yet on which so much depends. Her eyes were of a brilliant hazel, yet passingly soft. Impressively contrasting with the snowy fairness of the skin, was a rich profusion of dark hair, slightly parted on the forehead, and falling, in loosely-waving masses, over the shoulders and bosom. The neck was full, graceful, and well-turned. A long, transparent black veil, cast back from the crown of the head, was so arranged as to assist in throwing forward the figure and its drapery. The dress was of white satin, opening in front, and indicating, but not exposing, the exquisitely-formed bust. It may be said that the leading characteristic of the painting was a harmony of thought, feeling, and costume,—captivating more by its *tout ensemble*, than by its parts. As a whole, it presented the voluptuousness of Lely, with the chasteness of Kneller, and, in its drapery, the majestic breadth of Vandyck.

We seek not to defend the taste of those who admit into their collections the representatives of such a class as that to which this fair but sinning creature belonged, viewing them in the light of somewhat enviable additions to the general stores of their galleries. As specimens of the painter's art, exercised on the most favourable occasions that can call forth his skill, and as evidences of the bounteous prodigality of nature in bestowing charms of such transcendent excellence on the human form, they are doubtless to be deeply admired; while to the antiquary, who seeks to bring before the eye the persons of those whose actions, whether for good or evil, had an influence on the times in which they lived, their introduction may probably be conceded, as a matter of scientific propriety.

* * * * * *

And now, indulging our wonted privilege of recording such impressions of a personal kind as bear an analogy to the subject under review, we would devote the concluding portion of the present chapter to a few floating reminiscences suggested by our Antiquary's collection of beautiful female portraits.

The most pleasing and characteristic portrait which we have yet seen of Mary Queen of Scots, was shewn to us by Sir Francis Charles Knowles, Bart., of the Inner Temple. In making this statement we would remark, that we have inspected many others esteemed

as authentic, both in England and Scotland; and we are conversant with the best engraved portraits of this monarch. There is a dignified and pensive loveliness, a mixture of grace, affability, and sweetness, about the air and features of the royal sufferer, as represented in Sir Francis's picture, which we have vainly looked for in every other likeness. That, in particular, by Zucchero, at Holyrood, might, according to our perceptions, have been intended as the resemblance of some trim and buxom female of middle rank, not a little conscious of the better quality of her attire; and there is a conceited smirk on the face, that reminds you of the wearer's pretensions to be considered in the possession of some small advance of dignity, that places her somewhat above the level of her customary associates. It is the wife of some respectable shopkeeper in the Canon-gate, who is a bailie at the least, and who may some day or other be the Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh. The queenly majesty of Scotland? Pshaw! it was not there! The picture dispelled at a glance every illusion which one strove to blend with the survey of so widely-accredited a memorial. No; it was not Mary Queen of Scots! Setting aside the vulgarity of its associations, the degree of comeliness which it presented was far surpassed by that of the female attendant who officially directed attention to the portrait, and whose features bore, indeed, some faint resemblance to those depicted. Alas! what a falling-

off was thus betrayed, as imagination again and again reverted to the lofty style of beauty, and the soul-imbued grace, which it had conjured forth, in its visionary record of the fascinations of the original! We forget how Sir Francis Knowles met with his portrait; but, under any circumstances, he would confer a great favour on the admirers of the hapless Mary, in allowing so beautiful and charmingly-expressive an image of her to be multiplied by the art of the engraver.

There was very lately in our possession a superb carved chair, which formed part of the furniture in use, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots, at Tutbury Castle. It belonged, at a subsequent period, to the celebrated William Burton, the antiquary, who purchased it at the sale of effects, made by the High Sheriff, under an order from the Crown, on the removal of that monarch to Fotheringay Castle—the scene of her final release from suffering! We had also a very curious ecclesiastical chair of a much earlier period, which formerly belonged to the Priory of Tutbury, and which also became the property of Burton, and was retained at his seat, Falde Hall, adjacent to Tutbury, till the alienation of that property by his family successor. We subjoin the following beautiful lines, by a lady,* on the former of these interesting relics:—

* Miss Maria Harrison, of Ash House, Derbyshire.

ON A CHAIR,

FORMERLY BELONGING TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, DURING HER CONFINEMENT AT TUTBURY CASTLE.

Couldst thou, mute relic of departed years,
Reveal those scenes passed in thy days of state,
When Scotland's captive Queen, all bathed in tears,
Looked on that cipher and fair coronet,
Or, throned on thee, in pensive musings sate—
What time ill-fated Babington conspired
To avenge her wrongs;—He, with proud hope elate,
With passion warm, and high ambition fired,
More than his life, her liberty and praise desired.

Perhaps on thee was the low-whispered prayer—
The mournful breathings of her soul poured forth,
That Heaven would make her desperate cause its care,
And raise her broken sceptre from the earth,
And give her to the kingdom of her birth;
That she might shed her grace and bounty on
Those friends of tried fidelity and worth—
"Last, though not least," the generous Babington,
Whose fortune, fame, and life, were risked for *her* alone!

Vain hope—vain prayer!—yet thou surviv'dst the shock,
Mute relic!—and the last black, bloody scene,
Which rendered to the hangman and the block
The young Conspirator and injured Queen!—
Ah! little now hast thou to do, I ween,
With thrones and kingdoms, or proud day of state:
Lonely thou stand'st, unnoticed and scarce seen,
Far from the courtly throng—the high-born great—
For humbler eyes to view, and hearts to meditate!

Ah, Scotland! Scotland! where shall we find a theme irradiated with such melancholy glory—fraught with

such a touching memento of the transitory lustre of the pride of nations, as in thee—in thee, whose halls have ever banqueted the fearless — whose bowers have ever encircled the loveliest — whose shadowy lochs and grey mountain-fastnesses, whose foaming torrents and solemnly-wreathing mists seemed to frown an eternal defiance to the yoke of the Southron and stranger! No longer, across thy dim and desolate wildernesses, doth the plaided clansman spur his untiring steed with the free, wild spirit of old! The soul of his heroic sires is still his; but it rises not now—it cannot rise, as of yore, to fling back the giant shadows of Destiny! The long-descended lands of his ancient warrior-line — the fondly-cherished hearths of his bold and patriotic fathers—are, in too many instances, but memories—at times, scornfully-upbraiding memories of the "days that are gone." Often, when he and his weary horse are facing the midnight storm, and he listens to the full-voiced roar of the mighty winds, as they seem to course each other, in the glee of their tameless spirits, across the wide moorland-waste, or down the steep gorge of the mountain-pass, does he rise for a moment in the saddle, and his hand idly searches for the fancied claymore that once turned back the tide of aggressive war on the crimson field of Bannockburn! But, at the next moment, he hears a voice (it is the voice of the *murdered Mary*) proclaim, that ever since that evil hour wherein Scotland's anointed Queen was

driven forth from the halls of her race, persecuted, imprisoned, calumniated, compelled, as an exile, to wander in a foreign land, and to seek a debasing shelter from those who thirsted for her consummated ruin and destruction, has the right hand of Scotland's strength decayed—the free, majestic utterance of her mighty will been hushed? And, strangely-awful retribution, the descendants of a far greater part of those traitorly and dastardly enemies of their hapless Queen have, generation after generation, been expelled from their lands of old inheritance, doomed to seek their abject fortunes in a distant clime—to die beneath the burning suns of the tropics—deprived of their once boasted clanship as well as tenures—nay, stripped of their very nationality as a people! True it is, that the union of the Crowns may have been the immediate cause of these changes, but the result of such an influence, wears not the less the marks of a national retribution. The child of the Highlander no longer bears the badge and privilege of that vaunted paternity which made his remoter ancestors a separate cast, or sept—a divided and favoured race, among the generations of men. Well might the patriarch oak, that yet lingers in one of the mighty Highland forests of yore, exclaim—

"But now the noble forms are gone,
That walked the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead ;—
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were shed ! "

Gleam not now the Gordon spears on the Raws o' Strathbogie! Sighs not the heart of Douglas for the battle-feud! The flag of Campbell no longer beats back the mists of the morn! The sword of Murray sleeps, red with the rust of its long-imprisoned ire! The "stalled steeds" of the "bold Buccleugh" await not now the clanging approach of the mailed rider! Johnston, of Annandale, is—

"Awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather,"

yet, casting many a kind thought, it may be, on the bleak and barren heaths, the wild straths and glens, and the gleaming lochs and linns of the North! The Grahams are at Windsor, or at Westminster, and the Kerrs in "London town!" Still doth the memory of their father-land flit ever and anon across the depths of their spirit; and they see, perchance, with the mind's eye, amid the pillared pomp of some abode of kingly majesty, a faded banner swinging to and fro with a solemn motion, as raised above the bier of the dead—they hear, too, a deepened sigh, as of the rustling of its folds; and a low, dull, scarcely-uttered tone—a tone of distant lament, that grows upon the ear like the wail of the swelling sea before a storm, seems strangely enough to fill the darkened space of those deserted halls! "It is the voice of the years

that are gone! They roll before *them* with all their deeds!" Alas! the fields of ancient chase and foray, where once the deer glided like motes seen softly glittering in the slant rays of the sunlight, are now peopled with the dull and mart-like throng of miserable sheep! The stately and proud dwellers of old are no more! The stags of Glen Urcha, once so fleet and famous, are extinct! So are the maned bulls, the original wild cattle of the Highland forest. Scarcely now is the sky-daring eagle seen to hover above the steepling cliffs of his throne-like solitude—an emblem, and a proud one, of the wild independence of the mountain-chiefs of yore! The pibroch awakes not now the sternly-laughing echoes of the hills—of those hills that once towered and spread with the bold likeness of a nation's standard floating above the royally-marshalled host! The beautiful and dear old songs of the far-past—the simple, tender, gay, fierce, or mournful strains of the "minstrel of other years," exist but as shadowy wrecks—as waning beams of an autumn sun, about to sink in the clouded west! Alas! they are linked no longer with the pride and power of the national spirit—they recall but the ghosts of deceased glory—the memories of the "far-off years of old," when mirth and happiness, fame and triumph, seemed to garland each hoary peak of the everlasting mountains with a *fascia* of fadeless flowers; while, from every lake-pierced valley and heather-abounding brae, the rugged and hardy thistle nodded his bold

and cheery motto; and the air around bore it as proudly and exultingly—"*Nemo me impunè lacessit!*"

Among the most pleasing recollections which are associated with a personal visit to Scotland, in the delicious summer of 1826, is that which presents to our "mind's eye" the dim halls, galleries, cabinets, and corridors of that venerable old pile, Holyrood House, Edinburgh. How vivid were the emotions which we experienced while traversing the picturesque ruins of the Chapel-Royal, where is pointed out to visitors the high-altar, before which the ill-starred nuptials of Mary Queen of Scots with her cousin Darnley, were solemnized! How did Fancy, with its ever-busy pencil, crowd upon the spot the assembled personages, and recall the circumstances of royal pageantry that marked the event. Our attention was next referred to the door, through which the dead body of the murdered Rizzio was borne, on the night of his cruel assassination; and afterwards, to the stone which commemorates the place of his interment. How powerful is the force of association; and how readily do our minds receive impressions the most opposite and contrasted! The intensity of our sensations on witnessing scenes like these, can only be understood by experience. We seem to become actors, or at least, spectators, of the important drama so distantly enacted. The crimes of centuries past revive, with all their original horror, to affright the imagination with the stirring sense of their recent

commission. Every faculty of the mind is appealed to, and communicates a corresponding emotion, or impression, to the outward perceptions. Thus, every surrounding object becomes clothed with a spiritual existence, that, like the wand of the fabled enchanter, calls forth, from the depths of time, the shadowy yet life-like images of the dead!

Yielding to the sentiment of melancholy thus inspired, we then approached the more interesting site of the murder, and gazed with an awakened sense of horror, and a deeper pity, on the yet remaining stains of the victim's blood on the floor of the audience-chamber. From thence we passed, with added melancholy, but most estimable delight, to the bed-room of the queen, where still survives the identical bed whereon she slept! The apartment is yet occupied by the same articles of furniture, which were assembled for her fair and royal use!

"A change came o'er the spirit of our dream!"

We sat, with due reverence, on the chair which her own lovely hand had embroidered. We wrote hastily a memorandum of the features of the situation, at the very table whereat she was accustomed to sit. We reclined, for a few moments, on the seat of ceremony used by the Queen and Darnley on occasions of state. And we gazed, with a yet deeper feeling of interest, on the small mirror which the beautiful monarch used at her *toilette*, and—shall we confess the illusion of the moment?—half-expected to

behold the returning features of the once radiant object, so often reflected on the polished surface—so vaguely sportive are the impressions of imagination! so wayward are the excited wanderings of the romance-loving spirit! In another apartment, we examined the armour of Darnley, and, partially fitting on the various pieces, were enabled to compare its proportions—an act not unattended with stirring recollections of the scenes of other days! We afterwards visited the picture-gallery, and contemplated, for a short time, the portraits of the long line of Scottish kings, amongst which those of Duncan, Macbeth, and Malcolm naturally engaged a more prominent degree of notice; although the spurious nature of their claim to be considered authentic evidences of the persons in question, was of course a drawback to the pleasure of the exhibition. We then took farewell of a spot which, for historical interest, can admit of few rivals; and which, once seen, exists for ever in the memory of the spectator.

We next visited the Castle of Edinburgh, and inspected the ancient regalia of the kingdom, which were invested with a stronger claim on the curiosity, through the fact of their having been discovered, in late years, within the hollow of the adjoining wall, where they had been concealed at some very remote period. In the evening, as a fit sequel to the pleasures of such a day of historical associations, we had the great good fortune to be present at Mrs. Henry

Siddons's impersonation of Mary Queen of Scots, in a melo-dramatic piece, founded on the royal prisoner's escape from Loch Leven Castle. The not less celebrated Mackay sustained the part of an old confidential servant of the monarch, whose humorous peculiarities were heightened by the effect of contrast with the more serious passages of the performance. The zest with which he brought out the comic features of the character, carried with it a force that was irresistible; while the occasional pathos, that served still further to relieve the *allegro* portions of the dialogue, found in him an equally successful exhibitor. The exquisite manner in which he introduced a variety of old Scottish airs told upon the fancy and memory with a thrilling effect. "Ah, madam, ye ken weel what the auld sang says," was the often repeated signal for a melody which only Scotland, the land of castled crag, and mountain lake, of bright-hued tartans, and "glentin" claymores, seen amid the brown heather, and the rolling mists, could have produced. Our enthusiasm was feasted to excess. The motto of "*Nemo me impunè lacessit*," so conspicuously displayed in the centre of the great chandelier, that formed the crowning ornament of the theatre, remains firmly engraven on our bosom like a spell. Scotland has ever since been for us a charmed land. Its rock-descending torrents make dim the boasted waters of Ilyssus!

The stage-boxes in this quaint-looking old theatre

were situate beside the stage; and a person occupying the front seat of either might, with scarcely an effort, have scaled the low, intervening barrier, and taken his place among the performers. A curious effect of this unusual vicinity was instanced, in an amusing manner, by ourselves in the course of Mrs. Siddons's delightful representation of the Scottish Queen. The fair tragedian having approached very closely the stage-box in which we occupied a front seat, assumed an attitude of grief—half-averting her face from the audience, and seeking with one hand to conceal the indulgence of her tears. Under an impulse very natural at the moment, we ventured to obtain a glimpse of the accomplished actress's countenance while thus screened from all observation but our own, by raising our eyes furtively towards hers with a sort of deprecating expression, to meet the chance of being detected in the act; when, struck by this very earnest attention, which she perhaps attributed to the illusion of the scene on our faculties as a spectator, she replied to our respectful look of sympathy with a smile of *royal benignity*, so gracefully and feelingly conveyed, that we carry the remembrance of its sunny influence to this very hour!

In the course of the evening's entertainments Mr. Mackay introduced his favourite song of the "*Laird o' Cockpen*," when all was at once uproarious delight, such as we never before or since witnessed. So wild was the extravagance of spirit manifested by the

audience, that not a word of the singer, or a note of the orchestral accompaniment, could be heard; a hundred and fifty voices at least, with a stunning uproar, chaunted the entire words of the song; while the greater part of the visitors to the pit and gallery beat time on the panels and benches with sticks, bottles, elbows, fists, or rose from their seats, and danced in the frantic intoxication of their glee. Thrice, if not four several times, did this popular actor comply with the enthusiastic demand for its repetition, and each time were the exertions of the singer and orchestra drowned in the tumultuous chorus of delight, which at length seemed to proceed from every part of the house, and deafening, indeed, was the result. Of the words or subject of Mr. (now Dr.) Mackay's song we knew nothing, through the strange mode whereby the audience chose to evince their appreciation of its delivery. The story of a Laird o' Cockpen is connected with the reign of Charles the Second; and, as the record of this eccentric character abounds with humour, and may interest the reader accordingly, we will avail ourselves of Mr. Mackay's precedent of—"Hech, sirs, and as the gude auld ballat said in times bygane," and introduce it as no very inapt conclusion to the present rambling reminiscences:—

"While Charles II. was sojourning in Scotland, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the laird of Cockpen, called by the

nick-naming fashion of the times, 'Blithe Cockpen.' He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scottish tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted the 'merry monarch.' Charles's favourite air was 'Brose and Butter;' it was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened by it. At the restoration, however, 'Blithe Cockpen' shared the fate of many other of the royal adherents; he was forgotten, and wandered upon the lands he once owned in Scotland, poor and unfriended. His letters to the Court were unpresented, or disregarded, till, wearied and incensed, he travelled to London; but his mean garb not suiting the rich doublets at Court, he was not allowed to approach the royal presence. At length, he ingratiated himself with the King's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he requested him to play on the organ before the King at divine service. His exquisite skill did not attract his Majesty's notice, till, at the close of the service, instead of the usual tune, he struck up 'Brose and Butter,' with all its energetic merriment. In a moment the royal organist was ordered into the King's presence. 'My liege, it *was* not I! It was not I!' he cried, and dropped upon his knee. 'You!' cried his majesty in a rapture, 'you could never play it in your life—where 's the man? let me see him.' Cockpen presented himself on his knee. 'Ah, Cockpen, is that you? Lord, man, I was like to dance

coming out of the church!' 'I once danced, too,' said Cockpen, 'but that was when I had land of my own to dance on.' 'Come with me,' said Charles, taking him by the hand, 'you shall dance to 'Brose and Butter' on your own lands again to the nineteenth generation;' and, as far as he could, the King kept his promise."*

* Hone's "Table Book," *et aliunde*.

CHAPTER XIX.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE PICTURE GALLERY.—MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.—SUMMARY OF SUPERB ANTIQUE FITTINGS AND BIJOUTERIE.—LINES ON DEATH, SUGGESTED BY AN EMBLEMATICAL PICTURE OF MORTALITY, BY PIETRO DE CASTRO.—CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF AN ANTIQUARY AND A SPECIMEN OF ONE FROM THE LIFE, AS CITED FROM WORKS OF THE DAY.—A PASSION FOR COLLECTING ANTIQUARIAN RARITIES THE SUBJECT OF AMUSING SATIRE.

LEON. Your *gallery*
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities.

Winter's Tale, Act v. sc. 3.

SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY had a great love for the conversation-pieces of the old Dutch and Flemish masters,—for the guard-chambers, butchers'-shops, common-rooms of taverns, huts, and farm-houses, and for the cabinets and halls of state, the libraries, painting-rooms, chemists'-laboratories, and other interiors, on which such artists as Jan Steen, Mieris, Gerard Duow, Ostade, Teniers, Van der Helst, Carel du Jardin, Paul Potter, and others of kindred genius, so lavishly displayed the resources of their skill. He liked them for the truthful fidelity with which they per-

petuated a knowledge of *scenes that were*. He would dwell, through succeeding hours, with the minutest attention, on their strangely-familiar details; and he delighted more particularly to contemplate the rude structure of the architectural accessories in the representation of scenes of peasant life—to explore those curiously-rambling, dark-featured, angularly-contrived chambers, with their open rafters, beams, and uprights rough from the felling, and the projecting balks, vaguely-constructed recesses, and bare unplastered walls, adorned with charcoal figures, or hung with old ballads, which, together with the culinary utensils, pipes, jugs, bowls, drinking-glasses, joint stools, benches, and log-seats, ever combined under the same habitual aspect of rude comfort and mirthful *abandon*, pique our imagination far more strongly than the most elaborate displays of palatial splendour and courtly refinement. Such pictures are lively documents of the times in which they were painted. They carry back the mind with a pleasing force—an air of winning reality, to the persons and objects thus naturally represented. From the first moment in which we look upon them, we seem admitted as an additional member of the family-group, or the party of merry-makers, or the crowd of a conventicle, court-house, fair, or market; while the familiar interest so excited, remains unimpaired,—a result which rarely attends the inspection of more artificially-constituted subjects, or inventively-embodied designs,

however strikingly planned and executed. For ourselves, we deeply share the partiality of Sir Ernest for those more prose-like representations of whatever nature, whether illustrative of the life of the palace or the cottage, whether refined and elevated or coarse and homely, which paint to us *the past as it was*—not as it is presented in the embellishing and spiritualizing hues of fancy. And for this reason we assign also more value than is generally allowed to subjects of still life, and more especially to those curious performances designed as emblems of mortality, and of the vanity of human enjoyment; which so quaintly and effectively group together a crowd of dissimilar objects that were evidently before the artist's eye, in a bodily shape, at the time when he committed their forms to his board or canvas. In such designs are exhibited the rich carkanets, pomander chains, rosaries, plumed helmets, drinking-glasses, horologes, astrolabes, vessels and ornaments of wrought gold, silver, and bronze; crucifixes of elaborate pattern in ivory, studded with various gems; curious ancient manuscripts, gorgeously illuminated; Oriental and Flemish tapestry, splendid caskets, and numberless other objects which have long vanished from the admiring gaze, leaving no other record of their past existence than these painted likenesses of their several forms. It would marvellously rejoice our spirit to see the original articles enclosed within the secret drawers, pigeon-holes, and other close recesses of a

certain walnut-wood cabinet, once belonging to our famous ancestral connection, Dr. Richard Mead; and whose time-honoured aspect bespeaks its claim to be considered no unworthy receptacle of such choice and venerated stores. We never witness the damaged remains of a picture of this class—the subject of which must soon be lost for ever, without again and again wishing that there was some public office connected with the interests of art, within the scope of whose department it should lie to produce and keep copies (mere india-ink sketches in the manner of mezzotint would in most instances suffice) of such pictures of the old masters as the hand of time, or, as is too often the case, the recklessness of unskilful cleaners, has reduced to a state of undeserved and irremediable decay. Nor would it be an undesirable addition to the duties of such an establishment, were it to be rendered the medium of dispersing a cheap series of engravings, to be made from the more conspicuous specimens. Sure, at least, we are, that no picture of the great masters should be allowed to perish in a land like this, without leaving a permanent and multiplied evidence of its former existence. As we pen these remarks from actual observation of the frequent destruction of choice specimens of the works of such masters as Lucas van Leyden, Albert Dürer, and other of the earlier artists, whose productions are so prized by antiquaries, and which indeed are most precious to the lover of art itself, we are

enabled to form some idea of the vast accumulation of injury which every year is adding to the invaluable remains of bygone excellence. And we are the more impressed with the magnitude of this calamity, when we remark the obvious fact, that these fine but damaged pictures, bearing in their last hour of ruin the scarcely-stifled blaze of their original greatness—blurred, but not deprived of their nobility of impress, and still possessing the strongest claims on our admiration and interest, are thrust aside in garrets, to rot amid the wreck of general lumber; while coarse, patchwork daubs, mispronounced originals, glaring in all the indecent vulgarity of their base assumption, are promoted to the most favoured sites of our would-be connoisseurs' saloons and galleries. Who, indeed, with an eye for art, has not witnessed this? But to pursue the tenor of our remarks on Sir Ernest Oldworthy's collection.

Amongst the portraits of illustrious foreigners, might be noticed that of Philip IV., of Spain, by Pourbus; those of Maurice and Frederick Henry, Princes of Orange,—the former an original picture by Micris, the latter an old and well-executed copy from Miereveldt—and that of St. Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop and Cardinal of Milan, and Grand Corregidor of Rome, by Dominico Fetti. And amongst the miscellaneous pictures, the following were more remarkable:—The Head of an Italian Executioner, by Spagnoletto; a Sampson and Dalilah, by Jordaëns;

a Winter-scene, with numerous figures skating (with name and date of 1623), by Jan Van Goyen; the Flemish Cook (with initial letters of name in old text), by Abraham Bloemaert; an Emblematical Picture of Mortality (with monogram and date of 1630), by Pietro de Castro; St. Hubert in the Wilderness (with monogram), by Lucas Van Leyden; Peasants petitioning the Duke of Alva (with name and date of 1653), by Paul Potter; all choice and accredited specimens of the respective masters.* The collection also embodied many noble specimens of the matchless enamels of Petitot, Boit, Bordier, and Zincke. It would be equally tedious and illocal to enumerate further the rare and interesting works of art which the firm judgment, consummate taste, and unrelaxing perseverance of Sir Ernest Oldworthy, exercised irrespectively of expense, had succeeded in bringing together. Nor may we adequately describe the imposing *coup-d'œil* presented on a first entrance into this fascinating chamber; the effect of which was considerably enhanced by the rich stores of miscellaneous *virtu*, and of superb gilded furniture, modelled after the style belonging to the age of *Louis Quatorze*, as well as of the more antique pattern of the time of *François Premier*, that presented a rival attraction. The eye was at once dazzled and delighted by the

* The author finds a melancholy pleasure in thus recording the existence of a series of works of art, that once gave delight to the visitors of his own small and unpretending residence.

gorgeous blaze of colouring; the glitter of exquisitely carved frames; the sparkling glow of Venetian and other mirrors, Bohemian and stained glass girandoles, candelabra, and chandeliers; the gaily-varied show of gold and silver embroidery, tapestry from the looms of Arras, and rich velvet stuffs now out of use, that adorned the sumptuous gothic screens, chairs, and couches; and it sought in vain for repose amid the exciting confusion of beautiful and curious objects; the Egyptian and Greek, Roman and Etruscan, ancient and modern, bronzes; exquisite specimens of the sculptor's art, many of them original, and others copied from the most celebrated models in the Lanzi and Vatican, as well as the Borghese and other private galleries in Rome and Florence; rare cameos and intaglios; elaborate chasings, the workmanship of Fiamingo, Cellini, and Giovanni di Bologna; choice and splendid carvings in ivory, bronze, and wood, by Albert Dürer and others; Limoges enamels of the period of the *Renaissance*, by Leonard and Courtoise; rare and finely-wrought mosaics, by Valerio and Francesco Zuccato; arabesques and japan-work; gorgeous yet chastely-elegant specimens of *Raphaelesque* china, and Faënza ware from the pencils of Robbia and Bernardo Palizzi; glass of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Jean Cousin, and other masters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; cabinets of *lapis lazuli;* marble and *marqueterie* tables and lofty stands of *buhl-d'argenterie*, supporting flower-

painted jars of *Sèvres* and Dresden porcelain, and splendid vases of oriental china, porphyry, alabaster, jasper, agate, and sea-green crystal; magnificent clocks and time-pieces in bronze *doré*, *or-moulu*, china, and marble, with pastoral and historical designs, after Greuze, Watteau, and Boucher; musical instruments, filigree ornaments, snuff-boxes, and military weapons, chiefly of the date of *Louis le Grand;* and the endless variety of delicate and rich *bijoutèrie*, which accosted the gaze in a state of exhaustless profusion. But, brilliant as were the features which it communicated to the outward sense, a far more powerful influence was exercised by the intellectual and moral associations with which this graceful apartment was invested. Of this result our necessarily brief and rapid sketch may fortunately have afforded some idea. It remains but to be said, that, to enhance the *éclat* of all the congregated splendours thus adverted to, a subdued and laterally-descending light was admitted through a spacious oriel having a northern aspect; and which, in compliance with the instructions of Vitruvius, on the subject of the *pinacotheca*, or picture-gallery, Sir Ernest had purposely constructed, to give additional opportunity of display to this the principal room of his antique and gloomily-featured mansion. This happy management of light, in its distribution amongst variously-situated objects, is alluded to with true *cognoscenti gusto*, by the learned Drayton:—

"And for the light to this brave lodging lent,
The workeman who as wisely could direct,
Did for the same the windowes so invent,
That they should artificially reflect
The day alike on every lineament,
To their proportion, and had such respect,
As that the beams, condensated and grave,
To every figure a sure colour gave."

Before taking leave of the Picture Gallery, we would introduce to our readers the following lines, suggested by one of the more interesting works of art in this rare and costly collection:—

DEATH.

SUGGESTED BY AN EMBLEMATICAL PICTURE OF MORTALITY, BY PIETRO DE CASTRO.

As, gazing on the treasured works
Of genius' hand sublime,
That spread their gorgeous lustre forth
To mock corroding time,
I paced the gallery's vista through,
And each bright relic pondered o'er,
One picture caught my studious eye,
And drew it from the varied store.
It was a piece (but oh! how vain
These humble lines to note its power!)
Wherein the painter's skill essayed
To trace mortality's dread hour:
Not by the couch of lingering pain,
Not by the death-vault's gloom;
But by strange emblems, quaintly grouped,
Did it image forth the tomb!
And stern indeed must be that breast,
And closed to feeling's source,
Which could dwell upon each sad device,
Nor own its thrilling force.

Upon a tablet, as by chance
In rude disorder strewn,
Mid bones and jewels intermixed,
A human skull was thrown :
Its *look* was on you—searching—fixed,
A look of blended grief and pride ;
Whilst its dark scowl, and rigid smile,
Seemed half to pity—half deride !
And close beside it—as if placed
In like confusion—was there laid
A walnut cracked, whose brief decay
(Thus, in connection, marked) conveyed
A simple warning to the mind,
That claimed a prompt, accordant sigh ;
Shewing, 'neath homely type, how soon
The objects of creation die !

There was, besides, a taper's wick
Sunk in its stand—the expiring spark
Raised a low column of thin smoke—
One moment more, and all were dark !
A law-deed with its seals torn off—
Cancelled—a DEED no longer ! and
A costly drinking-glass thrown down—
Ne'er to be raised by wonted hand !
And near it, proudly pedestal'd,
A tall, capacious beaker stood,
With allegorics chased, that spoke
Of Pleasure in each reckless mood :
On its huge handle Death was seen,
With arm upraised, and weapon buoyed ;
The brim, a shark's expanded jaws,
Portrayed Eternity's dread void !

There was a volume lying open,
Which told of bliss in other spheres,
For those whose earthly life confessed
A Saviour's love,—with contrite tears,

Their sins—their weaknesses, who mourned,
And in the great Atonement knew
A brighter joy—a bliss more proud—
Than earth's best, brightest hopes e'er drew!
A place of terror for the bad—
Of torment raging evermore:
—That bade us "purge our sinful souls,"
And wax in virtue's priceless store!

Say, art thou fond of worldly riches?
The cancelled law-deed shews their date:
Or vain of ostentatious splendour?
Those scattered jewels mock the great.
Does pleasure seek to rule each season?
View yon dark beaker's sculptured lore;
And give to God and sober reason
The few short hours ere life be o'er!

* * * * * *

And now we would find room for a humorous sketch, entitled "An Antiquary," which we have just discovered in a popular Irish miscellany:*—

"AN ANTIQUARY

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation are in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone—like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his forefathers and foremothers, but contemns his parents

* The "Dublin Penny Journal," of Aug. 16, 1834.

as too modern, and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one-half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles; and the other in strewing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place one of another, according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged, that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chymical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though ever so useful. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers, and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the further off the greater.

"He is a great time-server, but it is out of time,

out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since this his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to any thing that is old, that he may truly 'say to dust and worms, you are my father, and to rottenness, thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward on the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word, in any old senseless discourse, than be the author of the most ingenious new one. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do; and, though there be nothing in it, values it above any thing printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the philosopher's stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use."

The reader may also smile at the following amusing specimen of an Antiquary, presented in the graphic

and life-like pages of Willis, the celebrated American poet, essayist, and traveller. 'In wandering about Viterbo in search of amusement, while the horses were baiting, I stumbled upon the shop of an antiquary. After looking over his medals, Etruscan vases, cameos, &c., a very interesting collection, I inquired into the state of trade for such things at Viterbo. He was a cadaverous, melancholy-looking old man, with his pockets worn quite out with the habit of thrusting his hands into them, and about his mouth and eyes there was the proper *virtuoso* expression of inquisitiveness and discrimination. He kept also a small *café* adjoining his shop, into which we passed as he shrugged his shoulders at my question. I had wondered to find a vender of costly curiosities in a town of such poverty, and I was not surprised at the sad fortunes which had followed upon his enterprise. They were a base herd, he said of the people, utterly ignorant of the value of the precious objects he had for sale, and he had been compelled to open a *café* and degrade himself by waiting on them for a contemptible *craize* worth of coffee, while his lovely antiquities lay unappreciated within. The old gentleman was eloquent upon his misfortunes. He had not been long in trade, and had collected his museum originally for his own amusement. He was an odd specimen, in a small way, of a man who was quite above his sphere, and suffered for his superiority. I bought a pretty *intaglio*, and bade him farewell, after

an hour's acquaintance, with quite the feeling of a friend.'*

Another amusing trifle has just caught our eye, and may be transferred to the present page for the entertainment of the reader. It describes the folly of a dupe in the purchase of spurious rarities.

"He always wore two rings, on which he set a great value. One of them, according to his account, was a coin dug out of Herculaneum, of the true volcano colour. The inscription being totally obliterated, he accounted for that by saying, that 'it was occasioned by the bitumen and nitre incorporating with the original *ærugo*. 'Some,' he would continue, 'think it is a Hebrew shekel; others, one of the pence Judas received; others, a medal of Melchisedeck; others, Cheop's inauguration coin; and others, a four-and-sixpenny piece of Pharoah. But I am confidently informed, by the Antiquarian Society, that it is the identical medallion, noticed so often by writers, which Pythagoras always wore about his neck, and by which he recollected himself throughout all his metempsychoses.'—The other invaluable was, according to his account, the right proboscis and left fore foot of the Antipodean spider, as big as life, which he had caused to be inclosed in a beautiful crystal, and worn as a ring. Mr. Dupe had bought these two baubles of a fellow, who, having read an account of two such things, in possession of the society of Virtu in Padua,

* "Pencillings by the Way."

had imposed them on the connoisseur, the one as a natural curiosity, the other as an antique, precious beyond estimation."*

As our design, in the present publication, is to present to our readers, in a style of familiar portraiture, the character of the antiquarian virtuoso, as developed in the various phases of his curious passion for the relics and associations of the "days gone by," we shall not hesitate to glean,† from whatever source that may fall under observation, such passages, whether from old or modern authors, as directly or indirectly throw light, or interest, on the subject of the proposed delineation; claiming, also, a right to introduce such personal reminiscences and speculative opinions, as the *capriccio* of the moment may suggest, without encumbering our somewhat wayward process of investigation with those formal rules of treatment which a more didactic theme would imperatively require. To pursue, then, this desultory mode of procedure, which it is hoped will, after all that may be objected in point of legitimate construction, serve best to bring out the lights and shadows which diversify the ground of inquiry, we shall glance, *au courant*, at the traps laid for the *virtuosi* by the artful dealers in antique curiosities, as exemplified in the humorous remarks of the celebrated author of "Taste," which place such

* "Flowers of Literature."

† "Otiosè immoratur,
Nescio quos flosculos decerpens."

ridiculous deceptions in a striking point of view ; and for this irregularity of ours the reader will probably vouchsafe his pardon. It is a fashionable auctioneer that is supposed to speak.

"'Tis said *virtu* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encouraged—but our own.
Be not deceived ; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth :
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome ;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I 've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium ;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush—
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd ;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They 'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve."

The following clever *jeu d'esprit* is from the pages of the "*Universal Spectator*," and forms an aptly-conceived satire on the passion for collecting rarities.

"*To Henry Stonecastle, Esq.*

"SIR,—The enclosed account of some extraordinary curiosities collected by a gentleman in our own country, will, I presume, be agreeable to the *virtuosi;* for I much question whether all the cabinets in Europe can furnish greater rarities. It is requisite to premise that Mr. C. H., who collected them, had been cured of a dangerous illness by the

skill of Dr. L—: and afterwards, having occasion to travel over the West of England, was desired by the Doctor to procure for him any uncommon things he should meet with in his journey. How he has acquitted himself, I leave his own letter to inform.

"Mr. C. H. to Dr. L.

"Since you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
To bless by turns, and plague my wife,
In conscience I'm oblig'd to do
Whatever is enjoined by you.
According then to your command
That I should search the Western Land,
For curious things of every kind,
And send you all that I could find,
I've ravag'd earth, air, seas, and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns,
And greater rarities can shew
Than Gresham's brotherhood e'er knew;
Which carrier Dick shall bring your down,
Next time his waggon comes from town.

"First, I've three drops of that same show'r
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour.
From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send,
Wherewith Queen Dido made her end.
The stone whereby Goliah died,
Which cures the headach—well applied!
A snake-skin, which you may believe
The Devil cast, who tempted Eve.
A fig-leaf apron; 'tis the same
That Adam wore to hide his shame;
But now wants darning: I've beside
The *blow* by which poor Abel died!
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to sharp his scythe withal.

The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
To tell him where the waters went.
A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
Which Dalilah was wont to wear.
St. Dunstan's tongs, as story shews,
Which pinch'd the Devil by the nose.
The smock which Pen spun, when Ulysses,
Was wantoning among his misses.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony:
And, what beyond the rest I prize,
A *glance* of Cleopatra's eyes!
Some *strains of eloquence,* that hung,
In Roman times, on Tully's tongue,
Which undiscover'd still had lain,
But Cowper found them out again.
Then, I've, most curious to be seen,
A *scorpion's bite*—to cure the spleen!
A cord that, us'd with skill, will prove
A certain remedy for Love.
As Moore kills worms in stomach bred,
I've pills for maggots in the head:
With the receipt, too, how to make them;
To *you* I leave the time to take them.
I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine.
A powder rare, which, rightly ta'en,
Will make old women young again.
A *lawyer's conscience,* large and fair,
Fit for a judge himself to wear!
I've a choice nostrum how to make
An oath a ——— will not take!
In a thumb phial, you shall see,
Close cork'd, some *drops of honesty!*
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last were in a cottage found!

An antidote, if such there be,
Against the charms of flattery.
I ha'n't collected any *care*,
Of that there 's plenty everywhere:
But, after wondrous labour spent,
I' ve got one *grain* of rich *content!*

"It is my wish—it is my glory
To furnish your *Nicknackatory:*
I only beg, that, when you shew 'em,
You 'll tell your friends to whom you owe 'em;
Which may your other patients teach
To do as has done
"Yours, C. H."

The piece we have just quoted reminds us of a couple of stanzas in Burns's humorous lines on Grose the Antiquary:—

"Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor
Weel shod wi' brass.

"Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu gleg,
The cut o' Adam's phillibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or long kail gullie."

We will now, gentle reader, open yon folding-door, with the armorial coat of Oldworthy above it ("*Gules*, three fleurs-de-lis, *or*, on a chief, *sable*, three roses, *argent*"), and introduce ourselves to the bound-

less wealth of antiquarian reliques exhibited in the time-honoured chamber to which it leads. The "*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*" recur to our remembrance, as we set foot within those venerable precincts, bringing to mind, as each fresh object accosts the wondering eye, the delight of the *virtuoso*, as he exclaims, in a kind of ecstatic triumph—"Behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious *ærugo*,—behold this beautiful varnish of time;—this venerable verdure of so many ages!" Or, to apply the words of an elegant modern poem, referring to a similar repository of obsolete riches:

"It is an ancient chamber,
Where he for years has stored
What years have gone to gather—
The antiquary's hoard."

CHAPTER XX.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE ARMOURY AND RELIC-CHAMBER.—LINES ON THE RELIC-CHAMBER.—LINES ADDRESSED TO SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.—ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES CONNECTED WITH THE LOVE OF RELICS, AND A REVERENCE FOR THE HEROIC FEATURES OF THE PAST.—LINES ON THE REMAINS OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WILLIAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

SCIOLT. And then you passe
Into an *Armorie;* spend there your time
A while.

The Platonic Lovers, Act i. sc. 1.

Come, and I 'll shew thee a suit of Milan armour fit to have figured at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

MISS MITFORD.

"I DELIGHT," says Sir Ernest Oldworthy, "in my Armoury. It brings more clearly to mind the good old days when, as John Aubrey tells us, 'every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men-at arms.' 'Some,' says he, 'had their armouries sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men.' 'The halls of justices of peace,' he elsewhere observes, 'were dreadful to behold,'—the screen being garnished with gaping vizors and threatening weapons of

every description. In those days, also, had noblemen of fair estates their heralds, who wore their coat of arms at Christmas, and at 'other solemn times.' 'Then,' again says old Aubrey, 'the gentry used to meet in the fields or forests, with hawks and hounds, and their bugle-horns in silken bawderies.' Ah! those were happy times for rich and poor,—for baron and burgher, seignior and serving-man, peer and peasant. Travellers may now-a-days starve if they carry not with them a purse for the purchase of hospitality by the way. Then they were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served. Now are spits made to revolve by the aid of machinery; then did poor boys turn them, and lick the dripping for their pains. Instead of a nod of salutation among the vulgar, as at the present day, the mode of accost was 'How dost do?' with a hearty thump on the shoulder. A gammon of bacon at Easter smoked on the tables of the poor in those days; now Easter comes as before, but empty-handed. The old friendly farewell-greeting—'God keep you!' or 'God be with you!' is fled with the good old fare of the past. The lawyers say that before the time of Henry VIII., one shall hardly find an action on the case as for slander, &c., once in a year, '*quod nota!*' quoth old Aubrey. Oh, the people were happy then; every season brought its return of pleasure or jollity, and well might they sit astride on a gate, or stile, the first evening the new moon appeared, and say—'A

fine moon, God bless her!' Oh, for the old plainness of manners, and singleness of heart, never, never to come back to us!" What would Sir Ernest have said, if he could have witnessed the far wider departure from the simplicity of other times, as depicted in the following very characteristic manner.

FARMERS,

IN

1722.	1822.
Man to the plough;	Man tally-ho;
Wife to the cow;	Miss piano;
Girl to the sow;	Wife silk and satin;
Boy to the mow;	Boy Greek and Latin;
And your rents will be netted.	And you ll all be *Gazetted.*

We should like to set up once more in houses the painted cloths with texts of scripture inculcating the virtues and duties of strict observance peculiar to each station. They did far more good than the present long sermons, which we seldom hear without wishing that the old practice of placing an hour-glass in the pulpit was restored to us. Alas! the national character is totally changed by the spirit of mock refinement—the tiffany airs and puppetry of pretence; and when we do obtain a rare glimpse of the sterling and venerable qualities of our ancestors—their simple habits, and truthfulness of sentiment, we are led to exclaim with the poet,—

"With all their faults I venerate them still,"

"and while yet a nook is left,
Where ancient English customs may be found,
Shall be constrained to love them."

We now glance for a moment at the Armoury and the Relic-Chamber, and, taking advantage of the wide folding-doors that connect them with each other, we shall speak of them without separation. In their ample space is collected a strange diversity of objects—skulls of ancient burial on the battle-field, with spear-heads of bone, flint, or hornstone embedded in their cloven fronts; spur-rowels of a hand's breadth; arrow-heads, trilateral, lanceolate, or heart-shaped, with Runic inscriptions; seals and stamps, with the proprietors' names in Saxon characters; ship counters, with similar marks of distinction; coins and medals of gold, silver, bronze, copper, and brass; forming a select and reserved collection of Roman First Brass coins and medals, together with many fine and rare Second Brass, with numerous specimens of imperial silver; as well as fine Greek silver coins, and most rare and beautiful specimens of the gold and silver coinages of this country, comprising the exceedingly scarce and fine patterns executed during the reign of Charles the Second, by Simon, Ramage, and Blondeau; as well as a "septem" shilling of Henry VII., and a profile-faced shilling of Edward VI., both in fine preservation; German playing-cards of the date of 1376, painted by the hand; ancient latten and pewter plates, with proverbs stamped on their borders; steelyards, with bronze busts for weights; beads, rings, bracelets, and other ornaments; crosses and crucifixes; keys, scales, dice, and lamps; cinerary

urns, sarcophagi, and small glass lachrymatories; crocodile mummies and sepulchral vases; Babylonian cylinders, and Oriental engraved stones; Florentine and raised mosaics; rolls of papyrus, sacrificial tripods, fragments of statuary, cups, spoons, buckles, ivory pins, small silver mirrors, combs, strigils, ear-pickers, and a thousand nameless articles, whose original uses are forgotten, and which serve to exercise the speculative tact of the more curious observer.

> "Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanished days,
> And from the dust of old oblivion rak'd."

A *couteau de chasse* of our first James, with his arms and cipher, and the name of the maker, Jacques de Liege,* on the blade (the haft of jet and tortoise-shell, mounted with silver), hangs beneath the youthful portrait of his son, Prince Henry,—a fine full-length occupying the entire space over the chimney-piece. A noble picture of Queen Elizabeth hawking, having the old palace of Greenwich in the background, is stationed in a near recess; its frame composed of various marbles, curiously sculptured and gilt. Beneath it, on a rich velvet cushion, reposes the plumed helmet of Casimir II., King of Poland, gilded and damasked with gold and azure, and hatched or embellished with a great goodly plume of feathers resembling the colour of the hyacinth, spangled with gold. In a neighbouring corner is the

* The Scottish term for a knife of a certain kind—*jocktelegs*—is doubtless a corruption of Jacques de Liege.

sword of Sir Edward Sackville, K. B., fourth Earl of Dorset. On the embroidery-covered table, in the centre of the Armoury, is a confused display of smaller weapons and pieces of armour, dimly seen in the broken light that enters through the thickly-escutcheoned panes of the broad oriel beyond. We take up a pair of crane-necked, deep-rowelled spurs, and our eye makes out with some difficulty on the shank of either, the motto—"*En loyal amour tout mon cœur.*" We next lift up a sword, and remark on its blade the peculiar mark of the celebrated armourer, Julian del Rey—*el perillo*, a little dog; *el morillo*, a Moor's head; or, *la loba*, a wolf. Or, perhaps, it is the work of Galan, the best of all sword-smiths. Amongst the larger articles that appear in racks purposely constructed on the beams of the ceiling above, is the gigantic sword of some forgotten personage, which it requires no moderate exercise of strength to lift to the shoulder. It is a fine specimen of those long, straight, cross-hilted weapons, of ponderous aspect, that remind us of the days of Colebrand, and Guy Earl of Warwick. Near it is suspended a beautifully-wrought shield, inlaid with gold, bearing for its device an eagle ascending amidst clouds of tempest, with the motto—"Bolde and forthe onne!" "How these material things," to quote the words of a recent writer, "conjure back from the dead these mighty chieftains!"

Ragged, dingy-looking pennons—memorials, highly-

treasured, of the wars of the Roses and of the Grand Rebellion,—wave with a melancholy motion along the armour-covered walls; while a long line of knightly effigies, exhibiting armour of every age and form and pattern, including matchless specimens of the fine old times of Benvenuto Cellini, occupy the sides of the apartment. The rustred, the scaled, the trellised, the purpointed, and the tegulated mail, vie with each other in all the quaint grace of their curious fabrics. Here, too, are swords of Spain, which, when hot from the furnace, were plunged in the river Salo, near Bilbilis, in Celtiberia. Blades from Saragossa and Toledo, famous for their temper and brilliancy. "How near," observes Willis, in his '*Pencillings by the Way*,' "such relics bring history! With what increased facility one pictures the warrior to his fancy, seeing his sword and hearing the very rattle of his armour."

Here and there, chiefly painted on panel, are finely-executed original portraits of the following distinguished personages:—Cary, Viscount Falkland, in a rich slashed suit, and with point-lace collar; Rich, Earl of Warwick, in armour; Sir Francis Drake, in a doublet of pale yellow silk, slashed with pearl-white satin, and wearing his astrolabe,* suspended by a gold

* Sir Francis Drake's astrolabe was, in 1831, presented by the author to King William IV., who commanded it to be deposited at Greenwich Hospital. The gold chain is still in the author's possession.

chain from his neck; Francis, second Earl of Bedford, in his parliamentary robes, with the collar of the Garter; Robert, second Earl of Essex, in armour; Sackville, Marquis of Dorset, with rich slashed doublet, and displaying a long hanging love-lock over his right shoulder; Devereux, Earl of Essex, in ruff, and with a long square beard; Sir Philip Sidney; Lord Fairfax; Lord Burleigh, in parliamentary robes; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, superbly attired as Governor of the Low Countries; Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, with his official robes and collar of SS.; Algernon Sidney, wearing a steel corslet and buff coat; Admiral Montague, first Earl of Sandwich, in armour, and leaning on a cannon; Sir Walter Raleigh, resting his arm on a globe, marked with a ship and the word, "*Guiana*;" and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, holding a planetary sphere.

"The heart runs o'er
With silent worship of the great of old;
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

It is impossible to live amongst old portraits without catching something of the spirit of the characters represented. Hour after hour have we loved to converse as it were with the high-born or self-ennobled tenants of our humble walls, and drink in new draughts of patriotism and emulative fervour from their inspiring looks and presence. If there be any thing in which we are now and then inclined to envy our

wealthier neighbours, it is for their superior means of purchasing these interesting remains of art, so powerfully-illustrative of the genius of past times. Engraved portraits fail to give us the same ideas as life-size pictures. The chief accessories to illusion, dimensions and colour, are wanting. But, in the absence of good pictures, good prints are the most covetable: for bad paintings we have a loathing even to abhorrence! Pleasant it is, on a tedious winter's night, to bring forth our well-filled portfolios and books of prints, and solace ourselves and friends with the varied and admirable works of Edelinck, Chereau, Wille, Masson, Nantœuil, Drevet, Baron, Audran, Frëy, Poilly, Daullè, Paul du Ponte, Bachelar, Canot, Peter de Jode, Visscher, Bolswert, Houbraken, Vosterman, Bloemaert, Virtue, Faithorne, Facius, Woollet, Sir Robert Strange, and the prince of English engravers, Raphael Morghen. The delicate stipplings of Bartolozzi, and those of his school, and the finely-scraped mezzotints of Faber, Earlom, Valentine Green, John Raphael Smith, and others, are feasts for the eye of the initiated in art. And then to turn over our choice series of painters' etchings, many of them in early and rare states, including the works of Rembrandt, Lucas Van Leyden, Albert Dürer, Antonio Moore, Amberger, Aldegræf, Amman, Gaspar Pens, Swanevelt, Waterloo, Perelle, Hollar, Elstracke, Delaram, Crispin and Simon Pass, Worlidge, &c. These are sources of unalloyed gratification—they abound

too, with recollections of a thousand pleasant persons and places, seasons and circumstances, that are associated with our first acquisition of the far greater part of the collection. But to revert to our notice of the Armoury and Relic-Chamber.

Instead of encumbering ourselves with further detail on subjects which, after all that can be said, receive but little interest from mere description, we will lay before the worthy reader two poetical trifles suggested by visiting these curiously-stored apartments.

THE RELIC-CHAMBER.

It was a chamber where the light of day
Through proudly-heraldried windows dimly stole,
As its soft rays were fearful to disturb
The shadowy, fading glories of the past.
No sound arose to chase the silence deep,
Save the lone raven's hoarse, foreboding cry,
That oft upon the gusty night-wind rode.
From the rich sculptured ceiling's low-browed space
Were hung the ponderous lamps of other days,
Whose radiant office had for ever ceased !
And carvings quaint, and gorgeous tapestry,
Armour and arms, banners of faded pride,
And martial pictures, blackening in decay,
Around the walls with saddening pomp appeared ;
Whilst, on the floor, in wild confusion spread,
Huge drinking-vessels o'er each other piled,
Mid antlers vast—old trophies of the chase,—
And mutilated busts, and sculptures rare ;
With many an object of rude, antique form,
Speaking the silent language of the tomb,
Impressed the curious eye with pleasing awe,
And claimed from Sensibility a tear !

TO SIR ERNEST OLDWORTHY.

Retinens vestigia famæ.

"Rememberynge the daies of olde."

Proud lover of the glorious past ;
Of scenes that were too bright to last ;
O'er which dull time hath rudely cast
    A cold, oblivious veil :
'Tis thine with kindling eye to pore
O'er rarest tomes of legend lore,
Where dwells the strange, heart-stirring store
    That grac'd each minstrel tale,

And, as the varying record paints
The forms of heroes, or of saints,
Thou hear'st the expiring martyr's plaints—
    Thou seest the warrior bleed ;
Thine ardent spirit enraptured glows,
As courts or camps their scenes disclose ;
Forgotten are life's cares and woes,
    And thine the victor's meed !

And oft, 'mid ruins drear and damp,
Slow-guided by thy flickering lamp,
Whose feeble rays the darkness stamp
    With shades of sadder gloom ;
Thou lov'st to trace thy venturous route,
Whilst owls in dirge-like chorus hoot,
And prisoned winds electric shoot
    Through each lone vault's deep womb !

Or in some dim cathedral pile,
When the pale moonbeams faintly smile
O'er antique tomb, and pillared aisle,
    And midnight's chimes are near ;
To watch the mouldering pomp around
Whilst silence reigns with awe profound,
Save when the ivy's creaking sound
    Invades the startled ear.

Yet not alone with Fancy's eye
Dost thou survey the panoply—
The buried forms of chivalry—
The sights our fathers saw :
Lo ! in thy "good old hall" appears
A countless range of shields and spears—
Swords—maces—firelocks—bandeliers—
Records of iron law !

Here suits of gleaming armour stand,
With buckler braced, and axe in hand,
Their tall plumes by the breezes fanned,
The vizors closed for fight :
There the war-steed's rich housings shine,
And banners float in lengthened line,
Which on the plains of Palestine
Chilled the red Paynim's sight !

Nor yet forgot the greenwood-chase
So loved by hearts of gentle race,
Wherein our sires were wont to brace
Their sinews for the fray :
Each implement of forest-craft,
The tough yew bow—the cloth-yard shaft—
The horns whose cheering tones would waft,
Extend that bright array.

—Long mayst thou count the dreamy flight
Of hours, so pregnant with delight,—
With fancy's hues of magic bright,
Long weave thy visioned spell ;
And when thy fleeting days are o'er,
May he, who claims thy charmed store,
Inherit too that wizard-lore
Which thou hast loved so well !

Sir Ernest Oldworthy would often quote, with that exquisite relish which marked his appreciation of a witty or humorous passage in the writings of a fa-

vourite author, the following finely-expressive lines of Pope, which portray, with that writer's acute observation of manners and inimitable tact, the wayward phantasies and characteristic extravagances of the Antiquarian *Virtuoso*:—

"The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the Fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride."

Of this alleged relaxation of family ties, as influenced by the all-absorbing passion of antiquarian *virtu*, as well as of the inaptitude to be charmed with natural beauty which is often said to accompany it, we find an amusing illustration in Garrick's Prologue to "*Taste*," which we shall accordingly present to our readers as an appropriate *pendant* to the preceding extract:—

"Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;

The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married—cold;
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!"
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!"

Sir Ernest Oldworthy will rise in our reader's estimation, and more particularly in the favourable regards of the fairer sex, when we announce, in his person, at least one illustrious exception to the rule above laid down. The worthy knight would often confess that he fully entered into the deep *rationale* of Mahomet's remark, that the sight of beautiful women, and the odour of delicate perfumes, always inspired him with a more ardent sense of divine adoration. He then felt more profoundly his obligation to the hand of a creative benefactor. He loved the giver with a livelier affection, while he thus enjoyed his heightened beneficence—a very simple and natural sentiment, or instinct, which we call gratitude—and which, entertained towards the Deity, allies itself with the loftier feeling of devout veneration.

* * * * * *

Our own rage for relics (those toys of enthusiasts) commenced at a very early age; and we well remember the pride and pleasure with which we used to exhibit, to a crowd of circling admirers, a cannon-ball of very large size, constituting a memorial of one of the early sieges of Nottingham Castle, and which had been dug up by some labourers, in 1813 or '14,

on a site not far removed from Standard Hill, the spot where King Charles I. erected his standard, at the commencement of the civil wars. We happened to be present when it was discovered, purchased it for a shilling, and, boy-like, deposited it in our cap, for the greater ease of conveyance. Despising all conventional notions of the τὸ καλόν, in an absorbing sense of the moral dignity of possessing an historical relic of such importance, we ran, rather than walked homewards, with our prize. Ere we had proceeded, however, one sixth part of the intervening distance, the continued weight of the rolling metal forced out the feeble crown of the cap; and, as if it were not unmindful of its former associations of hostility, the warlike memorial descended with violent rapidity, and inflicted a severe contusion on our left foot. The intense pain, thus occasioned, overpowered for a time the impression of delight which the near prospect of exhibiting so interesting an acquisition had produced; and we were half weary of our lately idolized burthen, ere we reached home. All recollection of the accident was, however, soon lost in the tide of congratulation which hailed us, as expected, from a paternal source, on the occasion of so choice an addition to the yet comparatively trivial stores of our antiquarian cabinet. "That boy of yours will be an extraordinary fellow some day or other," remarked the gallant Colonel Richard Armstrong, C.B., who for his services in command of the 16th Portuguese and the 10th Caça-

dores at Busaco, Vittoria, and the Pyrenées, as well as for his various other claims of distinguished merit, had recently been created a Knight of the 'Tower and Sword,' as well as decorated with numerous badges of honour; and, who is now a Major-General, and a Knight-Commander of the above-mentioned Portuguese Order, as well as a Knight Bachelor, and in command of the staff in Canada West, "while lads of his age content themselves with marbles, he makes choice of cannon-balls! Take my word for it, sir, that, while others are yet at their nine-pins, 'he will be tipping over the French like a Wellesley!" "Pooh!" said our good father, with a glance of smiling approbation towards ourselves, "you mistake, Colonel,—my son is *an Antiquary*." Never, perhaps, since Eve's first speech to Adam, did words possess so intoxicating a sweetness for the mental palate! They stirred our spirit with the very force of an earthquake! Momently, incontinently, festinately, or deliverly, or "with a twink," as *Prospero* says, we registered a vow, that thenceforth, through all times and weathers of fortune, we would devote ourselves, heart and soul, to the noble pursuit of which we were thus, even at seven or eight years of age, recognized as a professor, and that, too, by a strenuous cultivator (for such was our worthy sire) of the goodly science of "venerable Antiquitie!"

We recollect, at this moment, an amusing instance of the ascendency which a passion for *virtu* can obtain

over the intellect. A learned physician of N—, newly smitten with a rage for antiquarian curiosities, had just received, as a present from abroad, the head of a battle-axe, which had been lately found on the memorable plain of Agincourt. Being highly-elated with the acquisition, he took every opportunity of exhibiting it to his friends. Never had we seen the expression of joy so 'lively depicted' on the human countenance as on his, when he presented it for our worthy father's inspection. After exhausting every circumstance on which a remark could be brought to bear, for the purpose of enhancing its interest, he finally requested that those present would indulge their curiosity by observing how disproportioned its weight had become, to its undiminished size, owing to the long course of oxydation to which the metal had been subjected. It was accordingly passed from one hand to another, and again and again examined by each, while the worthy owner enjoyed, with exquisite zest, the hurried expressions of astonishment at so apparently-singular a fact; till, at one unlucky moment, (*horrescimus referentes!*) like our cannon-ball of earlier memory, it burst through its feeble place of deposit (in the present instance, a sheet of very thin paper, which had served as an additional enclosure to one of thicker material), and fell abruptly on the floor! Never shall we forget the agony expressed by the features of the unfortunate *virtuoso*, when, on searching with straining eye and trembling hand, the spot

where the accident had happened, and which was thrown into strong shadow by an intervening table, he ascertained the terrible fact that not a vestige, of a single inch in diameter, survived the shock ! There was literally nothing that could be identified as bearing the slightest visual resemblance to his late fond possession ; the whole substance of the stately-looking memorial of Agincourt had been either pulverized, or fractured into the minutest atoms! It is a positive fact, that, overcome by his feelings, he burst into tears, and, after vainly striving to "give sorrow words," rushed wildly from the house, unconsciously leaving both hat and cane behind him. Alas! the loss *was* irreparable! Ever since that time, the mention of the great battle—"Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus," has conveyed a melancholy impression to our ear;—nay, we gaze on our fine old portrait of Henry the Fifth with a feeling of subdued pleasure, as often as fancy presents the wild air of the hapless *curioso*, when, like a lunatic escaping from restraint, "he fled, and with him" (in a metaphorical sense), "fled the shades of night!"

We may add, by way of a note to the preceding anecdote, that the action of salt water appears to have the same effect in reducing the gravity of metallic substances. A near relative of ours discovered on the beach at Scarborough, in the absence of the tide, a coin of Cunobelin, a British king, who was a contemporary of our Saviour, according to some of the

early chronicles. Strange to say, the impression of the coin was almost perfect, while the copper or other substance of which it was formed, retained scarcely more weight than a slice of cork of the same size. Only *fifty* of these coins of Cunobelin, Mr. Sharon Turner remarks, while speaking of the ancient British coinage, in his "*History of the Anglo-Saxons,*" are known to exist.*

One of our favourite juvenile haunts, during the prevailing moods of visionary speculation on the "days of old," was the lofty, overhanging terrace of Nottingham Castle, which then formed the residence of a near maternal relative. We loved more particularly to visit it, beneath the brilliant light of a full harvest-moon, when the rich Corinthian pilasters, the rusticated basement, the fine central balustrade, and the long, continuous line of sculptured architraves that embellished the majestic windows of the edifice, revelled in the thousand mysteriously-pleasing effects of a heightened *chiaro-oscuro.* The snow-white, precipitous rock beneath, relieved by dark, shrouding masses of ancient foliage; the soft expanse of verdant

* My late father possessed *three* of these coins, which were marked "very fine" in the printed catalogue of sale of his collection, by Christie, in April, 1826,—a collection well known to the numismatic antiquary. To my never-to-be-diminished regret, the whole of his singularly rare and choice acervation of antiquarian wealth was dispersed, by various sales which took place on his decease. I need scarcely add that Cunobelin is identical with the *Cymbeline* of the dramatic poet.

meadows beyond, that, basking in the silvery radiance of that gentle sky, spread a charm of peaceful tranquillity, which increased, by contrast, the stern and shadowy pomp of the near scene; the contiguity of the celebrated subterranean passage, called "Mortimer's Hole," by the aid of which the young King, Edward the Third, surprised his misguided mother, when revelling with her worthless paramour, the Earl of March,—added to the romantic and awe-inspiring character of the spot; while memory recalled, from the page of Drayton, a crowd of spirit-stirring passages descriptive of the seizure of Mortimer, and fancy conjured forth a train of illusive images to enhance the poetic associations of the hour. Often, as we paced the spacious, winding terrace, drinking in the mysterious and solemn influences of the lonely scene, would we repeat aloud, like our ancient friend, Sir Ernest Oldworthy, those verses that more forcibly drew upon our sympathy. The four exquisite stanzas descriptive of the beauty of the Queen, return, with unalloyed delight, to the imagination of the present moment:—

"The Night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things),
  And to her chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choice Musician playes and sings,
  Whilst she sat under an Estate of Lawne,
In Night-Attyre more God-like glittering
  Than any Eye had seene the chearefull Dawne,
Leaning upon her most lov'd Mortimer,
Whose Voice, more than the Musicke, pleased her Eare.

Where her faire Breasts at libertie were lot,
Whose Violet Veines in brainched Riverets flow,
And Venus' Swannes and milkie Doves were set
Upon those swelling Mounts of driven Snow;
Whereon whilest Love, to sport himselfe, doth get,
He lost his Way, nor backe againe could goe,
But, with those Bankes of Beautie set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose Hayre look'd like Gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sinn but so to name her Hayre),
Declining, as to kisse her fayre Face,
No word is fayre ynough, for thing so fayre,
Nor ever was there Epithite could grace
That, by much praysing, which we much impayre;
And, where the Pen fayles, Pensils cannot shew it,
Only the Soule may be suppos'd to know it.

She layd her fingers on his Manly Cheeke,
The Gods' pure Scepters, and the Darts of Love,
That with their Touch might make a Tygre meeke,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove,
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleeke,
As she had worne a Lilly for a Glove,
As might beget Life, where was never none,
And put a Spirit into the hardest Stone."

The reader, who is not familiar with the rest of this beautiful picture, will do well to consult the "sixt" canto of "*The Barons' Warres*,"—a work which we have the pleasure to read in the edition, 1630.

Another reminiscence, connected with the love of relics, and with the indulgence of those moods of feeling which serve to stimulate and keep alive the veneration for such objects, may here not inaptly follow,

with the reader's kind indulgençe for the still personal nature of an incident which a reverence for old associations invites us to record. The Castle of Nottingham, which now exists but as a ruin (having been destroyed in the Reform Riots of 1831), was erected on the site of a preceding edifice dismantled in the days of the so-called Protectorate; and its founder was the celebrated William, Duke of Newcastle, who only lived, however, to witness the commencement of the work. In the centre of the splendid *façade* was a noble equestrian statue of the Duke, who, as the reader is well aware, was generalissimo of the royalist forces (north of Trent) during the Grand Rebellion. Mention is made of him by Sir Walter Scott in the spirited episodical lines which enrich the poem of "*Rokeby*."—

> "There 's Derby and *Cavendish*, dread of their foes;
> And Erin's high Ormonde, and Scotland's Montrose!
> Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,
> With the Barons of England that fight for the Crown?"

There he sat, "plated in habiliments of war," with his truncheon in his hand, and curbing the snorting impatience of his stallion-steed, a fiery-looking animal of the old Sleswick or Holstein stock, whose capacity for the ponderous weight of the armoured rider and his massive accoutrements, exceeded that of other breeds. There he sat, a stately specimen of the warrior-noble of those times,—"times," as Lord Byron remarks, that "tried men's manhood!" How often,

when the moon glanced suddenly through the rarer particles of some intervening cloudlet, have we fancied that, like the equestrian effigy of the murdered commandant in "*Don Juan*," both horse and rider moved, as if arousing themselves from their stony sleep! till we were prepared to exclaim with *Hamlet*, when he beholds the ghost of his late sire on the platform of the old castle of Elsinore,—

> "What may this mean,
> That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel,
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
> Making night hideous; and us fools of nature
> So horribly to shake our disposition,
> With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?"

And yet how sweet was the strangely-curious and coldly-thrilling dread, that accompanied the idea of such a revival! There is nothing in after years, to compensate us for the loss of those vivid and soul-stirring emotions which blessed our early youth! Alas, that the wings of our imagination should ever lose their power to soar into that heaven of enchantment which dwelt for us in every turn of the mind, as we sought communion with the mystery of our spirit, in the sunny days of boyhoood! Feather after feather have we seen stripped from the aspiring pinions of our own fancy; and deeply, bitterly, have we grieved over their departure! But we are about to mention an incident of late years, that recalled this early dream of life's young romance, with a startling and singular effect. We had, when a boy, a passion-

x 2

ate admiratian for the high exploits and dignified worth of this Duke of Newcastle. His famous book of horsemanship, with its crowd of spirited plates; his curious volumes of poems and plays; the history of his heroic actions during the civil wars, related with such touching earnestness and affection, by his amiable consort; his munificent patronage of "rare Ben Jonson," of our favourite D'Avenant, and of other distinguished men of letters ; the barbarous ravages committed on his alienated estates by the detestable Cromwellite party; his long exile and acquaintance with the deepest penury; the serenity, cheerfulness, and unyielding fortitude, with which he and his excellent Duchess bore the sharpest trials of adversity; the subsequent restoration of his princely domain, accompanied by his elevation to still higher dignities, evoked and maintained a thousand novel and congenial ideas that became familiarly associated with the varying moods of feeling, and provided a source of ever-ready and luxurious entertainment for the fancy and memory. Linked in a strongly-influential manner, with all these associations, was the noble, life-like statue which companioned our lonely moonlight meditations. Attached to the proud-looking horse, in this fine old piece of sculpture, was a military bridle-bit, which had often engaged our studious attention from its having been constructed after the invention of his Grace, on a principle still in use, and designated by his name. We believe, however,

that through some mistaken apprehension that the *Newcastle* bit was invented by one of the present ducal family, it is sometimes called a *Pelham;* whereas the proper synonyme in such instance, would be *Cavendish.* The reader will not suppose that there was much general resemblance between our modern bit and the one here spoken of—a huge massive article, some fourteen inches in length of cheek, as we think, distinguished by immense gilded bosses at the side, and connected at the bottom by a chain. The bridle consisted of lead painted in imitation of stone. The port of the bit was evidently worn by the previous action of a horse's teeth, shewing clearly enough that it had been the appendage of that kind worn by the Duke's gallant charger, and not a new article provided for the occasion. Hence the great addition of interest connected with its preservation. It was perhaps—nay, doubtless, the very bit worn by his stately steed in the bloody fields of Gainsborough, Chesterfield, Bradford, and Atherton, where the Duke gained splendid victories over the parliamentary forces. There was an exact representation of it among the engravings of his great work. It was, in short, the most characteristic object that could have been longed for by the enthusiastic collector, as a remembrance of the "Loyal Duke." But for the act of sacrilege which should attempt its removal, what would we not have given, in the fervour of youthful zeal, when the heart quickened and the pulse leaped, and the cheek

throbbed, and the brain swam with the excess of each high emotion, for the proud and enviable privilege of adding it to our store of historical relics! Yet how vain might have seemed any hope of our ever becoming its possessor! Years passed on, and still that noble effigy commanded the homage of many a distant visitor, both from its singular beauty as a work of art, and from its not less striking claims to public observation as a memorial of heroic valour, conspicuous talent, and high beneficence. At length arrived the dark period associated with the Reform Riots, (1831) and in the outbreak of revolutionary violence, the castle was laid in ruins by the torch of vile incendiaries, and the beautiful, grand, and time-honoured statue of William, Duke of Newcastle, broken into countless fragments!!! It may be remarked, as a painfully-ludicrous illustration of the "*sic transit gloria mundi*" of the poet, that we were subsequently invited, by an honest mechanic, to inspect the severed and mutilated head of this once stately effigy; which, in a spirit worthy of the better days of England's destiny, he had elevated to the summit of a certain small fabric in his garden, where it might still be observed and admired, though by humbler eyes, as a relic of fallen magnificence! But a still more interesting memorial of this once crowning ornament of the good old castle of Nottingham remains to be noticed.

Some years afterwards, being at Derby, we made a

call on a friend, who, after abruptly saying, "B——, you are an Antiquary," added, "Here's the bridle-bit of Charles or James; (which is it?) from the equestrian statue that used to be in front of Nottingham Castle. I have just been at Nottingham, where I accidentally saw it in an old fellow's museum—thought of *you*, and bought it. If you don't like it I can keep it myself; it's certainly a curiosity." What a strange power has memory; and how wide a store of distant associations that seemed for ever divorced from the experience of later feeling,—lost or buried in the decay of the past,—are awakened with all the startling freshness of their original appeal, by the sudden unexpected result of a moment's impression on the mind! We pass over the feverish delight which we felt—words could not give utterance to the mingled thoughts and sensations which crowded with a shivering sort of disorder—a tumult of contending impetuosity,—through every avenue of the mind and frame! We thought, by and bye, of poor Dr. ——, and his battle-axe; and the conviction arose, that the paroxysm of that worthy gentleman's grief for the loss of his favourite relic, was a mere languid utterance compared with what we should be betrayed into, if any one were to deprive us, through an act of carelessness or default, of the glorious old prize which we had thus at length made our own! We must now be permitted to indulge a moment's pardonable vanity in adding, that, with the true resolution and devotedness

of an enthusiast, we denied ourselves the treasured custody of this venerable "remnant of the past," from a wish to assign to it a more public sphere of exhibition, as a relic of national as well as local interest. To whom did it more particularly belong? Not to the Duke of Newcastle, who had been most abundantly compensated for the damage sustained through the spoliation of his property. Not to the town of Nottingham, which had pusillanimously allowed the only splendid record which it possessed of the princely pageantry of the past to be destroyed by the miserable violence of a petty mob! The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from which the Duke derived his title, in commemoration of its defence, seemed eminently entitled to become the possessor of this rare and characteristic memorial of its heroic protector. We accordingly presented it, as an appropriate addition to the splendid museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, accompanied by an engraved equestrian portrait of the Duke, after Diepenbeck, from his well-known Treatise of Horsemanship; and we added a brief memoir combining an outline of his grace's genealogy and most distinguished actions, with some account of the Castle of Nottingham; and which was printed, by direction of the Council, in the "*Archæologia Æliana*," vol. iii. p. 132. We close these hastily-written and rambling reminiscences with a few lines suggested on visiting the ruins of the Castle, and beholding the wreck of our favourite statue:—

ON THE

REMAINS OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE

OF

WILLIAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious Eye,
Which as a Pharos doth survey the soyle,
Armed by Nature, danger to defy.

DRAYTON.

In that proud castle, which so far commands;
From whence they seemed as they like those would rise,
Who once threw rocks at the imperiall skies."

Idem.

High on thy warrior steed
Thou sat'st in stern command,
Girt with thy mail and battle sword—
Thy truncheon in thine hand.
Curving his pampered neck,
Thy big-veined charger trod;
His stately hoof uplifting high,
As if he spurned the sod!

A frown was on thy brow,
And thy lip seemed curled with scorn,
As though thy thoughts glanced proudly back
To that red victor-morn,
When Atherton's wild moor
Saw, crushed, the rebel's boast;
And Fairfax' routed squadrons sink
Beneath thy whelming host!

Nor yet from cannoned fields
Alone, thy wreaths were won:
Lo! Fame thy pen's rich trophies hailed,
The Muses' favoured son!

A noble heart was thine
  As e'er drew princely birth!
By learning, wit, and taste refined—
  The seat of generous worth!

Oh, could thy spirit have waked
  On that fell, dastard night,
How hadst thou called on "ATHERTON,"
  And bathed thy sword of might!
Strange! that thy form so long
  Rebellion's suffering prey,
Should perish mid the *civil strife*
  Of this far-distant day!

Sunk is thy truncheon's pride—
  Thy mailed pomp is o'er;
And thine haughty charger licks the dust
  He scarcely trod before!
Farewell! though years roll by,
  Whate'er Time's changes bring,
Our hearts shall fondly turn to thee,
  And thy loved, martyred King!

CHAPTER XXI.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE LIBRARY. — BLACK-LETTER CURIOSITIES. — RARE EDITIONS. — CHOICE ANTIQUE BINDINGS. — RHAPSODY CONCERNING BOOKS. — EARLY CHRONICLERS, AND ROMANTIC LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

On bookis read I oft, as I you told.

CHAUCER.

ELD. PALL. A small *library,*
Which I am wont to make companion to
My idle houres: where some (I take it) are
A little consonant unto this theame.

The Witts, Act ii. sc. 1.

PRO. Me, poor man!—my *library*
Was dukedom large enough.

Tempest, Act i. sc. 2.

"O BLESSED God of gods in Zion!" wrote the celebrated Richard de Bury, chancellor of 'the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III.' "what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aro-

matics; there flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the Porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books from dirt and dust."

"I possess," says Petrarch, "an amazing collection of books, great is my delight in beholding such a treasure." At another time he remarks, with similar self-congratulation, "I have great plenty of books; where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession. I have an inestimable many of books." Again, he observes, "I delight passionately in my books." And what says a favourite old worthy of our own literature, honest Jack Fletcher?—

"Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed-statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures to embrace
Uncertain vanities?"

In this sentiment another of our elder poets cordially joins. "And because," as Fuller says, "some

palates love the mouldic best, and place the goodnesse of old verses in the badnesse of them, take them as they falle from his penne:—

"Styll am I besy bok assemblynge,
For to have plenty is a pleasaunt thynge,
In my conceit, and t' have them aye in hand."

Another writer well observes, that, in a spacious collection of these goodly treasures are contained,—

"The assembled souls of all that men held wise!"

While a more modern pen has given us a quaintly-delineated sketch of the objects of our present contemplation:—

"Books, do I say? Full well I wist
A book 's a famous exorcist!
A book 's the tow that makes the tether
That binds the quick and dead together;
A speaking-trumpet under ground,
That turns a silence to a sound;
A magic mirror formed to show
Worlds that were dust ten thousand years ago.
They 're aromatic cloths, that hold
The mind embalm'd in many a fold,
And look, arrang'd in dust-hung rooms,
Like mummies in Egyptian tombs;
—Enchanted echoes, that reply,
Not to the ear, but to the eye;
Or pow'rful drugs, that give the brain,
By strange contagion, joy or pain.

A book 's the phœnix of the earth,
Which bursts in splendour from its birth:
And like the moon without her wanes,
From every change new lustre gains;

Shining with undiminish'd light,
While ages wing their idle flight.

By such a glorious theme inspir'd,
Still could I sing-

Yes, it is a "pleasaunt thynge," truly, to have an "inestimable many" of "boks," and "to have them aye in hand;" recreating the spirit with that perpetual and instantaneously-evoked change of scene, denied by the limits of possibility to our physical sense· How well may we apply the following passages from the "*Brazen Age*" of Thomas Heywood to the spell-like privilege of him who finds in his books his "best companions."—

"Sometimes I cast my eye upon the sea,
To see the tumbling seal or porpoise play.
There see I merchants trading, and their sails
Big-bellied with the wind; sea-fights, sometimes,
Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my beams."

"Here, in gardens, walk
Loose ladies with their lovers arm-in-arm.
Yonder the labouring ploughman drives his team.
Further I may behold main battles pitcht.
Here spy I cattle feeding; forests there
Stored with wild beasts; here shepherds with their lasses,
Piping beneath the trees, while their flocks graze.
In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,
Buying and selling, goodness, badness, all things.

No emperor walks forth, but I see his state;
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.
I see all coronations, funerals,
Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights, and shows;
No hunting, but I better see the chace
Than they that rouse the game. What see I not?"

We have a strange feeling on entering a spacious library. It is "as if the dead of all past ages were rising to life on every side of us."

Proceed we now to the snug, secluded nook, environed with countless and diversified volumes, within whose hallowed sanctuary, in utter forgetfulness of the world and all its cares, the calm, patient mind of Sir Ernest Oldworthy mused away its happiest hours of communion with the thoughts and feelings of ages past. This was a place where, to use the apt suggestions of a late writer, "a man might have entered, built up the doorway by which he gained admission, and died in study. The light subdued, the air softly blowing through the chamber, the deep silence, induced profound attention. And then arose the smell of books—the fine *perfume* exuding from vellum, russia, and even from the insides of choice tomes—furthered the invitations to self-sacrifice. Not all the odorous gums and spices heaped by Sardanapalus on his funeral pyre, could have equalled this."

Here were to be found exquisite and matchless missals and lectionaries of the Epistles, with miniatures painted by Raphael and Giulio Clovio; superbly-illuminated monastic cartularies and heraldic scrolls; collections of the rarest etchings and engravings (many of them unfinished proofs, and of almost priceless estimation for their unique qualities), from the time of Andrea Mantegna downward; splendidly-illustrated works on art; beautiful specimens of the

rarest productions of early typography on vellum, including the "*Ciceronis Officia Paradoxa*," printed by Fust, at Mentz, in 1465, and which is the first classical author ever printed, and contains the earliest specimen of Greek printing in the quotations; "image books," or "block books," furnishing specimens of the infant art of printing; a perfect series of the *Editiones Principes* of the classics; foreign and British manuscripts, of unique and important character; early and choice editions of standard works, and rare volumes of every age and country. Some of these were distinguished by a covering of rough, white sheep-skin or deer-skin, with hinges, and immense bosses, bands, and corner-pieces of brass; others had leaden covers and wooden leaves, or were inlaid with gold, relics, or silver, or ivory plates; or bound in velvet, with silver clasps (engraved with arms) and studs. Others were bound in parchment, or forrel, fox-skin, hedgehog-skin, rabbit-skin, hog-skin, and ass's-skin, with chains to bind them to the shelf, lest they should be stolen; while not a few revelled in the gay distinction of being clothed in silk, or damask, richly embroidered by the fair and jewelled hands of their once patrician female possessors. Not a few, too, boasted of rare autographs, and splendid armorial enrichments. The whole were highly perfumed with spyke, or with the tar of the birch-tree.

Here a volume containing a series of paintings on the leaves of the *Ficus Religiosa*, illustrative of the

tenets of Buddha; there, a curious Ethiopic manuscript on vellum, or a book of Chinese maps, claimed a wondering notice. Official papers and correspondence of illustrious statesmen, and unpublished literary manuscripts, by turns engaged the delighted attention. Here might be seen a curious collection of news-letters, printed in type to imitate writing, and of date towards the end of the seventeenth century; there, a choice collection of old English broadside ballads,—

> "The *ballads* pasted on the wall,
> Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
> Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
> The Little Children in the Wood."

Beautiful as a piece of rich mosaic, and resembling, in detail, the varied and gaily-dispersed effect of its inlaid tints, was the wide array of stately-looking tomes, in every variety of plain and ornamental bindings,—

> "These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound."

To retire to that old quiet solitude, and, amid those curious and interesting records of the mazy revolutions of time, lose all thought of the feverish stir of the present, were indeed a luxury of bliss far surpassing the vain and frivolous modes of enjoyment practised by the unthinking many. Come, all of you, who revel in the love of antiquity, and who can gaze back, like beings of a former age, upon scenes of departed years, losing your present life in the more delicious

life of the past; come, all of you, and revel with us amid the stores of exciting wealth that enrich these ample shelves. "*Cœna dubia!*" Marry, there is here so much choice, that, as old Fuller says, we hardly know how to choose at all.

Let us open this black-velvet-bound MS., of the time of Henry II., and read the pious copyist's quaint prayer, inserted at the beginning of it. The sentence is as follows:—"This book, copied by Robert de Bigbury, for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year 1160. May the Lord think upon him."

Approach we that small quarto with lapping-over-vellum binding, which lies open on Sir Ernest's reading-desk; the faded purple cushion of which latter, with its tarnished silver tassels, harmonizes so well with each hoary treasure from time to time reposing upon its antique bed. See! a curious old paper-knife of mother-of-pearl, with the date of MDXIIJ., lies between the fly-leaf and title. The work is Gascoigne's "Hundredth sundrie flowers bounde up in one small poesie, gathered partely (by translation,) in the fine outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partely by invention out of our own fruitfull orchardes in Englande, etc. etc., pleasaunt and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers." (8) But we have no time to peruse any thing save title-pages for the present: so we must reach down from yonder black-letter recess with the gilt-wire lattice, half-a-dozen worthy associates of

old Gascoigne, whose pages may well be esteemed, for their rarity and curiosity, a feast for an emperor. Here have we Breton's "Floorish upon Fancie, and Pleasaunt Toyes of an Idle Head." And here are his "Workes of a Young Wyt, trust up with a fardell of pretty Fancies." (9) Then we have Lodge's "Fig for Momus," (10) and Munday's "Banquet of Daintie Conceits, furnished with verie delicate and choyce inventions, to delighte their mindes who take a pleasure in Musique, and therewithall to sing sweet Ditties either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other instrument." (11) This is the last-mentioned author's "Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of Amorous Adventures." (12) By this good light, a rare and costly prize is this old quarto, in its contemporaneous binding, and throughout in the most entire state of preservation. It is, of a verity, "a rump jewel for a prince." Chester's "Love's Martyr," (13) in a vellum-lapping-over covering, and in an almost untouched state, will complete the half-dozen—gems for an emperor—treasures for a pope! "*Convivium Sybariticum!*" "*Cœna dubia!*"

But you shall feast your eyes and heart on even rarer, costlier, more delicious, and soul-captivating relics than these. Let us open yon sandal-wood box, or fosset, scented by the richest perfumes of the east. Lo, now, lo! See you these seven mystic prizes deposited, in reverent care, within a receptacle bespeaking their goodly worth?—

Y 2

"There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide."

Benedicite, sirs, here is no less a feast for the eye than Caxton's "Life of St. Wenefrid;" behold, too, "The Comfort of Lovers," by Stephen Hawes, (14) the colophon of which is thus quaintly displayed:—

"Emprynted
by me Wynkyn de
Worde."

Wynkyn de Worde, thou well knowest, was the pupil or apprentice of Caxton. The third is Lydgate's works, by Caxton. The fourth is a perfect copy of "The far famed Tunning of Elynoure Rummyng," printed by Kytson. (15) The fifth, Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure," (16) with the colophon—Enprynted at London in Fletestrete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of oure lorde M. v. C. & ix, ended xi daye of January. The sixth is a choice copy, in blue morocco of its own date, of Skelton's works, (17) printed by Pynson; and the seventh contains, in one Venetian-colour [sea-blue] morocco binding, with rich old gilt tooling, Breton's "Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers for Women to smell to;" Kendal's "Flowers of Epigrammes out of sundry the most singular worthies;" and Robinson's "Handfull of Pleasaunt Delites." (18) Away with them, lest we be tempted to dive into their "pleasauntlie conceipted" contents, and thereby lose the thread of our discourse. Would you still dip

into black-letter titles? Then behold, on yon near shelf, beside the arm-chair of our venerable friend, "The Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, (19) by Tottell, in a small quarto volume printed in 1557. Beside it are the works of those half-idolized worthies—Churchyard, Turbervile, Barnaby Googe, and Tottel. Above, are those of Hall, Herbert, Herrick, Sandys, Rowland, and Southwell. Near these latter are the treasured volumes of Sir Ernest's pet poets, rejoicing in the familiar names of Robin Greene, Kit Marlowe, Tom Kid, Tom Watson, Tom Nash, Frank Beaumont, Will Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Jack Fletcher, Jack Webster, Tom Decker, Will D'Avenant, Tom May, Tom Middleton, and Jack Ford. In close contiguity are the workes of Davenport, Day, Fountain, Chapman, Heywood, Glapthorn, Rowley, Jones, Porter, Cowley, Kirk, Yarrington, Peel, Killigrew, Nabbs, Brome, Fanshaw, with others of contemporary and later date, whose names are sufficiently familiar to the dramatic reader. The dusky and worm-eaten pages of these and other relics of earlier years bring to mind a passage in Glapthorn's "*Wit in a Constable.*"

"COLLEGIAN. Did you, ere we departed from the college,
O'erlook my library?
SERVANT. Yes, sir; and I find
Although you tell me learning is immortal,
The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in,
Savours of much mortality.
The moths have eaten more

Authentic learning than would richly furnish
A hundred country pedants; yet the wormes
Are not one letter wiser."

Beneath are—what? Let us see. "The Phœnix Nest, built up with the most rare and refined works of Noblemen, worthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave Schollers." Excellent! marry, we are of rare Stephen Hawes's opinion—

"Two thynges me comforte ever in pryncypall,
The fyrste be Bokes, made in Antyqute;"

look around you—select where you will—whether amid those white monastic bindings, or those tiny, thin, dim-looking tomes beside them, or those slim-waisted quartos and octavos opposite you—you will find many a "*rarissimus*" article—many a "goodly-choice" work, in an immaculate state, from the press of the Alduses, the Stephenses, and the Plantins. Here is a volume printed by Faques; there another, from the press of Kele. Others there be, "enpryntcd" by Cawoode, Julyan Notary, Johnes, Marshe, Hacket, Waylande, Berthelet, Petit, Copland, Toye, Godfray, Bonham, Rogers, Jaggart, Treves, &c., &c., &c. What is this volume in a thickly-gilt, ornamented condition, and presenting so inviting an aspect? Ah, "The Pithy, Pleasaunt, and Profitable Workes of Maister Skelton," by Pynson. A thorough-bred black letter collector, an "*indagator invictissimus*" of curious and rare volumes, has been our friend Oldworthy

any time these forty years. How does the *coup-d'œil* of yon wide and lofty sweep of books "solace and cheer" the eye! How "sweet and comforting" the prospect! Lo! the diversity of size and hue."

> "Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
> There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete."

How beautiful are these double-elephant folios, in choice morocco and russia coatings! these super-royal, royal, demy, foolscap, and post-octavos, in yellow, dark-grey, or warm-mottled calf, with thick ribs and fillets of gold! or those Venetian-coloured silk quartos, stamped so lavishly and curiously with gold and silver mixed together in the pattern! Look at that long series of little Elzevirs in sparkling white calf, studded with gold—fresh as they came from the hands of the Leyden binders—how elegantly do they contrast themselves with the black-velvet-bound set of antique manuscripts, ornamented with silver tooling, on the shelf beneath! No dirty and *cropt* copies have we here—no mean, inartificial bindings. Prize volumes; private books printed expressly for the proprietor; copies on Dutch paper, vellum-paper, and vellum; large paper copies; uncut copies; rare copies printed on paper of a peculiar texture or color; stately impressions of splendid and matchless works; presentation copies to distinguished literary characters, with autograph letters;—these form the choice and costly adornments of our learned host's collection.

What a world of exquisite drawings, curious and rare illuminations, *bijou* engravings, early and unique etchings, and *bizarre* wood-cuts, crowd within the varied leaves of these assembled tomes—all of a dazzling brightness, and in the purest and loftiest state of preservation.

Well saith old Chaucer, "of joyous memorie":—

> "On bookis for to read I me delite,
> And to them give I faith and full credénce,
> And in mine heart have them in reverénce
> So heartily, that there is game none
> That from my bookis maketh me to goen."

Books! delicious, soul-renovating, heart-enlarging, books! We ask not, like our friend Oldworthy, for pearly pages and goodly bindings; for bright, fresh, and unsullied specimens of the rarer editions, or for luxuriously-printed copies, on best wire-wove paper, with exquisitely cut type, where, as Sheridan says, "a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin." These we cheerfully resign to those whom wealth or chance may favor in their acquisition. We care not for stately impressions, or for tall copies, if the subject of the text present us with the mental food we covet. There is a scent, far surpassing the aroma of russia, to be found within the leaves of lofty-thoughted pages. The delicacy of morocco is far exceeded by the more attractive elegance of soul-imparted thought. We ask not for an Aldine Petrarch upon vellum, so we may but read

that impassioned and tasteful classic in our own pocket-sized edition, as we carelessly recline upon—

> "The bank of osiers by the murmuring stream;"

or lie along—

> "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along the wood."

As to pearly pages, we view them with even a less reverence than those which bear the honorable marks of free use by the scholar-like reader of other years. Nay, the dim hues of antiquity suffusing, with a deepened shadow, the faded leaf, carry to our humble mind a voluptuously-solemn impression—an admonition ineffably tender—of the wide decay of time, since the snow of their early freshness was lost!

Wherever we go, we carry with us, like Richard de Bury, of worthy memory, "that fondness for books which many waters would not extinguish;" "like a certain drug, it sweetens the wormwood of peregrination." Would that we had his "easy opening for freely searching the hiding-places of books!" Delicious it is to *read* even of the opportunities enjoyed by this honored enthusiast for crowding caskets and shelves with the rarest literary curiosities. "For the flying fame of our love," says he, "had already spread in all directions, and it was reported, not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than by money. Wherefore,

when supported by the bounty of the aforesaid prince of worthy memory [Edward III.] we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos, and tottering folios, precious, however, in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new-year's gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets were unclasped; and astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a new light. Books, heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Among these, nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time."

Oh, how dearly do we love and treasure these old and dusky chronicles of the thoughts and experience of the "days gone by"—these obsolete and often

quaint records of odd and out-of-the-way events, and of wild, mysterious adventurings in now unknown paths of investigation. How pleasant to read, in these time-stained relics, of the alchemical, astrological, and magical studies, so ingeniously and perseveringly maintained by our more fanciful ancestors. How vividly do they open the stores of memory, and invite the imagination to wander amid the shadowy wilds of the past—to pluck the delightful fruits of antiquarian knowledge presented by the dark, fantastically-gnarled boughs of that half-orchard, half-wilderness—the romantic literature of the Middle Ages; or to descend into the deep, opaque caverns of mythic lore, or of early metaphysical science, which expand their alluring recesses to invite our entrance. It is, indeed, a magic spell that binds us, when we meet with one of these favourite tomes—when, as Chaucer says,—

> "It happened me for to behold
> Upon a boke ywrit with letters old."

For us the clock of every-day life has then stood still; we live in other climes, and in other years, from the moment that our fascinated eye encounters the dusky page that sets forth the intellectual aliment which we best love—the scene of chivalresque pomp, or of knightly peril—the midnight cell of the ancient and darkly-musing sage, amid the dreary siennas of the south; or the wind-rocked turret of the labouring

alchemist, among the wilder and more gloomy solitudes of the storm-clad north.

"The long day full fast I read, and *yern*" [eagerly].

How, too, do we thrill with the dreamy delights of love and minstrelsie, that woo us to the perfumed bowers of the old feudal gardens; where, with stately dames, or youthful damsels of rarest beauty, we wander beside the blooming parterres, rich with tall lilies, rose-mallows, sun-flowers, and other colossal specimens of Flora's wealth, that decorated by choice the majestic grounds of the mail-clad baron of yore, whose steel habergeon, we may suppose, forbade him to stoop to the caress of the more minute favourites of nature. Or we love, through the same enchanting spell, to trace the carpet walks, and survey the Flemish primness of the gardens of a later day—to criticise the clipped hedges and shrubs—the formal yet fantastic borders, and the straight, pleached alleys—the Chinese pavilions, and the Spanish grottoes, of that affected wilderness of art. But there is no sun for us half so bright as that whose rays are flung, in delicious fancy, across the broad, gaily-swelling Arcadian lawns; or which break, in chequered beauty, through the dim rose-colonnades, or *gallerie*, of the classically-adorned summer *palazzi* of Italy, in its Golden Age. Then flash upon our rejoicing vision the magic landscapes of Claude; then steal on our ravished mind the graphic revelations of Boccaccio, in his "hundred tales of love." The soft mountains

mingle with the cloudless sky in the remote horizon; the transparent lake reflects a fairy landscape of rock and wilderness; majestic ruins and broken aqueducts spread an air of melancholy grandeur over the nearer valleys; while immediately around us bloom the rich orange-alleys, the gilded trellises blushing with flowers and fruits, the *bosquets* of roses, the palisades of myrtles, the cypress groves and olive grounds, the mulberry orchards, and shrubberies of perfumed and serenely-deepening shadow. The magnificent peacock, perched on the vase-embellished wall—the snowy terrace, with its statued balustrade of imposing extent—the picturesque fountains of allegoric or mythic design, flinging up their varied jets in a thousand delightful changes—the temples, bridges, labyrinths, aviaries, curious seats and tables: these, with all their emblematic associations of pomp and beauty, of smiling mirth and sportive pleasure, breathe into our softened heart a charmful tranquillity of repose—a sense of voluptuous and refined indulgence, whose very consciousness is in itself a joy and a revel. Interminable images of beautiful and spirit-chaining thought flash upon our mind with exquisite warmth and freedom. Then drink we out of a—

"Cup of gold with florins new *ybet*," [beaten],

surrounded, in joyous merriment—

"With a noble company,
Well arrayed and daintilie,
Knights and 'squires, great gentlemen;"

and still and anon the air resounds with the enlivening "tucket-sonnuance,"—

> "Of trumpeters, and eke of clarioners;"

while the ranging eye falls familiarly on—

> "Chains enamelled many a fold;"

and on—

> "Mantle of rich degree,
> Purple pall, and ermine free."

All is pleasure, beauty, and magnificence; spirit, joy, and pomp! The dull, monotonous scenes of the weary present are forgotten—the bonds of oppressive care dissolved; and if man ever possessed a spiritual Eden far away from the rugged realities of every-day life—the sterile inanities of the dull sphere of inglorious and passionless being that awaits us here, it is ours, while we indulge the blissful fascinations of that sunny dream, and revel in the aërial enchantment of our "tricksy spirit:"—

> "Jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass!"

But to return to our narrative, which we have too long suspended.

In the pages of Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Mela, Tacitus, Dion, Herodian, Solinus, Pliny, and others, Sir Ernest gazed as in a mirror on the chequered events of the continuous stream of Time, and solaced his yearning spirit amid the widely-

spread treasures of thought and feeling which they so lavishly presented. A numerous and lofty band of English worthies provided a rich succession of kindred lore, still more strongly endeared by its closer connection with patriotic feelings. A glance at the synoptical table of subjects and authors prefixed to the *Bibliotheca Oldworthiana* (a copy of which, in the precise scription of the erudite owner, graces our archæological shelves), gives us the following distinguished host of chroniclers, annalists, and historical writers:—Asser (20), Alcwin, Baker, Biondi, Brady, Barnes, Bacon, Bede (21), Brompton, Camden, Clarendon, Daniel, Ethelward, Ethelred, Everard, Florence of Worcester (22), Gervase of Tilbury, Gyraldus Cambrensis (23), Grafton, Goodwin, Geoffrey of Monmouth (24), Henry of Huntingdon (25), Hoveden (26), Higden, Holinshed, Hall, Howell, Howard, Herbert, Habington, Ingulf (27), Le Moyne, Lambarde, Matthew of Westminster (28), Matthew of Paris (29), Milton, Polydore Vergil, Roger Wendover, Rapin, Simeon of Durham, Stubbes, Stow, Slatyer, Speed, Tindal, Tyrrell, Temple, Walsingham (30), William of Malmesbury (31), William of Newbury (32), and other worthies of succeeding times. The works of these historians were a constant *medicina animi*—a fountain of salubrious refreshment to Sir Ernest's congenial bosom; while the names of the few to whom we have attached a short note, were more especially the objects of his veneration and regard

—whether for their lively and concise style, pleasant and curious diction, luminous and comprehensive views, abstruse learning, and accuracy of research; or for the quaint humour, earnest delight, and vivid expression with which they painted the scenes and characters of his favourite subjects of investigation. We cannot more appropriately quit the subject embraced by the present chapter, than by reaching down one of the black-velvet-bound manuscripts before alluded to, and presenting the worthy reader with an extract or two from its curious pages. The result will be found in the next chapter (33).

CHAPTER XXII.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED.—THE LIBRARY.—CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM AN ANCIENT MS.—HISTORY OF BRITAIN.

> Mop. *Is it true*, think you?
> *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3.

How Brute arryved at Totnes in the yle then callid Albyon, and of the Wrastelyng that was betwyxte Coryn and Gogmagog.

Whan all this was done, Brute wolde dwelle there no more for to fyght and lese his men, for king Goffer's people encreasid daily and his diminisshed, and therfor he toke all his men and wente unto the see and had wynde and wethur at ther will. And the fyfth daye after they arryved in an haven at Totnesse, and cam into this Realme, that then was called Albion : where they founde neyther man nor woman save greatt gyauntys, and they dwellid in mountayns and in cavernes. And Brute sawe the lande was fayre and at his lykyng for hym and his people as the goddes Diana had behight hym, and therfor Brute was wonder-gladde, and lette assemble upon a daye all hys folke to make a solempne sacryfyce in the honour of

Diana the goddes whiche had counsaylid hym fyrste to come into this Lande. And whan they had done ther solempnite as they sate at ther mete upon a daye there cam in upon them xxx gyauntes and slewe of Brute's men xxx. Brute and his men anon sterte up, and faught with the gyauntes and slewe them everychon save on namyd Gogmagog, master of them all, and he was stronger and hygher then any of the other. And Brute kept hym for to wrastell with Coryn his man, for he was gretter and hygher then any of Brutys men from the gyrdelsted upwards. Gogmagog and Coryn undertoke there for to wrastell. And so together they wrastellyd a longe tyme, but at the laste Gogmagog helde Coryn so faste that he brake ij ribbys in his syde. Wherfor Coryn was sore an angered and there he toke Gogmagog between his armys and caste hym downe upon a rocke so that Gogmagog brake all to pecys and so he dyed an evyll dethe, and therfor the place ys called unto this daye the saute of Gogmagog. And then after Brute gave all that cuntre unto Coryn and ther Coryn callid it after his name, Corneweayll, and hys men he callid Corneweayllys, and so shoulde men of that contray be called for evermore. And in this cuntreth dwellid Coryn and his men and they made Townys and housys and inhabited that lande by ther owne Will.

How Brute buylded London and callid this lande Brytayn, and Skotland, Albeny, and Wales, Camber.

Brute and his men wente forth and sawe in dyverse placys wher that they myghte fynde a good place and covenable that they myght make a Cyte on for hym and for his folke. And so at the laste they cam by a fayre ryver that ys called Tamys, and there Brute began to builde a fayre Cyte and callid it newe Troye, in remembraunce of the great Troye of whom all ther lynage was comen. And this Brute caused to felle downe woodes and ere and sowe landys and mowe downe medowes for sustynance of hym and his people. And then he departid the land to them so that eche of them had a parte for to dwelle in. And then Brute let call this lande Brytayne after his name, and his folk Brytons. And this Brute had of his wyfe Gennogen, iij sonys that wer worthi of dedis : the fyrste was called Lotryn, the secund, Albanak, and the thirde, Camber, and Brute bare crowne in the cyte of Troye xx yere after that tyme that the cyte was made. And there he made the lawes that the Brytons holde. And this Brute was wonder welbelovyd amonge all men. And Brutys sonys also lovyd wonderly well togeder. And when Brute had sought all the lande in lengthe and brede he founde a lande that joynid to Brytayn in the northe, and that lande Brute gave to Albanak his son, and let call it Albanye after his name that now is kalled Scottland, and Brute founde

another cuntre towarde the weste and gave that to Camber his other sonne and namyd it Camber, that now ys Walys, and when Brute had rayned xx yere he died in newe Troye.

How Lotryn that was Brutis son enterid with moche honour, and governid the land well and worthely.

After Brute raygned Lotryn his son, that was the secund kynge in Brytayn. And he began to raygne in the year of Samuell. This Lotryn was crownyd with great solempnite of all Brytayns, and after when he was * * * *

(The MS. here illegible from age and damp).—Madan son to Lotryn raygned on the Brytayns xl. yere, the whiche began for to raygne the xv. yere of Gaule. And this Madan lyvyd in pax all his dayes, and begote two sonnys, Mempris and Maulyn. Then he deceassid and lyeth at newe Troye.

How Mempris slewe his broder, Maulyn.

This Memprys and his broder Maulyn strove faste for the lande, and Mempris began to raygne the xxxvth yere of David, and for because he was the eldest sonne, he wolde have had all the lande, and Maulyn wolde not lett hym, so that they toke a daye of love and accorde, and at this daye, Mempris let kyll his broder through treason and hymselfe afterwarde helde the lande and anon lett crowne hym kynge and raygned. And after becam so lyther a man that he distroyed within a while all the men of

his londe. And at the last he becam so wicked and so lecherus that he forsoke awne wife and usid the synne of Sodomy, wherfor allmighti god was gretly displeasid and sore wrothe with hym, and upon hym toke vengeanse for because of his wickydnes. For on a daye as he wente forthe on huntynge in a foreste there he loste all his men that were with hym and wyste not what he shoulde doo, and so he wente up and down hymselfe alone and cryed after his men but they wer goone and ther cam wolvys anon and all to drewe hym in pecys when he had raygnid xxiiij yere. And whan his people hard that he was so dede, they made joye and myrthe inow, and anon made Ebrak his son kynge and regned with noble honoure.

Of Kynge Ebrac the which began to raygne the xvth yer of David and how he conquerid Fraunce.

This Ebrak reigned lx yere and was a myghty man, and thrugh his myght and helpe of Bretons conquered all Fraunce and wan there so moch gold and silver that whan he came agayne into this lande he made a Cyte, and after his owne name he lett call it Ebrac that is now called, Everywyke, and this kynge made the castell of Maydens that now is called, Edenbrugh. This kyng had xv sonnes, and xxiij doughters by dyverse women goten, and these sonnes were called as ye shall here. Brute Greneschelde, Margange, Jakyn, Kymbar, Roselm, Spadogh, Godcherl, Thormnan, Gydaugh, Jorkanghut, Haybor, Retyn, Rother, Rair,

and Assaruth, and all the doughters hyght, as ye shall here after. Elygene, Ymogen,* Oghdas, Guenbran, Guardith, Auganrell, Guenthold, Tangustell, Gorghon, Anchell, Medhan, Maillour, Ondre, Canbredan, Ragan, Renthely, Herberhym, Abalaghe, and Blandan, and these were the xxiij doughters, and the bredren became good knyghtes and worthy in many countreys.

Of King Brute Greneschelд the first son of Ebrac Kyng.

After the deth of Kyng Ebrac reigned Brute Greneschеld his heyre xxx yere whiche was Ebrac firste son yt. well and nobly raygnid and whan tyme cam he dyed, and lieth at Yorke.

Of Kynge Leyll that was Brute Greneschildes sone.

When that Brute Greneschilde was deed, raygned his son Leyll too and twenty yere, and he made a fayre towne and lett call it Karleyll, after his awne name, and he was a worthi man and welbelovyd of his people, and so when he had raygnyd xxij yere he dyed and lyeth at Karleyll. And in this tyme reyngned Kynge Salomon in Jerusalem and made that noble temple. And to him cam quene Sibill, quene of Saba, for to here and se if it wer sothe that men

* A writer in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" remarks—"But of all Shakspeare's names, one, *which he in all probability invented*, and which has no meaning that we are aware of, is perhaps the most beautiful. This is *Imogen*. See article "Anecdotes of the Origin of Words, Thirteenth article—Names," in the number for October 13, 1838.

spake of that great and noble witte and wysedom of kynge Salomon, and she founde it sothe that men had her tolde.

Of Kynge Lud Ludibras that was Kynge Leyles sone.

Lud Ludibras, this kynge made the Cite of Caunterbury and Wynchestre, and he raygnyd xxxiij yere and then he died and lythe at Wynchestur.

Of Kynge Bladud, yt was Ludibras sone how he raygned and was a good man.

So after this Ludibras regned Bladud his sone, a great nygromancer and thrugh his crafte of nygromancy he made a mervelos hoote bath as the geste tellith, the which regned xxj yere, and died and lieth atte newe Troye.

Of Kynge Leyre and of the Answere of his iij doughters.

And after this Kynge Bladud reyned Kynge Leyre, his sone, that made the town of Leyrester called after his own name. And welle and worthely governed the Reme and had iij doughters of the which the firste was called Gonorelle and the seconde Rygan the thred Cordell. And she was beste of condicions. And this Kynge Leyre felle faste in age and wold mary his doughters or that he died. But firste he thowght examen them which of them best loved hym. He axed the firste, and she sayde as moche as her own liffe. Now quod the fader, that is grete love. And

then he axed the seconde, how moche she loved hym, and she saide, more than all the creatures of the worlde. By my trowthe, quod the fader, I may aske no more. And then he axed the yongest doughter how moche she loved hym. And she saide, as moche as a child moste love the fader. And for to put yow in certeyn how love goeth for as moche as ye have soo moche seide, ye shall be beloved. And than Kynge Leyre was wonder-wrothe, and supposed his doughter had scorned hym. And he thought his firste doughters that so moche loved hym shold be welle maried. And the firste doughter he wedded unto Hamos, the Earle of Cornewalle, and the other to the Kynge of Scotlande, Mangles. And so they ordeyned betwene them, and spoken that they sholde departe the Reme betwene them two after the dethe of Leyre ther fader, so that Cordell his yongest doughter sholde have no thynge of his lande. But this Cordelle was wonder-feyre, and of so gode condicions and maners that the Kynge of Fraunce, Agampe, herde of her spoke, and sent to Kynge Leyre her fader, to have her unto his wiffe, and prayde hym thereof. And Kynge Leyre, her fader, sent hym worde that he had departed his lond unto hys other two doughters, and saide he had no more londe with her to marye. And whan Agampe herd this answer he sent ageyne anone to Leyre, and saide he axed no thynge with her botte oonly her clothynge and her body. And anone, Kynge Leyre, her fader, sent her over see to the Kynge of Fraunce,

and he reseyved her with moche worship and with moche solempnite, her spowsed and made her Quene of Fraunce.

How Kynge Leyre was dreven owte of hys Londe thorow his foly, and how Cordelle, his yongest doughter, help hym in his neede.

Thus hit felle afterwarde that the ij eldeste doughters wolde not abide till that Leyre ther fader were dede, botte warred upon hym whiles he leved, and moche sorow dede hym and shame wherfore they (* * *) hym hooly the realme, and betwene them had ordeyned that oone of them sholde have Kynge Leyre to sojorne alle his liffe tyme with xl knyghtes and ther sqwyars, that he myght worshupfully go and ride whether he wolde, into what contre that hym liked to play in and solace. So that Managles, Kynge of Scotlonde, had the Kynge Leyre with hym in the maner as hit is above seide. And or that halfe year were passed, Gonorelle, his eldest doughter that was Quene of Scotlonde, was so annoyed of hym and of his people, that he and her lorde spoken togeders, wherfor his knyghtes and his sqwyars halfe fro hym were gone, and no mo lefte botte only xxx. And whan this was don, Leyre began to make sorow for encheson that his state was apeyred, and men had more scorne and despite than ever they had before, wherfor he wiste not what to do. And atte laste thoughte he wold wende into Cornewayle to Rigan, his other doughter.

And whan he was come, the Erle and his wiffe that was Leyres doughter, hym welcomed and with hym made moche joye, and there he dwelled with xxx knyghtes and sqwyars. And he had not dwelled there scasely twelmonthe that his doughter was fulle of his company, and her lord and she had despite of hym and scorne, so that fro xxx knyghtes they brought unto x, and afterward to v, and so they lefte with hym no mo. Then made he sorow ynow and seide sore wepynge alas that ever he come ynto that londe, and seide, yette had me better have dwelled with my ferste doughter; bot anone as she sawe hym come, she swere by god and by other holy names, that he sholde have no mo with hym botte oone knyghte if he wold there abide. Then began Leyre to wepe and made grete sorow, and seide, alas now to longe have I leved that this sorow and mestcheffe is now to me falle, for now I am pore, som tyme I was riche. And now have I no frends, ne kyn that me wolle do ony maner gode.

But enough: as the story of Lear and his Three Daughters has been enshrined in the brightest pages of our literature, and is familiar as the light of heaven to old and young, who have alike wept over the sorrows of the 'foolish fond old man,' we shall spare our pen the task of transcribing further the obscure and time-stained characters of the ancient manuscript.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REPINGDON GRANGE CONTINUED. — THE LIBRARY. — OBSERVATIONS ON THE PORTRAITS, PERSONAL RELICS, AND OTHER MEMORIALS OF ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS, WITH A VIEW TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL MUSEUM, OR TEMPLE OF BRITISH FAME.

Oh! who that bears a heart of British mould,
Can trace the mighty footsteps of the dead
In Valour's tented field, or Wisdom's shade,
Nor feel a kindling consciousness of pride
That he is heritor of their loved soil—
Their fame a legacy to *him* and *his!*
And when he gazes on the precious stores
Which Time's relenting hand hath haply spared,
To image forth the scenes of other days,—
Oh! cold must be the spirit that echoes not
The thoughts they utter with a patriot's joy!

It has frequently occurred to us as a subject of deep regret, that the attention of the government has never been directed to the establishment of a national Museum of Personal Relics, combined with the portraits and statues of illustrious characters. We possess, it is true, collections of pictures and statues, together with a few characteristic remains of those who have conferred an ennobling lustre on the British

name, but they are partially arranged, and dispersed at remote distances from each other, and do not constitute, therefore, that source of unmingled pleasure to the patriotic observer, who misses, in the array of kindred eminence, many a loved name bequeathed as an example to succeeding generations. Thus, a thousand soul-entrancing visions of national greatness, which would obviously arise upon the view of a well-arranged exhibition of the kind proposed, never enter into the mind of the disappointed spectator. Let the reader imagine a series of magnificent saloons and galleries, crowded with the portraits, busts, and statues of all our noblest forefathers, with appropriate inscriptions, signifying their respective claims to the veneration of posterity (34). One apartment would be occupied by the effigies of rulers and statesmen; another by those of warriors; a third would be devoted to the memory of philosophers; a fourth to that of poets; and others would vie with each other in commemoration of painters, sculptors, and other worthies of various classes, similarly collected apart. To these might succeed a grand museum of miscellaneous personal relics, further enriched with specimens of the armour and costume of different periods, trophies of great national events, &c., &c. The contemplation of these interesting mementoes of times past, associated with that of the portraits and other representations of departed worth, would, it is conceived, have a powerful effect in awakening the genius

of our countrymen, or, at least, conjure up aspirations in the mind of the beholder, which would render this temple of British fame a school of national virtue and honour (35). The energies of our nature are commonly dormant, until extraordinary circumstances call them forth; and the most trivial incident has sometimes sufficient weight to determine the tenor of our future days (36). It is perhaps, therefore, allowable to suppose, that, in a multitude of instances, the feelings thus energetically and pleasingly awakened, might retain a lasting and beneficial influence on the mind and passions of the individual. The sparks of military enthusiasm, elicited by the memorial of a Monk or a Marlborough, might enkindle in the breast of the youthful spectator the steadfast flame of martial ambition; while, on the other hand, the record of a Bacon or a Newton might dispose the yet uncultured mind of another to a patient and diligent investigation of the mysteries of science (37). It is remarked by Granger, in the preface to his "*Biographical History of England*," where he enumerates the advantages of a classification of engraved portraits according to the station or profession of each person represented,—"I may add to this a still more important circumstance, which is the power that such a method will have in awakening genius (38). For as Ulysses is said to have discovered Achilles under the disguise of a female, by exhibiting arms and implements of war; so the running over these portraits,

together with the short characters of the persons, will frequently excite the latent seeds of a martial, philosophic, poetic, or literary disposition. A skilful preceptor, when he exhibits such a collection, and such a work to his pupil, as a mere amusement, will presently perceive the true bent of his temper, by his being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton. In persons of a warm and lively disposition, it will appear at first sight; in those of a sedate mind, more slowly, and perhaps not till after repeated perusal. But it may be safely asserted, that if a young person has real principles of action, and a character impressed by nature, which is the only foundation of a vigorous attachment to any science or profession, it is in this way most likely to be found, and ought then to be cultivated with the utmost care and attention; for the efforts of nature will very rarely, if ever, deceive." "I have so many portraits of famous persons in several kinds," remarks the celebrated John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "as are enough to excite ambition in any man less lazy, or less at ease, than myself." May not, however, his own mind have unconsciously received the spring of its excellence from the habitual contemplation of that extended array of statesmen, poets, and philosophers? "It is delightful," observes Sir Egerton Brydges, "to give reviviscence to the forms of those, who have, for many ages, been buried in the grave; and the memory of them is much more lively, when we have an opportunity of contemplating

their very shape and looks.". "Of all relics," adds a late ingenious contemporary, "portraits, when authentic and scarce, are the most enchanting: they place you in the very presence—they are themselves the presence of the past!"

Few and inconsiderable are the personal relics existing in our public collections, in remembrance of those distinguished persons whose names have become the successive land-marks in the wide-spread field of our national history. The eye of the antiquary searches in vain for those talismanic records of the past, which, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of the spectator the objects of daily use and contemplation by the mighty of old, seem, for the moment, to annihilate the intervening space which separates their period of existence from our own, and to place us in the hallowed presence of the living sage or hero, whose wisdom, genius, or valour, has cast around his name the halo of an earthly immortality. The bare autograph of Shakspeare, attached to his will, is all that remains to us of that inimitable writer, beyond the rich legacy he has bequeathed to posterity in his works (39); while the same remark applies to Milton, and to the generality of those inspired beings, whose labours will survive, in undiminished reputation, to animate and instruct the spirit of future ages. The articles of apparel and ornament, the books, weapons, philosophical instruments, and other objects of use, once dignified, and for ever consecrated by the

possession of those whose names are recorded in the memory of ages, have been carelessly permitted to fall into obscure hands, and are, generally speaking, beyond the power of identification and recovery. "*Nox alta velat!*" (40.)

There is a passage in the "*Antiquary*" of Sir Walter Scott, descriptive of the indefatigable zeal of the Laird of Monkbarns in the accumulation of literary curiosities, which exhibits, in a most striking and amusing manner, the restless activity and feverish excitement of the virtuoso, in his difficult and laborious researches after the hidden treasures of antiquity. It depicts, with ludicrous fidelity, the rapturous delight he experiences, on the discovery of such scattered relics as his persevering industry may have succeeded in dragging into light from the obscure recesses of brokers' and trokers' stalls—the cellars or garrets of the indigent—and other squalid repositories of things rare and curious. Many are the memorials of great national interest that have been rescued from a long oblivion by the enterprising zeal of the antiquary. The celebrated *Magna Charta*, which now gratifies the eye of many a compatriot in the British Museum, was happily discovered by Sir Robert Cotton, at the moment that a tailor was about to cut it into shreds for his measures (41): and it is highly probable that hundreds of interesting records of times past, and personal relics of illustrious individuals, are still in the keeping of those who are

totally ignorant of their character and value; their chance of preservation, therefore, being highly hazardous.

Amongst the more important and well-authenticated memorials preserved in the halls and cabinets of the nobility and gentry, and in our Royal and Public collections, may be enumerated the sword of that great and wise monarch, Edward the Third, reposing in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the armour of his illustrious son, the Black Prince, lately retained in the King's Guard Chamber. The sword of Henry Hotspur, Lord Percy, who was killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting against King Henry the Fourth, is preserved at Petworth, while that of the immortal Wallace remains at Dumbarton Castle. (42) The armour of Sir Philip Sidney is shewn at Warwick Castle; and at Buckland Abbey are the sword and shield, and other relics of the famous Sir Francis Drake, whose astrolabe, presented by the writer to His late Majesty, is exhibited at Greenwich Hospital (43). At the Heralds' College, London, may be seen the dagger of the gallant and unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland. The crozier of the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, appears in the chapel of New College, Oxford; and in the Ashmolean Museum are deposited various interesting relics of different periods. (44) We learn from Granger, that the Duchess of Monmouth had a lock of Lady Jane Grey's hair, which "looked as if

it had been powdered with gold dust." He also informs us that the Duchess of Portland had a pearl taken out of the ring of Charles the First's ear. The late Sir George Bromley possessed a ring containing a lock of that monarch's hair. (45) The sword or dagger with which Sir William Walworth wounded Wat Tyler in the presence of King Richard the Second, in Smithfield, is still extant at Fishmongers' Hall, the worthy knight having been a member of that worshipful fraternity. To come down to later times, it may be noticed, that the refracting telescope invented by the immortal Newton, the tube of which is constructed out of the cover of an old book, (46) is preserved with great veneration by the Royal Society. We might add various other relics of different kinds, such as the sceptre of Mary Queen of Scots, discovered a few years since in Loch Leven; (47) the tobacco-box and pipes of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the collection of the late Mr. Thoresby of Leeds; the celebrated ring given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Essex, still in the custody of one of his lineal descendants; but we shall conclude the list with the notice of an object of curiosity in our own possession, viz., the tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake, constructed of the horn of some foreign animal, and bearing his arms (48) beautifully and elaborately carved upon the lid, and having his name inscribed above the crest.

We are fully assured that it would afford an infinitely

greater pleasure to intelligent foreigners visiting our metropolis, to inspect a well authenticated collection of the most interesting remains which yet exist in commemoration of the ancient heroes and sages of English history, than they would derive from the ordinary spectacle presented by museums and galleries of a merely scientific description. These, indeed, possess an important influence on the public mind, which an exhibition of the former class could not lay claim to; they present us with the proudest efforts of human genius in all its varied pursuits—with the rarest productions of nature in all her diversified operations; they exercise a salutary control on the taste, and constitute a necessary guide to the knowledge of each succeeding age; they realize to us the curious and valuable information of past times and foreign countries; they are at once the nurseries and elaboratories of art and science—the stateliest monuments of national refinement: and their active encouragement is as closely connected with the well-being of every civilized state, as the permanent security of its exchequer, or the vigour of its natural resources. Yet a repository of characteristic memorials of those great men, whose names have become "household words"—whose existence is regarded as the guiding-star of the destinies of millions—whose lofty spirits, soaring adventurously beyond the narrow bounds that circumscribed the intellect of preceding generations, grasped at and secured the hidden treasures of science,

and unfolded their unspeakable blessings to futurity —nay, whose actions have imparted a new dignity to the character of human nature,—must be considered as an exhibition well calculated to impress the mind of the visitor with the liveliest pleasure, at the same time that it excited in his bosom the strongest sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy. Many valuable curiosities commemorative of historical personages are still to be found in the possession of private individuals, in addition to those which have been shewn to exist in the royal palaces, and at the seats of our nobility and gentry; and there is no doubt that a large proportion of them would be willingly contributed, in support of so patriotic an undertaking. (49)

The pencil and the chisel would then happily be employed in the rival task of imparting to future ages the faithful resemblance of contemporary and departed merit. A just tribute of love, admiration, and gratitude would be thereby paid to those exalted beings whose memory is embalmed amongst the most precious of our historical recollections, and a strong incentive would be offered to those who behold the respect thus paid to deceased excellence, which might lead them to emulate the distinguished actions that have called forth the ennobling tribute of a public memorial. (50) Then, too, might names, once of deserved lustre, recover their just share of popular applause. To glance at *naval* names alone, how many worthies are mentioned in the following short extract from the

preface of Molloy's "*De Jure Maritimo*," whose actions, though most important in their consequences, and worthy of perpetual record, are forgotten by the general reader. "We need only mention SEBASTIAN CHABOT, a native of Bristol, who discovered Florida and the shores of Virginia, dedicated to that virgin princess Elizabeth; *Thorn*, *Elliott*, *Owen*, *Gwyned*, HAWKINS, FROBISHER, DAVIS, *Stadson*, RALEIGH, and the incomparable DRAKE, who was the first (agreed universally) of any mortal to whom GOD vouchsafed the stupendous achievement of encompassing, not this New World alone, but New and Old together, twice embraced by that mighty man, who, first making up to Nombre de Dios, got sight (with tears of joy) of the southern seas, the which, in five years after, he accomplished, passing through the Magellan Straits towards the other Indies, and doubling the famous Promontory, he circumnavigated the whole earth. Nor ought that truly worthy Captain Sir *John Narborough* to be precluded from having place after the mighty DRAKE, he having not long since passed and repassed the Magellan Straits, by which that worthy person hath performed that achievement which was never yet done by any mortal before. (51) To reckon up the particular actions of *John Oxenham* (a sharer in that mighty performance of DRAKE), of his drawing his vessel up to land, and covering the same with boughs, passed the unknown paths of land from Nombre de Dios to the South Sea, and there building

a pinnace, enters the Isle of Pearls, and from the Spaniards takes a treasure almost beyond credit; of the indefatigable diligence of WILLOUGHBY, *Burroughs, Chanceler, Buffin,* [BAFFIN ?] *James, Middleton, Gilbert, Cumberland,* who ploughed up the North-East and North-West Cathaian and China passage; of *Jones* and *Smith,* whose fortune and courage were great in those parts; of *Poole,* who found out the Whale Fishing; of Captain *Bennet,* the first discoverer of Cherryland; of *Gillian,* and of *Pett,* and *Jackman,* that passed the Vaigates, Scythian Seas, and the river of Ob, as far as Nova Zembla; nor of the famous MONK, BLAKE, LAWSON, MINNES, SANDWICH, OSSORY, and the NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN *Spragge,* and living his Royal Highness YORK'S victorious Duke, and the brave RUPERT; men, *whose courage and glorious actions, as well in battles as in the achieving of discoveries, and pointing out to places for an immense improvement in navigation and commerce,* OUGHT TO BE ENROLLED IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME, AS MONUMENTS TO SUCCEEDING AGES OF THEIR MIGHTY AND LABORIOUS TRAVAILS AND INDUSTRY!"

Let us hope, therefore, that ere many years have transpired, we may hail the appearance of a national institution on the plan suggested. "It is expected," says the famous Lord Shaftesbury, "that they who are high and eminent in the state, shall not only provide for its necessary safety and subsistence, but omit nothing which may contribute to its dignity and

honour." Instead of extending our remarks on the subject, further than to express our humble belief that, sooner or later, this truly worthy acknowledgment of gratitude towards those who have bequeathed to us the rich legacy of their fame and successes, will be accomplished, we shall conclude this chapter with a notice of the Inscriptions in the Temple of British Worthies, at Stowe, which provide a few appropriate specimens of the concise and nervous style in which the legend beneath each portrait, bust, or other memorial, should be written.

The Temple of British Worthies is a semicircular wall, adorned with the following bustos and inscriptions:—

"Sir THOMAS GRESHAM, who by the honourable profession of a merchant having enriched himself and his country, for carrying on the commerce of the world, built the Royal Exchange."

"IGNATIUS JONES, who, to adorn his country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture."

"JOHN MILTON, whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of man; all the mines of fancy; all the stores of nature; and gave him power, beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind."

"JOHN LOCKE, who, best of all philosophers, understood the powers of the human mind; the nature, ends, and bounds of civil government; and, with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, and the reason of mankind."

"Sir ISAAC NEWTON, whom the God of Nature made to comprehend his works; and from simple principles to discover the laws never known before, and to explain the appearance, never understood, of this stupendous universe."

"Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord VERULAM, who, by the strength and light of a superior genius, rejecting vain speculation and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth and improve philosophy, by the certain method of experiment."

"King ALFRED, the mildest, justest, most beneficent of kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the seas, protected learning, established juries, crushed corruption, guarded liberty, and was the founder of the English constitution."

"EDWARD, Prince of WALES, the terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved unaltered, in the height of glory and fortune, his natural gentleness and modesty."

"Queen ELIZABETH, who confounded the projects, and destroyed the power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe; took off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, restored religion from the corruptions

of Popery; and by a wise, a moderate, and a popular government, gave wealth, security, and respect to England."

"King WILLIAM the Third, who by his virtue and constancy, having saved his country from a foreign master, by a bold and generous enterprise, preserved the liberty and religion of Great Britain."

"Sir WALTER RALEIGH, a valiant soldier, and an able statesman; who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master, for the honour of his country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he had opposed."

"Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who, through many perils, was the first of Britons who ventured to sail round the globe; and carried into unknown seas and nations the knowledge and glory of the English name."

"JOHN HAMPDEN, who with great spirit and consummate abilities, began a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the liberties of his country; supported them in parliament, and died for them in the field."

NOTES TO PART II.

(1.) Queen Elizabeth remained till her death the absolute mistress of the seas, and, by consequence, the arbitress of the affairs of Europe. To signify this, she caused a portcullis to be stamped on some of her coin, intimating thereby, that it was in her power to shut up the sea.—"Columna Rostrata." She, however, qualified this seemingly haughty device by the accompanying motto, purporting that she relied not on her own strength for the security of her empire: "Opposui Deum adjutorem meum." With all deference for the learned sagacity of the author of the "Columna Rostrata," I incline to believe that the portcullis was more probably introduced as an emblem of the protection afforded by Providence to those who put their trust therein; and not, as he supposes, a haughty boast of the strength of her material resources. The motto, indeed, clearly indicates such a meaning.

(2.) Wheatsheaves.

(3.) Orosius was a native of Spain, and the contents of his valuable work, as translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue by King Alfred, were extended by additions of great curiosity. These latter chiefly consisted in a geographical account of the natives of Germany, as compiled by Alfred, and a narrative of the voyages of Audher towards the North Pole, and of Wulstan in the Baltic, as, *vivâ voce*, communicated to himself by those travellers.

(4.) Boëthius was a Roman who flourished in the sixth century after Christ, and wrote his celebrated work during his banishment to Milan by Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths. "In it," observes an elegant modern writer, "he adorned the lessons of revelation by the imagery of the classical age, and imbued the doctrines of Plato with the better spirit of Christianity."

(5.) A musician, minstrel, player, or buffoon. It was in the character of a gleeman, or *joculator*, that Alfred is said to have visited the Danish camp, with a view of noting the weak points in the position of his enemy, King Gothrun. For some interesting information respecting the rewards often conferred on this species of retainer, see Notes to Part VI., No. 21, Vol. ii., and consult also Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," b. vii. c. vii. vol. iii. p. 61.

(6.) The Babington family had a house in Derby, called Babington Hall, the last remains of which were pulled down a few years ago. In the wainscot-panels of one of the chief apartments was introduced the rebus of Babington, viz., a *baboon* and *tun*. One of these panels, elaborately carved, and in high preservation, was shewn to me, a few years ago, by the late John Holmes, Esq., F.S.A., of East Retford, Nottinghamshire. There was in my own possession a spacious cabinet, constructed of other fragments of this ancient carving. It may here be remarked that Mary Queen of Scots was lodged, on the night of the 13th of January, 1585, at Babington Hall, on her road from Winfield Manor-house to Tutbury Castle. Babington Hall was afterwards the residence of the eminent antiquary Sir Simon Degge, author of the "Parson's Counsellor," and editor of Erdeswick's "Staffordshire."

(7.) Sir Hugh Platt was author of the undermentioned works:—"The Floures of Philosophie, with the Pleasures of Poetrie annexed to them, as wel plesant to be read, as profitable to be followed of al Men," Lond., 1572. 8vo. "Manuale Sententias aliquot Divinas et Morales complectens, partim e

S. Patribus, partim e Patriarchis decerptas," Lond., 1594, 8vo. "The Jewell House of Art and Nature, conteining diuers rare and profitable Inuentions, &c," Lond. 1594, 4to. The same greatly enlarged, 1653, 4to. "A Discoverie of certain English Wants, which are royally supplied in this Treatise," Lond., 1595, 4to. "A new, cheap, and delicate fire of Coal Balls," Lond., 1603, 4to. "Flora's Paradise," Lond., 1608, 12mo. "The Garden of Eden," Lond., 1660, 12mo. "The new-found Art of Setting Corn," 4to. "Bibliotheca Britannica."

(8.) Published in 1572, as supposed. If I remember rightly, Oldys, in his "Life of Raleigh," notices this rare little volume. The "Sundrie Flowers" are marked at 25*l.*—DIBDIN's *Library Companion.*

(9.) Woe betide the young bibliomaniac who sets his heart upon Breton's "Flourish upon Fancie, and Pleasant Toys of an Idle Head," 1577, 4to; or his "Workes of a young Wyt, trust up with a Fardell of Prettie Fancies," 4to.! Three-score guineas shall hardly fetch these black-letter rarities from the pigeon-holes of Mr. Thorpe.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(10.) Of Thomas Lodge, procure, if you can, his "Fig for Momus, containing pleasant Varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles, &c.," 1595, 4to.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(11.) The "Banquet of Daintie Conceits," published in 1588, 4to., provokes the appetite, and gratifies the palate of the most thorough-bred bibliomaniacal epicure. An excellent account of this very rare book appears in the "British Bibliographer," vol. ii. p. 337, and a copy of it, together with a minute description of its contents, is marked in the "Bibl. Angl. Poet.," page 212, at FIFTY POUNDS.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(12.) The "Fountain of Fame," published in 1580, 4to., is of great rarity and value.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(13.) The name of Chester appears only to one work; but

THAT work, if ever it come into the possession of the curious collector, especially in a vellum lapping-over covering, is most PRECIOUS indeed. It is called "Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle, &c., &c.," 1601, 4to. From the "Bibl. Angl. Poet.," p. 47, this appears to be another FIFTY POUNDS.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(14.) What says the reader to a work by Stephen Hawes (wholly unknown), entitled the "Comfort of Lovers," printed by this same typographical wight, and ending on the reverse of C vj, in sixes. Ha! there be GEMS in this very wonderful book-paradise [Ham House library] worth the *setting!*—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(15.) Once on a day, it chanced that, sauntering in that most delicious and bibliomania-inspiring book-visto, ycleped the Bodleian library, in company with my excellent friend, Dr. Bliss, he, the said Doctor, drew me gently apart towards one of the lock-up recesses, and taking down a punchy quarto, of a somewhat dingy aspect, from among the SELDEN BOOKS—"Here," quoth he, "here is a *perfect 'Eleanor.'*" I was astounded: "Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit." But it was even so.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(16.) Hawes's "Pastime," printed by De Worde, of the date of 1509! Inestimable and unanticipated treasure! Oh, that it had been known to my late excellent and amiable friend, Sir M. Sykes!—DIBDIN, *ibid.* I am not advised of the value of a copy of this rare volume. The second edition of 1517, 4to., was sold for 84*l.*, at the sale of the Roxburghe library, and the third, printed by Waylande, in 1554, 4to., for 40*l.* 19*s.*, at the sale of Bindley's library.—*Ibid.*

(17.) Skelton's works, in the sixteenth century, have been always considered as scarce and dear. Sir M. Sykes bled profusely in his purchases of this kind at the sale of the Roxburghe library. —DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(18.) There are sundry other names embalmed in certain miscellaneous collections of poetry, which are well known to the curious, under the fascinating titles of the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," 1576, 4to.; Breton's "Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers," 1575, 12mo.; Kendal's "Flowers of Epigrams," 1577, 12mo.; Robinson's "Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584, 12mo.; and the "Phœnix Nest," 1593, 4to. When in fine condition, they are greedily caught at by the curious bibliomaniac, who hastens to protect them by choice morocco coatings. I have heard it affirmed that these rarities exist, in an almost untouched state, with lapping-over vellum binding; but I lack faith to credit the report. I hardly know any bliss more thoroughly satisfactory than *would* be the possession of these works in the manner here alluded to.—DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(19.) The "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey were first published by Tottel, in a very small 4to. volume, in 1557, in the black letter. This edition is ALMOST UNFINDABLE. A perfect copy of it would be worth fifty guineas at least. It does not appear in the collections of Pearson, Farmer, Steevens, and Reed. Nor do I, indeed, at this moment, call to mind any existing copy. —DIBDIN, *ibid.*

(20.) Asser, Bishop of Sherburne [A.D. 890]. He wrote the life of Alfred.

(21.) Beda, or Bede, surnamed the "Venerable," though he never attained to any higher station in the church than that of a simple monk, was the great luminary of England and of the Christian world, in the eighth century. He was born at Weremouth, in Northumberland, in 672, and died in 735. He spent his life in the monastery of Jarrow, near the mouth of the Tyne. But though his life was humble and obscure, his fame spread over all Europe, and the Pope courted his company, and his advice in the government of the church. He left many writings behind him, on a great variety of subjects. His ecclesiastical history of England commences at the invasion of Julius Cæsar,

and ends in 723. "The death of Bede," says William of Malmesbury, "was fatal to learning, and particularly to history insomuch that it may be said, that almost all knowledge of past events was buried in the same grave with him, and hath continued in that condition even to our times.

(22.) Florence of Worcester, an early and esteemed chronicler, from whom our later historians have largely borrowed.

(23.) Giraldus Cambrensis, who died in 1198, wrote "A History of the World," in which his information respecting ecclesiastical affairs is extremely valuable.

(24.) Geoffrey of Monmouth, bishop of St. Asaph, was a famous historian in the reign of Henry I. Too much ridicule has been thrown on his history. It was not his own. The greatest part of it was translated from an Armorican manuscript. The whole is a romance; and, in those days, romance was a species of writing much honoured.

(25.) Henry of Huntingdon, a priest, poet, and historian, died in 1170. Mr. Warton has published a long letter of this author to a friend, on the contempt of the world, which contains many curious anecdotes of the kings, nobles, prelates, and other great men, who were his contemporaries.

(26.) Roger de Hoveden held an important diplomatic situation under Henry II., and his Annals have been much praised. The first part of his work commences where Bede concluded. He died at the commencement of the thirteenth century.

(27.) Ingulphus, abbot of Croyland, who was born in 1030, and died in 1091, wrote an excellent history of his own abbey, into which he has introduced much of the general history of the kingdom, with a variety of curious anecdotes not to be found any where else. He was a great favourite of William the Conqueror, and obtained many privileges for his monastery, which he rebuilt.

(28.) Matthew of Westminster, a monk and historian of the fourteenth century, was remarkable for his strict attention to veracity. His "Flores Historiarum," or Flowers of History, from the creation to 1307, were published at London in 1567, and at Frankfort in 1601.

(29.) Matthew of Paris, a Benedictine monk in the monastery of St. Alban's, who flourished in the thirteenth century, was an excellent poet, orator, and historian. He is now chiefly known by an universal history from the creation of the world to the year of his death, in 1259.

(30.) Thomas Walsingham, a monk of St. Alban's, was unquestionably the best of our historians during the period in which he wrote. His works are, "Ypodigma Neustriæ," a chronicle ending in the sixth year of Henry I. His narrative is more circumstantial and satisfactory than that of the other annalists of those times. He relates, indeed, many ridiculous stories of visions, miracles, and prodigies; but this was the fault of the age rather than of the man. He also wrote the "Historia Brevis," being a chronicle of events from the commencement of the reign of Edward I. to the end of that of Henry V.

(31.) William of Malmesbury, a monk and librarian of that abbey, and an excellent English historian to his own time, died in 1146. Few writers have been so highly praised as this modest friar, whose humble sentiments of his own merit deserve to be recorded. "I presume not," says he, "to expect the applause of my contemporaries; but I hope that, when favour and malevolence are no more, I shall receive from impartial posterity the character of an industrious though not an elegant historiographer."

(32.) William of Newbury, or Newbridge, lived at the close of the twelfth, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century. His history extends to the year 1197. It may be here remarked, that the earliest portion of British history, of which any MS. exists, is that called by the well-known name of the "Saxon

Chronicle"—an undoubtedly coeval fragment of the eleventh century. The only British author of the sixth century, whose works are published, is Gildas, who was one of those few eminent men that prevented the total extinction of literature in this island. He was so much admired by his countrymen, that he obtained the appellation of Gildas the Wise, though his works, as has been often observed, do not seem to entitle him to that distinction. His history of Britain is only valuable for its antiquity, and from our total want of better information. Nennius, another eminent historian of Britain, lived in the ninth century.

(33.) This very curious manuscript was presented to me, in 1837, by the Reverend Charles Sanderson, M.A., a gentleman of high scholastic attainments, now filling the office of head master of the South Islington Proprietary Grammar-School, London. The narrative extends to the reign of Henry V. It appears to be a compilation from the works of preceding writers.

(34.) Over the main entrance might appear the well-known passage from Virgil:—

> "Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
> Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

And in various conspicuous parts of the interior might be introduced short sentences inculcating patriotic sentiments, similar to those inscribed in the Temple of Ancient Virtue at Stowe:—"Carum esse civem, bene de republicâ mereri, laudari, coli, diligi, gloriosum est: metui vero, et in odio esse, invidiosum, detestabile, imbecillum, caducum."—"Justitiam cole et pietatem, quæ cum sit magna in parentibus et propinquis, tum in patriâ maxima est."

(35.) "Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus exquisitisque

antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus : studiosèque eorum etiam sepulchra contemplor."—CICERO, *de Legibus*, ii. 2.

(36.) "To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for 'The Bard' of Gray."—Notes to ROGERS'S *Pleasures of Memory*.

"Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. Father Mallebranche will serve for an example. Having completed his studies in philosophy and theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, he little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, in turning over a parcel of books, 'L'Homme de Descartes' fell into his hands. Having dipped into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in physics, metaphysics, and morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.—Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's 'Fairy Queen;' and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse, that he grew irrecoverably a poet."—D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature.*

(37.) "We should not forget that Dryden drew inspiration from the 'majestic face' of Shakspeare, and that a portrait of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire."

ROGERS.

(38.) "Nam sæpe audivi Q. Maximum, præterea civitatis

nostræ præclaros viros, solitos ita dicere: cum majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissimè sibi animum ad virtutem accendi; scilicet non ceram illam neque figuram tantam vim in sese habere; sed memoria rerum gestarum eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore crescere, neque prius sedari, quam virtus eorum famam atque gloriam adæquaverit."—SALLUST, Præfat. ad *Bellum Jugurth.*

(39.) It is preserved, together with that of Milton, in the office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in Doctors' Commons, where I have more than once perused both. The following recent notice of another autograph of Shakspeare may be interesting to the reader:—"A large attendance of the curious in autographs and lovers of literature was attracted to the auction-rooms of Messrs. Evans, of Pall Mall, on account of its being the day appointed for the sale of an undoubted autograph of the immortal Shakspeare. This interesting and valuable signature is affixed to a deed of bargain and sale of a house purchased by him in Black-friars, from Henry Walker, dated March 12, 1612, with the seals attached. The house is described as 'all that dwelling-house or tenement, with the appurtenances, situate and being within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Black-ffriers, London,' &c. This indenture is stated at the commencement to be 'Between Henry Walker, citizen and minstrell, of London, of the one part, and William Shakspere, of Stratforde upon Avon, in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, on the other partie.' This deed is regularly entered in the Rolls Court, being placed in the index under the name of Shakspere, instead of H. Walker, the vendor, as is the usual mode. There was much competition for this valuable relic of the Bard of Avon; and the deed was at length knocked down for the large sum of 165*l.* 15*s.* for Mr. Elkins. Many gentlemen, well known in the literary world, were present during the sale, and this one lot appeared to excite the greatest interest among them." As I have long felt a very particular interest in the biography of Shakspeare, and would gladly contribute my mite on any occasion to the general treasury of facts that tend to throw any degree of light on the history of himself or of those connected with him, I will here record a suggestion

that occurred to me on reading, in the "Athenæum" of March 2, 1844, a review of Mr. Payne Collier's edition of "The Works of William Shakspeare, with his Life;" and I am assured that the reader will readily excuse the apparent unimportance of the point referred to, in consideration of the paramount interest attaching to the minutest circumstances connected with the memory of the illustrious bard.

The reviewer says (p. 191)—"It has been a point much controverted of late years, whether the poet's father could or could not write his own name. Malone assures us that John Shakspeare could not write his own name, that he was a marksman, and that his mark 'nearly resembles the letter A, and was probably chosen in honour of the lady he had married.'" [Allusion is here made to the initial letter of his wife's maiden name, Arden.] Malone was evidently not aware that a considerable number of those persons who made use of marks, from an inability to write their names, adopted a *signum* which does in fact nearly resemble the letter A; the same being formed thus—Λ. The adoption of this mark as a mode of signature was doubtless first suggested by the *caret;* or rather, such mark was identical therewith, and originally used as the means of expressing that the power of writing the name was wanting. During several years in which I attended, occasionally, in the office of my late father, (the Registry of the Archdeaconry of Nottingham,) I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the various modes of signature to affidavits and other legal instruments, and my experience records the fact, that, although the much larger number of markspeople signed with the cross (+) (×), yet many, and particularly the more elderly people, used the *caret;* and by this name was the mark in question called by apparitors, clerks, and others, in the transaction of office business. Mr. Malone's remark, therefore, that John Shakspeare used a mark nearly resembling the letter A, as probably "chosen in honour of the lady he had married," appears to myself sufficiently ludicrous,—bringing to mind, as it necessarily does, the ingenious antiquarian solution of the wayside inscription—"Keipe on this syde!" I am aware that these observations will be deemed of little moment: they, however,

seem to me to be called for by Mr. Malone's comment on the mark used by the father of Shakspeare. What follows may be more worthy of notice and suggestive of an important enquiry.

The late Colonel John Gilbert Cooper Gardiner, of Thurgarton Priory, Nottinghamshire, who, for many years, commanded the Royal Sherwood Foresters,* was descended from Sir John Barnard of Abington, near Northampton, who married Mrs. Nashe, one of the grand-daughters of Shakspeare, by whom, however, he had no issue. Holding a commission in the regiment under Colonel Gardiner's command, I was favoured with several opportunities of conversing with him on the subject of Shakspeare's biography. In answer to an enquiry whether he happened to possess any letters, autographs, or other memorials of the poet, he informed me that in the muniment-chest at Thurgarton were said to exist many family papers of the Barnards, amongst which, as his father or some other relative had assured him, there were preserved several of Shakspeare's letters; and that, in consequence of repeated applications from literary men of note (I think he mentioned Mr. Malone and others,) who felt interested in the investigation of such a fact, he had on several occasions endeavoured to ascertain the survival of such documents; but, owing to the very confused manner in which papers of all kinds were mixed together in the depository in question, he had been hitherto unable to satisfy the curiosity which had been entertained concerning these supposed relics. He still proposed, however, at some future period, to go thoroughly into such an investigation, and my zealous offers of assistance on the occasion were promptly accepted. The strong desire which I felt to render my services available towards putting an end to the doubt that hung over the subject, was, unfortunately, never realized. The Colonel died not long afterwards, and his ancient family-seat passed into the hands of a stranger, under circumstances which seem to render it probable that the old papers in the muniment-chest might be given up with little examination to the party succeeding to the ancient site where they were deposited, and to whom the possession of the older and long-useless title-deeds,' and other obsolete documents

* Nottinghamshire Militia.

connected with the possession of the estate, would be more interesting than to any other individual. I am unacquainted with the exact personality of Colonel Gardiner's legal representatives, but as his brother-in-law was Mr. Lysons (one of the authors of the several county histories published under that name), that gentleman may be supposed to know something of the matter. The personal effects, comprising many old historical and family portraits of much interest, were sold by auction in the neighbourhood. At this sale, an original portrait of John Gilbert Cooper, the poet, by Hogarth*, fell into my possession; and soon afterwards the first editions of several of Sir William Davenant's plays, bound together, and having the autograph of J. Gilbert Cooper on the title-page, were presented to me by Mr. Edward Calvert, of Derby, who purchased them of a bookseller soon after the sale. Davenant, it will be remembered, boasted that he was the son of Shakspeare; a circumstance which, viewed connectively with the preservation of these choice copies of his works by a family whose descent was associated with the latter, enhances, at least in my own mind, the interest attaching to their possession. They consist of "The Just Italian," 1630; "The Cruell Brother," same date; "The Platonick Lovers," 1636; and "The Witts," same date. Colonel Gardiner originally bore the name of Cooper, and was grandson of the above-named John Gilbert Cooper, whose muse would have entitled him to rank among the sweetest of our lyric poets, had he produced no other composition than the beautiful and celebrated piece—"Away, let nought to love displeasing;"—a production whose authorship Messrs. Chambers, in vol. i. of their popular "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," strangely enough speak of as "uncertain."

I did myself the pleasure to communicate the facts, above detailed, to Mr. John Payne Collier, F.S.A., the able editor of Shakspeare, and Director of the Shakspeare Society, when he requested permission to insert the substance of my letter among

* It was to Mr. Gilbert Cooper that Hogarth made his memorable remark, "I know of no such thing as genius: genius is nothing but labour and diligence,"—a remark, however, which might have been forgotten with advantage to the speaker.

the "Papers of the Shakspeare Society," which were then printing, and where brief communications of the sort were placed for preservation, and for the sake of producing answers. The communication has since appeared in a handsome volume, under the above title, containing a very interesting series of papers, twenty-five in number, published by direction of the Council. I should much congratulate myself, should the article in question lead to any happy result.

Taking advantage of the desultory character of these notes, I shall submit to the reader's attention, in reference to the subject of autographs, a copy of a very interesting original letter written by the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, and said to be the only existing communication that belongs to the period of his exile,—a fact which imparts to an otherwise valuable relic a high additional importance. I gave a copy of it, in 1831, to my pleasant acquaintance, the author of "Tales of Irish Life*," for insertion in the "Liverpool Journal," of which he was then editor; but, with the exception of its publication in the columns of that paper, it has not been brought under the observation of the historical reader.

LETTER FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE, DURING HIS EXILE.

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is a letter in cypher to Brinsden: be so good as to give it to some one who will deliver it to him, or else let it be deliver'd to Mr. James Doliffe, of the citie, who is always to be heard of att the Union Coffee-house, in Corn-hill, and let him be desir'd to convey it to its address. I have order'd Brinsden to tell Ld. Harcourt what is upon the anvil, and to desire y[at] his L. P. will confer with the D. of Chandos, and do what they may yett be able to smooth this terrible affair with the gentlemen lately return'd to power. Whether these gentlemen are out, or whether they are in, I am, it seems, still att their mercy, and y[e] ministers under their ferula. These ministers may think it worth while to keep their rank att this price. I protest to you with all y[e] openness which friendship exacts, I think it a dishonour to my

* Mr. Whitty.

exile. There is nothing else, either in the cause of my exile, or in my manner of bearing it, that I am ashamed of. On the best reflexion I can make on the matter, I see nothing which it is in my power to do, or which it is fit for me to do, to help myself att this time; and even this may, for aught I know, be thought too much: for when I lye entirely still, I never hear from y^e best friends I have on the other side, and when I stir a little, I am sometimes told that I hurt myself. Ministers of State, as well as those of the Gospel, require a great deal of implicite faith, but I think no people ought to expect it but those who are able, like the Apostles, to extort it by miracles. Adieu, dear S^r. I hope to see you during this beautiful season, according to your promise, here; or else to have your summons to wait upon you on the road, or even att Paris.

"I remain, with all possible truth and friendship, your most obedient and faithfull humble servant,

"Bolingbroke.

"October y^e 11th, 1720."

The above eminently characteristic letter was presented to me, in 1827, by my very old and worthy friend, Mr. Robert Chaplin, then of Newton-Solney, in Derbyshire, and now of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, who became possessed of it, some few years before, by the gift of Lord Viscount Nugent. The direction of the letter is, unfortunately, wanting, and there remains no clew to its discovery. The manner in which this interesting autograph was brought to light adds to the fortunate chance of its preservation, as it was the very last fragment of an immense mass of correspondence, which had for some weeks or months previously supplied a London shopkeeper with waste-paper for the inclosure of his small wares. The gentleman who thus accidentally received the letter in question, hurried instantaneously to the shop of the party, hoping to gain possession of a hoard of curious wealth, that might furnish the matter of some five or six volumes of *piquant* memoirs; but arrived, alas! only in time to ascertain that the ignorant hand of the late possessor had recklessly doomed to this petty mode of destruction the whole of these most

valuable historical treasures. To enhance the regret of the disappointed antiquarian, the worthy citizen coolly replied to his expressions of concern, "that the greater part of them would have been of no use to nobody, as they was from top to bottom in some outlandish scrawl, without ever a letter of English, or anything else, that anybody could make out." The fact of their being in cipher of course sufficiently indicated the secret and important information which formed the subject of correspondence. The gentleman afterwards sought to trace a portion of the letters in the hands of a few of the more recent customers, but the attempt was vainly made, and he was obliged to rest content with the satisfaction of having been the means of rescuing one only of the ill-fated documents.

A word or two now on the subject of autographs in general, with a further notice of one or two in particular. Dr. Birch says, that "in the original letters and papers of eminent men, facts are represented in the most artless and undisguised manner, and in the order in which they happened; and the secret springs, causes, and motives which produced them, are opened to view." The illustrious Lord Bacon, in the noblest of his performances, styles them 'ad historiam pretiosissimum supellex.' And his successor, Bishop Williams, observes, with great force and propriety, that "our historians borrow as much from the affections and phantasies of the writer as from the truth; and are, for the most part of them, built altogether upon unwritten relations and traditions;" but that "letters written *à re natâ*, and bearing a synchronism and equality of time *cum rebus gestis*, have no other fault, but that which was imputed to Virgil, *nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat*. They speak the truth too plainly, and cast too glaring a light for that age, wherein they were or are written."—GRANGER.

"For autographs," says the fair and fascinating writer, Miss Jewsbury, "for autographs—mere avatars of the alphabet—common-place combinations of a's and b's, and p's and w's, I like them not, however celebrated. They please one, by bringing one into a fancied close contact with an interesting person, (did not his very hand trace the characters?) and they teaze one, because

they possess none of his spirit. It is as if one should send an invitation to a friend, and have it accepted by his skeleton. It is like one of the famine feasts in a besieged city, fried leather and bone soup." But this lively and entertaining authoress elsewhere observes, "Letters should have been mentioned amongst the relics of a portable and personal nature. When I spoke slightingly of autographs, I meant the mere signature of a celebrated person. Assuredly a note or letter, that in addition to the writer's name and the day of the month, is the transcript of some mood of feeling, or mode of thought, would be exceedingly valuable. The letter of a great man just acknowledged to be such, (one of Napoleon's to Josephine, after his Italian victories,) or the letter of a great man before he dreams of greatness, (one of George Washington's, on the subject of his tobacco plantation,) or the letter of a great personage, throwing aside greatness in love, or sheer recklessness, a billet of Henri Quatre, or one of Mary Stuart's, from that fatal but 'small gylt coffer not fully a fute lang;' who would not value any of these, though it might not bear framing and glazing, as a specimen of Lewisian penmanship?"

Miss Jewsbury would probably have found her indifference towards the "mere signature of a celebrated person" exchanged for a livelier sentiment in respect to a relic of this kind which was formerly in my possession. I allude to one of the visiting cards of General Washington, inscribed by his own hand with the plain christian and surname—*Geo. Washington*, with a bold and free grace of scriptive mannerism, peculiarly significant of the characteristic energy and firmness of the writer. The name of this glorious hero and most devoted of patriots, simply set forth in MS., on a card of very ordinary appearance, furnished a striking contrast to the pompously-engraved, smoothly-enamelled, and newly-esenced specimens of the same kind of articles, that display the titulary additions of their self-flattering proprietors, on the drawing-room tables of our own day, or which were perhaps nearly as prevalent in that of the illustrious President. The only peculiarity which it possessed was a rudely engraved border of antique scroll-work, in the angles of which occurred sphinxes and other figures, forming, with the addition of a sort of beaded edge

within, an oval compartment, which enclosed the autograph. In presenting this interesting memorial to Captain, now Sir James Clark Ross, R. N., prior to the departure of the Antarctic Expedition, in 1839, I indulged the pleasing illusion that I thus shared in the performance of an act of just and appropriate homage to the memory of the godlike protector of his country's freedom, in causing his *name* to "go forth unto the uttermost bounds of the earth"—to the only regions, indeed, where its spell-like power had not yet penetrated. The relic in question, suitably framed and glazed, and having on the reverse of the frame an engraving of Mount Vernon, derived from a private plate that belonged to General Washington, and given by himself to my late father, who was his favorite guest at the time of its presentation, was deposited as a conspicuous ornament in the cabin of my gallant and most estimable friend, during his long and hazardous exploration of the South Polar Seas. Nor may I here omit to mention the pleasant hours which I spent on board the Erebus and the Terror, on the eve of those vessels' departure on their interesting voyage, and which were recorded by me in the pages of my "Miscellaneous Poems and Essays," ere the lively impressions that were associated with their memory had lost the freshness of recent experience. The recollections of such exciting passages of time provide, in after years, the most pleasing themes for contemplative enjoyment. They are the golden threads that more gaily diversify the chequered woof of our existence.

While on the subject of autographs, I may instance the pleasure which, as an enthusiast in poetical literature, as well as historic lore, I derive from the possession of the autograph of the greatest poet among the moderns,—need I add the name of Byron?—and which bears additional interest,* in a personal

* The value of Byron's signature is exemplified in the following passage from Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home," which refers to Hougoumont:—"The inner wall [of the chapel] is written over with the names of visitors: Byron's was there; but some marauding traveller has broken away the plaster, and carried it off to Paris. 'Do you not think,' said our guide, with an honest indignation, 'that a man must be crazy to do this?' The simple peasant guide knew the worth of Byron's name. This *is* fame."

point of view, from its being one of the noble lord's parliamentary franks, indicating my own name and abode. It forms an appropriate *pendant*, to the portrait of the immortal bard which, with a few others of kindred fame, having the respective autograph of each similarly framed and suspended beneath them, adds to the witching circle of fascination that is spread around the humble walls of the retired chamber, where, surrounded also by the glorious inspirations of the "inspired few," I am so happy as to cheat life of many an otherwise wearisome hour, in the converse of the "great of every age and clime."

I shall close this prolonged, yet, I trust, not uninteresting note, with a passage from the writings of an ingenious contemporary (whose name, however, is unknown to me), which describes, with much felicity of thought and expression, the pleasures of a retreat from the pressing cares and hackneyed enjoyments of the crowd, to a sphere of calm, uninterrupted literary contemplation :—

"And I would have one spirit-haunted room,
Fill'd with the thoughts of great and glorious men,
Those god-like minds which have outliv'd the tomb,
And shine as stars above a gloomy fen,
Cheering our hearts with pure and holy light—
The beacon-fires by which we steer aright.

"Dyed should its casement be with many a stain,
Limning the features of the illustrious dead ;
And every sunbeam shining through the pane
Should shed its glory on a hallow'd head;
So that I could not look upon the skies,
Unless I gazed through some immortal eyes.

"Shakspeare, the fam'd and mighty king of thought;
The heaven-seeing Milton, though to earth all blind;
Byron, who held both earth and heaven as nought—
A comet rushing through the realms of mind ;
Spiritual Shelley, lofty-soul'd, though meek;
And sweet-voic'd Keats, with pale, consumptive cheek.

"Wordsworth, the worshipp'd, with his verse divine;
And Barry Cornwall, prince of English song;
Coleridge, the dreamy, with his nervous line;
And luscious Moore, with thoughts in dazzling throng;
Leigh Hunt, the pleasant, gossipping away;
And Southey's patriot strain of youthful day.

"Quaint, quiet Lamb should chat in humorous mood;
And Hazlitt's critic fire about should play;
Pale, pensive, pleasant, punning poet Hood,
With far-fetched fancies gloom should chase away;
Bulwer and Scott my spirit should enchain;
And Campbell charm me with his classic vein.

"Homer and Virgil, Greek and Roman sage,
The learn'd and wise of every age and clime;
They who have stamp'd their counsels on a page
Which hath outliv'd the mouldering touch of Time;
They, though of ancient days, for ever young,—
I'd have them all, the great of every tongue."

(40.) "It has often struck me with surprise," observes Miss Jewsbury, "that of one order of relics so few have come down to us—personal ornaments and articles of personal attire. On the score of gentility, some objection might perhaps be taken to the latter, as turning a relic room into an old-clothes shop, and the relic-monger into a sentimental old-clothesman, but the objection would not apply to the former. It might be termed a Hebraism to inquire after wearing apparel, however celebrated; but the taste for jewellery must be pronounced unexceptionable. Where, then, are the pomander chains, the pouncet-boxes, the inlaid tables, the girdles, the bracelets, the carkanets, the bodkins,—guilty or guiltless of blood,—the shoe-buckles and the knee-buckles, the signet-rings, the collars, the caskets, and all the rest of the ornaments that one reads of in the history of the feasts and feuds, tragedies and comedies, marriages and executions? I never read old chronicles, with all their details of dress and decoration, without again and again asking—Where

can all these things be gone to? Where *can* they be gone to? Alas, if they could not, like their owners, die, like them they could be buried. Then, if the doctrine of transmigration be untrue in respect to souls, it is true of gold, and silver, and precious stones. In different forms, they live many lives; the smelting-pot is to them a fountain of eternal youth; the graver's tool the elixir of immortality. As it is said of kings, so may it be said of diamonds, that they 'never die;' we have them over and over again, in new forms, and with new names. We may miss them, but they are not therefore lost. The pedigree of a precious stone would, in itself, be a most valuable relic. Then we should, perhaps, find that the brilliants which some young beauty now wears as a necklace, composed her grandfather's knee-buckles, adorned his mother's stomacher, studded her great-aunt's snuff-box, looped up her cavalier uncle's hat, and finally, were picked out of some rajah's dagger-hilt, by an adventurer in the days of Elizabeth. The pedigree of a wedge of gold would possess greater interest, because, in the process of being melted down, time after time, it would have lost its identity more completely, and have formed more amusing associations. Thus the coronet of a Mexican prince, perhaps, assisted King Ferdinand to embroider one of the Virgin's petticoats; particles of the crest of a crusader may have mingled in a toothpick for a modern dandy. Nay, who knows, but Sir Walter Raleigh's silver tilting-suit may be at some pawnbroker's, in the shape of tea-spoons and butter-boats? Apparel is, by nature, devoid of this internal principle of endurance. A man's clothes require the same motto as his body—'Dust to dust; to this all must.' It is vain to inquire after some 'night-gown of black satten, with a fringe lace layed upon the edge of the yard, furred with lybards, and faced with luzerne,' bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on one of her attendants, with the candid acknowledgment appended of 'past our wearing.' Equally in vain is it to wander after the remainder of the wardrobe of that royal lover of thrift and fine clothes, who thought no scorn to commence a catalogue of her cast-off gowns with a declaration of her titles: 'Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of Englande, France, and Irelande, Defender of the Faith, &c.'

However, the very document is a relic, a quaint consort for the non-existence of her Majesty's 'petticoate of crimosin vellat, with a styched garde, lyned with cotton and fustian,' and of her 'Frenche gowne of purple vellat, lyned with purple taffete, delyvered to Katherine Ashteley, by her to be employed in welting of cushions.' There was management! Henceforth, let no one wonder that Elizabeth went to her grave without quarrelling with her parliament anent money matters. The only wonder is, that she did not appropriate another of her old gowns to cover the speaker's chair. It is certain, however, that whenever found, relics of the kind under review afford very sensible pleasure. The clothes in which Gustavus Vasa worked as a miner (still preserved in the house that sheltered him); Wycliff's mantle (in existence also); a pair of the Prussian Frederick's old boots; one of the Russian Peter's old hats; even Voltaire's 'silk night-cap, embroidered with gold and silver,' and worn, with such true French taste, over 'a grizzle with three ties;' one would be very glad to possess one, or all of these things."

"What an interesting chapter," observes a late writer, "might be written upon the relics of great men, but here we can only mention a few in a paragraph, as they occur to us at the moment. The houses where Ariosto, Rubens, Beethoven, and Goethe were born, are pointed out with pride at Reggio, Cologne, Bonn, and Frankfort. The chair in which Petrarch died is shewn, with other memorials of the poet, at Arquà. The house where Boccaccio lived is preserved at Certaldo; and the houses of Voltaire, Madame de Staël, and Gibbon, are visited by every tourist to the Lake of Geneva. Dr. Johnson's watch, tea-pot, and punch-bowl, are reverently preserved by their owners from crack or flaw. Rubens' chair is kept in a glass case in the Antwerp Gallery. Sir David Wilkie's palette may be seen under a glass by the side of his studio in the National Gallery. The mast of Nelson's ship, the Victory, penetrated by a cannon ball, is at Windsor. Sir Walter Scott's body-clothes are shewn at that 'romance in stone and lime,' Abbotsford. The ink-stands of Ariosto and Gray are in safe keeping. The bedstead of George Fox, the proto-Quaker, carved with his initials, may be seen by the inqui-

sitive traveller at Swart Moor, in Lancashire. The cradle of Henri Quatre is in the castle of Pau, at the foot of the Pyrenées. Cups carved out of the mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare are treasured by admirers of the bard. Some autograph letters of Petrarch are in the possession of Lord Holland. Of the five known autographs of Shakspeare, the three which have come into the market of late years have commanded astonishingly high prices. One is in the British Museum, one in the City of London Library, and the others, excepting the will at Doctors' Commons, are in the hands of private individuals."

An ivory table, and four ivory chairs, once belonging to Tippoo Saib's palace at Seringapatam, are in the Soane Museum, where may also be seen the watch of Sir Christopher Wren, the face of which is "with centric and eccentric scribbled o'er ;" also a cabinet said to have been presented by Philip of Spain to Mary of England ; and still a greater curiosity—the manuscript of Tasso's immortal poem, the "Jerusalem Delivered." The rosary of King Henry VIII. is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The tomahawk of poor Montezuma, and the sword of Scanderbeg, hang near each other in the halls of the Lower Belvedere Palace at Vienna. A portion of the shaving-glass of Sir Philip Sydney, with a strong magnifying power, forms an interesting object to the visitors of Penshurst ; at which place are also preserved locks of hair of Philip and Algernon Sidney ; the sword of the former ; and a bridle, richly mounted with gilt metal, once the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The sword of Hugh Lupus, the great Earl of Chester, is preserved in the British Museum. The axe with which the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was beheaded, and which, if I rightly remember, was used at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, is amongst the many curiosities in the Tower of London. The lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the armour worn by Queen Elizabeth in the camp of Tilbury, the armour of John of Gaunt, appear in the same great national repository of warlike antiquities. Among the literary curiosities in the national library at Berlin, is the identical bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold. How it came into the hands of the present possessors is not known. It is perhaps little

known that the mace, the identical "bauble" which Cromwell ordered to be removed from the table of the House of Commons, is still in existence; it is in the possession of the Royal Society, and at their sittings is placed before the President. It was presented to the Royal Society by King Charles II., and bears a Latin inscription commemorative of the event of such royal gift. The cradle in which Henry V. (of Monmouth) was rocked, is now in the possession of Mr. G. W. Braikenridge, of Brislington, near Bristol. The sheet which received the head of King Charles I. after its decapitation, is carefully preserved, along with the communion-plate, in the church of Ashburnham, near Battle, in Sussex; the blood, with which it has been almost entirely covered, now appears nearly black. The watch of the monarch is also deposited with the linen, and the movements of it are still perfect. These relics came into the possession of Lord Ashburnham's ancestor immediately after the death of the King. The helmet of Oliver Cromwell is pointed out to the visitors of the great hall in Warwick Castle; and his watch and pistols are exhibited in the United Service Museum at Westminster. The following account of a watch said to have belonged to Milton, is transcribed from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" for Nov. 12, 1836:—"*Milton's Watch.*—A poor family in England received a box from America, as part of the effects of an aged relative, whose ancestors had emigrated to that country soon after the time of the Commonwealth: the box contained several coins of the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., and a few of the Protectorate, but none of a later date. With the coins there was an old watch, and the family to whom the bequest came being indigent, sold the whole to a silversmith, who was also a watchmaker. The purchaser gave the full price for the coins, but refused to give more for the watch than the value of the silver case, 2*s.* 9*d.* The works, with the face on, (which looked like iron), were left in a drawer frequently opened. After a while the friction on the face shewed it to be silver, with an inscription on it. This being deciphered by clearing the metal, was found to be 'Johañi Miltono, 1621,' and contained also the name of the maker, a person in Pope's Head-alley, London, whose name appears in the tables of the Watch-

makers' Company for that period. The watch is well made for the time, and would seem an appropriate present for a young gentleman on entering life. The present possessor had it as a token of gratitude for some former favour from the silversmith, and the relic has become an object of enquiry for purchase at a considerable price for the British Museum."

The armour, sword, chain, and baton of De Ruyter; the shirt which was worn by William III. of England during the last three days of his life; and the upper leather garment of William I., Prince of Orange, as worn by him at the time of his assassination, with the shattered balls and pistol with which Geraarts effected the murder; also a scroll of the sentence which condemned the assassin, are among a thousand things which would delight the heart of an antiquary in the Royal or National Museum at the Hague.* The skull and an arm-bone of the Emperor Charlemagne remain in the reliquiary of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle; and his insignia are still used at the coronations of the Emperors of Germany. The house where Rubens was born in 1577, is in a street at no great distance from the Church of St. Peter, at Cologne. The bones of St. Cuthbert still exist in Durham Cathedral. From the "Court Journal" is extracted the following interesting notice of antiquities and curiosities connected with the remembrance of illustrious and eminent worthies, and which shews the deep interest that such memorials continue to excite in the minds of those who reverence the associations of departed genius, or of the more remarkable events and persons of our earlier history. The collectors of relics will perhaps feel interested in the subjoined statement of the prices paid within the last few years for various objects of historical curiosity:—The ivory arm-chair, presented by the city of Lubeck to Gustavus Vasa, was sold, in 1825, to the Swedish chamberlain, M. Schmekel, for the sum of 58,000 florins. The prayer-book used by King Charles I., when on the scaffold, was sold in London, in 1825, for 100 guineas. The coat worn by Charles XII., at the battle of

* See "A Few Weeks on the Continent Delft: Hague," in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," Nov. 10, 1838.

Pultowa, and which was preserved by Colonel Roson, who followed the king to Bender, was sold, in 1825, for the sum of 561,000 francs. A fragment of the coat worn by Louis XVI. at the altar, was announced in the catalogue of a sale in 1829, and would probably have fetched a very high price, but it was withdrawn. The Abbé di Tersan paid a very high price for a pair of white satin shoes which had belonged to Louis XIV. A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of 730*l.* The nobleman by whom it was purchased had it set in a ring, which he constantly wears.—*Apropos* of teeth, it may be mentioned, that at the time when the bodies of Heloisa and Abelard were removed to the Petits Augustins, an English gentleman offered 100,000 francs for one of Heloisa's teeth. At the sale of the library of Dr. Soarman, at Stockholm, in 1820, the skull of Descartes sold for a considerable sum Voltaire's cane was some time ago sold at Paris for 500 francs. An old wig, which had belonged to Kant, the German philosopher, was sold, after his death in 1804, for 200 francs. A waistcoat belonging to J. J. Rousseau was sold for 950 francs, and his metal watch for 500 francs. In 1822, Sterne's wig was sold at a public auction in London for 200 guineas. In 1825, the two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens, were sold for 500*l.* The hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Eylau, was sold in Paris, in 1835, for 1920 francs. It was put up for sale at 500 francs, and there were thirty-two bidders. There is at Pezenas an arm-chair, which is said to have belonged to Molière, and to which tradition has given the name of the Fauteuil à la Molière. Its form bears evidence of its antiquity. When Molière was living at Pezenas, he was accustomed every Saturday afternoon to go to the shop of a barber named Gely. This shop was the resort of all the idlers and gossips of the town. There politics were discussed, and the *histoirette* of the day repeated from mouth to mouth. The large wooden arm-chair, above alluded to, stood in one corner of the shop, and it was a sort of observatory to Molière, who, when seated in it, attentively watched all that was passing around him. This old chair is now about to be sold in Paris, and will no doubt soon fill a place in some collection of curiosities.

In Westminster Abbey, "there are startling curiosities of antiquity, such, for example, as a coronation chair as old as Edward the Confessor's time, and the helmet of Henry V., and his saddle, the very saddle he rode on at Agincourt. I thought, as I looked at it, and felt the blood tingling in my veins, that his prophecy of being 'freshly remembered,' even 'to the ending of this world,' was in fair progress to fulfilment."—Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." The rosary and slippers of Michael Angelo are shewn to strangers in his house at Florence, still occupied by one of the Buonarotti family. The battle-sword of Washington was recently exhibited at a military dinner at Philadelphia. It is described as being about two feet eight inches in length, slight, and exceedingly well balanced, and made of the best steel. The handle is green, with a spiral silver band extending its whole length, and a small silver ornament on the guard. The scabbard is of leather, tipped with silver. The sword is owned by one of the nearest male relatives of Washington. Bunyan's vestry chair is preserved with much care at the meeting-house of the Independent congregation at Bedford, which 150 years since was under the spiritual care of Bunyan.

(41.) This story has been lately contradicted, on the authority of a letter addressed to Sir Robert Cotton, by one of his friends, wherein the latter speaks of this curious national relic as an object of his own recent acquisition. The probability seems to myself in favor of the alleged mode of discovery; though Sir Robert Cotton, for whom it was thus procured, may not have a more direct claim to the honor of its preservation than is involved in the fact of his having generally commissioned his correspondent to search for and purchase all such remains of antiquity as might appear desirable additions to his collection.

(42.) This illustrious relic having sustained much injury from the assaults of time, and its recent preservation having been much neglected, information of the fact was imparted to the Duke of Wellington, by an intelligent tourist visiting Dumbarton

Castle, whereupon his grace ordered it to be sent to the Tower for repairs, expressing, in reply to his worthy informant, the high degree of value with which this distinguished memorial of ancient Scottish valour was regarded by his grace.

(43.) The "Literary Gazette," of June 10th, 1837, contains the following extended and interesting notice of Sir Francis Drake's Astrolabe:—

"THE ASTROLABE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"She sent for him, and he came,
With him his *astrolabe* he name;
With points and circles merveillous,
Which was of fine gold precious."
GOWER'S *Conf. Aman.*, *b.* 3.

"It is a curious fact, deserving of general notice, that amongst the many interesting relics preserved at Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the distinguished achievements of our great naval commanders, the astrolabe of the famous Sir Francis Drake now forms a conspicuous and very important object of attention. It is deposited within a glass case upon a sort of tabular pedestal, which was erected for its reception in the centre of the platform of the Painted Hall, in August, 1831, on its presentation by his present majesty, who has, on many previous occasions, testified a particular pleasure in contributing to the memorials of British valour and enterprise collected at Greenwich Hospital. A suitable inscription round the slab, bears record of this very appropriate gift of a naval monarch to the maritime museum of the nation. The upper part of the pedestal is constructed in the form of a capstan, (an engine used in raising the anchor at sea,) and most appositely consists of "heart of oak;" the base is of imitation, granite, and the astrolabe rests upon a short rod placed in the centre of the slab, where, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, it is sustained in an open position of its various parts, which would otherwise collapse, and thus present a *congeries* somewhat resembling the figure and arrangement of a watch, when close

requiring to be separately opened, at each division, for inspection of the contents. This unique and truly interesting apparatus comprises the mariner's compass, sun-dial, quadrant, table of latitudes and longitudes, planetary sphere, lunar almanac, and other tables and instruments, forming the constant astronomical guide of the immortal Drake throughout his various expeditions, and which, being habitually suspended by a chain * round the neck of the wearer, as a becoming addition to the dress of that period, was of easy reference in his observations ashore as well as at sea. The different portions of its intricate interior, together with the case which encloses it, are constructed of the deeply-alloyed gold employed in articles of jewellery during the early part of Elizabeth's reign; and on the dial appears the following inscription:—'Humfray Colle made this diall, anno 1569.' It will be seen, on reference to the list of engravers annexed to Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' that the above artist was an eminent goldsmith and engraver, and held a situation in her majesty's mint.† The device on either lid of the case implies a very suitable allusion to Sir Francis's projected enterprise of cir-

* This chain still remains in my possession. It is of the same material as the astrolabe, and measures nineteen feet ten inches in length. In the "Gentleman's Magazine," for October, 1790, is a portrait of Drake, wherein he is represented, with this identical appendage which he wears in the manner of a cordon, passed, however, thrice round the body, and concealing some portion of its length within his doublet. His hand is resting upon it.—R. B.

† The following notice of "Humfray Cole," shews that he was the first person who engraved maps on copper:—"About 1570, maps were engraved on copper: before this they had been engraved on wood. A map of the Holy Land, engraved on copper, and printed in England, appeared in the second edition of 'Archbishop Parker's Bible.' An inscription on it states, that it was 'graven bi Humfray Cole, goldsmith, an Englishman, born in y^e north, and partayning to y^e Mint in the Tower, 1752.' There are also two portraits in this volume: one of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the Earl of Leicester. The great superiority of copper-plate engraving to that of wood was perceived; and not long after this a volume of maps of the counties of England, Wales, and the adjacent islands, was published. Various specimens of copper-plate engraving have been found in books printed in England between 1521 and 1572; but in the latter year appeared the first portrait ever engraved and printed singly in this country. It is that of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury."

cumnavigating the globe, though, probably, meant only as a general illustration of the success usually attendant on indefatigable perseverance in any of the pursuits of life. It represents a lofty tree, at the foot of which a pair of idle squirrels are engaged in mutual frolic, satisfied with the vain enjoyment of the present hour, and unwilling to encounter the fatigue of scaling the heights above them; whilst, on the summits of the highest bough, are exhibited, by way of antithesis, a couple of laborious snails, who, by dint of long-continued and unwearied exertion, have at length surmounted all the dangers and difficulties of the ascent, and are apparently exchanging their congratulations on the accomplishment of their task;* thus typifying, in a plain and characteristic manner, the important truth so forcibly exemplified by the witty Æsop, under his well-known fable of 'The Hare and the Tortoise,' that great natural abilities, without due application, will ensure no ultimate advantage to the possessor; while a constant and untiring devotion to the objects of our calling, however for a season retarded through an inferiority of genius, will eventually gain for us the elevation we seek, notwithstanding the seeming distance, circuity, and numerous obstacles of the approach. There are many other emblematical figures engraved on the case, but whether they present any analogous reference to the above, it would be difficult to determine, as they are partially erased through the friction of the metal by long-continued wear; and the only further embellishment which attracts our observation is a cable, aptly introduced as coiling round the edge of the case, which is oval and richly chased. The following memorandum is engrossed on two cards of considerable size, suspended on opposite sides of the slab, and refers to the manner of its preservation in later times:—

"'This Astrolabe, constructed for Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West

* A similar device may be recognised among the ornamental scroll-work on the helmet of Sir Francis Drake, as represented in the large portrait of him retouched by Virtue; but the competitor of the snail is there a butterfly, instead of a squirrel.—R. B.

Indies, in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiques belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented, in the year 1783, by the Right Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, K. G., on his quitting England, as ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Rev. Thomas Bigsby, A.M., of Stanton Manor, Derbyshire, who had, in the preceding year, married the Hon. Frances Stanhope, widow, his Lordship's step-mother. In 1812, that gentleman, having ruptured a considerable blood-vessel, in anticipation of approaching death, gave it, as a token of affection, to his youngest brother, Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Sion-hill House, Nottinghamshire, the father of him who has the distinguished honour of presenting it to his Majesty.'

"Of all the illustrious names which throw such splendour on the reign of Elizabeth, that of Sir Francis Drake stands pre-eminent. Whether we regard his undaunted courage and great nautical skill, as the first English circumnavigator,—his fortitude and persevering industry, whereby he performed such brilliant naval achievements, acquired immense wealth, and ennobled his country,—or the vast extension of commerce produced by the important discoveries made during his indefatigable career of glory,—his character, for all that can exalt the hero and intrepid commander, is so firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen, that time can never tarnish his justly-acquired laurels. It must be an object of national interest to preserve even the most inconsiderable relic, as a memorial of one who, by divine favor, was enabled to confer such permanent advantages on the state, (for it must be remembered that he was the author of our commerce in the east as well as the west,) and a very high degree of estimation must be therefore due to those distinctive records of his exalted skill and enterprise, which are presented in his various astronomical tables and instruments. Such apparatus, besides being peculiarly characteristic of the pursuits of the renowned individual to whom they formerly belonged, are valuable, also, as affording interesting *data* of a bygone state of science; and a prouder evidence of their importance, as objects of national esteem, cannot be adduced, than is derivable from the honourable station assigned to them by his Majesty, in

Greenwich Hospital, where they will be transmitted to posterity as an everlasting monument of the fame of Sir Francis Drake, rendered yet more interesting and valuable to the public, as the gracious and appropriate gift of King William IV."

(44.) In the Ashmolean Museum is the hat, lined with iron, which Bradshaw the regicide wore while presiding at the trial of King Charles I. There, too, may be seen the waistcoat, breeches, and stockings of Jeffery Hudson the dwarf. The former is of blue satin, slashed and ornamented with pinked white silk. The two latter are of one piece of blue satin. One of the black periwigs of King Charles II. is also to be found in the above Museum.

(45.) The following anecdote is related by Dr. George Hickes, in allusion to a lock of this unfortunate monarch's hair:—"A gentleman came to Oliver, to beg a lock of Charles's hair for an honourable lady. 'Ah, no, sir,' said Cromwell, bursting into tears, 'that must not be; for I swore to him, when he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish!'"

(46.) Sir Isaac does not appear to have been a studious observer of elegance in the method of supplying any deficiency of materials for the accomplishment of his labors. Dr. Stukeley, who visited the study of the philosopher, at the house of his mother, in 1721, says, "I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes which probably he sent his books and clothes down in, upon those occasions,"—viz. when he visited his parents, during the vacations at Cambridge.

(47.) The following is from the papers of the day:—"The partial draining of Loch Leven has been the means of bringing to light a highly-interesting relic of the days of the unfortunate Mary: a handsome sceptre, apparently of cane, hilted with ivory, and mounted with silver, upon which latter, the letters of the words, 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' are almost wholly legible, although both the ivory and silver are much decayed."

(48.) These arms are thus described by Gwillim, in his "Display of Heraldry:"—"The field is diamond, a fess wavy, between the two pole-stars, arctick and antarctick, pearl. Such was the worth of this generous and renowned knight, Sir Francis Drake, some time of Plymouth, as that his merits do require that his coat armour should be expressed in that selected manner of blazoning that is fitting to noble personages, in respect of his noble courage and high attempts achieved, whereby he merited to be reckoned the honour of our nation and of the naval profession; inasmuch as he, cutting thorow the Magellanick Straits, anno domini, one thousand five hundred and seventy-seven, within the compass of three years, he encompassed the whole world, whereof his ship, laid up in a dock near Deptford, will long time remain as a most worthy monument." It may be worthy of remark, in an antiquarian point of view, that the letters S. and A. are used to shew the tinctures of *sable* and *argent* in the blazon of Sir Francis Drake's arms, on the lid of his tobacco-box. The lines to denote colours in heraldry, by their direction or intersections, were invented by Columbiere, in 1639.

Sir Francis Drake having assumed the arms of his countryman, Sir Bernard Drake, the latter was so offended that he struck him. Queen Elizabeth took up the quarrel, and gave Sir Francis a new coat, which is thus emblazoned:—Sable, a fess wavy, between the two pole-stars, argent; and for his crest, a ship under ruff, drawn round a globe with a cable, by a hand out of the clouds, over which is the following motto: "Auxilio Divino;" and underneath, "Sic parvis magna." In the rigging of the ship is hung up by the heels a wivern, gules, which was the armorial bearing of Sir Bernard Drake. These arms are richly carved on the tobacco-box in my possession, which belonged to Sir Francis Drake. Amongst the scroll-work surrounding the arms is introduced a bird, intended to represent a *drake*, in allusion to the name, which is also inscribed above the arms. As this bird closely resembles that to be found on the small piece of silver coin of Elizabeth's reign, called *the Drake-penny*, I think it probable (notwithstanding the dissent of the

antiquaries to the vulgar tradition on this point) that such piece of coin was cast in honour of Sir Francis's circumnavigation of the globe, and was accordingly impressed with the above device, as allusive to the patronymic of the gallant adventurer. Sir Trayton Drake, in reply to a request I made that he would furnish me with an impression of any ancient seal of the arms belonging to Sir Francis, that might have been preserved by the family, gave me the following interesting intelligence:—"I send an impression from a seal in my possession, which, I believe, he used; it is engraved on steel. Round the stem is written—'The armes given unto Sir Francis Drake by the Queen Matie, for his voyage round about the world, ano. Do., 1580.' At my seat, Buckland Abbey, in this county, there are his sword, shield, and a drum, &c., also, on the staircase, a whole-length portrait of Don Pedro de Valdez, in full Spanish costume, who visited him there on his parole, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Here (Nutwell Court, in the same county), I have a cup which was presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, with the royal arms of England engraved on one side, and the Drake arms on the other, surmounted by the crest on the lid, with the griffin, which illustrates the anecdote, in the edition 1707 of Prince's 'Worthies of Devon,' of the quarrel of Sir Bernard and Sir Francis Drake in the Queen's presence, who said she would take the griffin from Sir Bernard's crest, and hang it by the heels in one she would give Sir Francis. I have, also, a green silk scarf, given him by her Majesty, embroidered in gold, with the motto—'The Almighty be your Guide and Protector to the ende.' But what I prize most, is the black-letter Bible, which he had about the world; it is so written on the edge of the leaves, which shews that his reliance was not *on his own strength* for what he achieved! We have, also, a portrait of him wearing the said scarf, and a jewel containing her majesty's portrait, which I will send you a sketch of: it may be interesting to you." It may be remarked, that Sir Francis still continued to quarter the arms of Sir Bernard Drake with those given to him by Queen Elizabeth, and he even placed them in the dexter chief and sinister base quarters of the shield.

He also appears to have retained an eagle displayed for his crest, in preference to the ship under ruff, which belonged to the latter coat. At least, such are the arms represented in the greater part of the engraved portraits of him, and particularly in the large and scarce portrait of which the artist's and engraver's names are unknown, but which was retouched by Virtue, an impression of which, late belonging to the celebrated collector, Sir William Burrell, Bart., deceased, is in my collection of Drake's portraits.

"The tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake," observes Sir John Barrow, the distinguished secretary of the admiralty, in a communication addressed to me, in 1839, "is a curious relic, and ought certainly to be placed in the British, or some other, Museum, as a relic and memorial of one who 'did the state some service'—ay [illegible] *good and enduring service!*" Lord John Russell and many other leading personages have inspected it, with similar testimony to its curiosity and value, and I reserve it as an appropriate donation to the illustrious institution which I have very humbly endeavoured, in the text, to recommend to the consideration of her Majesty's Government. The following is a notice of a gift made to her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Francis Drake. "At New-years' Day, 1589, she was presented by Sir Francis with a fanne of feathers, white and redd, the handle of gold, inamuled with a halfe moone of mother of perles; within that a halfe moone, garnished with sparks of dyamonds and a few seede perles on the one side, having her Majestie's picture within it; and on the back side a device, with a *crowe* over it." Query, whether or not the bird previously alluded to, as occurring on the coin and in connection with the arms of Drake? I am indebted to the kindness of Lady Elliott Drake for an admirable copy done by her own hand, of the fine original portrait of Sir Francis Drake, in the possession of Sir Thomas Trayton Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, near Exeter. I have also the honour to possess, from the same source, a very beautiful sketch of Buckland Abbey, the seat of Sir Francis, and still belonging to this ancient family.

(49.) When James I. came to the throne, there was a very considerable collection of state dresses, in the wardrobe of the Tower, belonging to the ancient monarchs of England. These, to the unceasing regret of the antiquary, were quickly dispersed by the royal gift, yet it is not altogether improbable that some portion of them may still exist in the possession of the descendants of the parties who thus obtained them, and might be devoted to the enrichment of a National Museum. It is my intention, at some future period, to publish a catalogue of such relics of antiquity as may still exist, in commemoration of illustrious and celebrated characters; and I should esteem it a very gratifying favor, if parties possessing any such memorials would, at their convenience, supply me with information necessary for the purpose.

(50.) It may here be remarked, that we have most splendid national monuments of our deceased worthies in the tombs of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral; but I confess that the erection of sepulchral trophies never appeared to me an appropriate method of inspiring ambition in the breasts of posterity; they call up, rather, the most humbling convictions of the brief and unstable tenure of all earthly greatness—they speak of the death, rather than of the living renown, of those they seek to hold forth as objects of our emulation. As mementoes of respect to deceased merit, they are highly to be esteemed, but as furnishing ardent appeals to the love of earthly distinction and human applause, they are (if I may judge from my own personal feelings), a sedative, rather than an incentive, while their necessary size and enormous cost render them an inconvenient method of conveying posthumous reward. It may be alleged, that the noblest incentive to acts of glory is the sense of public duty, uninfluenced by hope of reward or the applause of others; and so indeed it is, but, as a recent writer well remarks, "the principle which upholds all honorary grants is vital, and belongs to human nature—the desire of distinction, and the wish to reward and be rewarded."

(51.) Molloy is here under a mistake. The Elizabeth, a vessel which accompanied the memorable expedition of Drake, after having sustained great damage in the South Sea, returned home through the Straits of Magellan.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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